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PART VIII

United States of America

1981-1985

Osho visits New Jersey and

the Commune in Oregon

1 June 1981, Osho arrives at Kennedy Airport, in the United States of America.

The day I entered America, the first question the immigration department asked me was: "Are you an anarchist?" I had been told beforehand that anarchists are not allowed in America.

I told the man, "I am something more."

He said, "My God, for something more there is no regulation." He had his book open: communists, anarchists are not allowed...but something more...?

He looked at me and he said, "You look like something more, but you will be in trouble and you will create trouble for us."

I said, "I am a silent man. I don't even leave my room."

He said, "That is the danger, but because in the rules there is no provision for preventing something more than the anarchist, I have to allow you."

And from that very moment the struggle began that lasted for five years. *orig01*

Osho stays in a converted 'castle' in Montclair, New Jersey. Sheela, now Osho's secretary, purchases a large ranch in central Oregon, and sets up a commune there. On 29th August Osho visits the commune and remains there for the next four years.

I had not come to America with the intention to stay here. First, we had purchased a very beautiful castle, one hundred year old, in New Jersey. Montclair. It was a beautiful castle and somebody who had made it was himself a very creative architect. We made it completely new, renovated it totally. It became really a beautiful palace. But it was going to be just for the time being before we can find a place--because New Jersey was not the right place, it was humid, very humid. It was beautiful, it is *really* a garden state--the whole state is a garden--so I loved it, but my allergy was giving trouble. Then the ranch in Oregon was found, and this suited me. Just as I entered here I felt a great relief, as if my heart and my lungs, both felt a burden removed. And for these four years, I have not had a single attack, otherwise it was almost three, four times per week. That means three, four nights per week sleep was impossible--just coughing, sneezing--and the pain with the neck, with the back was there, and this diabetes was there, so.... *last317*

When my secretary Sheela was searching for a place for me, I said that, "Not California. Anywhere is okay but not California, because all the idiotic Indian gurus who don't have any hold in India, who don't have any intelligence--I don't want to get mixed up with that lot."

I have chosen Oregon because this poor state has not known a single enlightened man in the whole of history. *last224*

Had you ever thought that we were going to land up in Oregon, in America? I don't think anybody, howsoever dreaming and imaginary and hallucinatory, had thought of Oregon. But we landed here. *unconc28*

Later Osho is asked: What was Your impression when You first came and saw the land here?

I did not like it, because I have always liked greenery and this was a desert, so I was not impressed. I told my people that they have to change this place into an oasis... *last113*

Osho stays in a new Lao Tzu House, set in its own private valley. Vivek and personal attendants, who came with him from Poona, take care of him.

Do you prefer here to Poona?

No. For me it makes no difference: wherever I am, I never go out. Rajneeshpuram* may be in the Soviet Union, or in America or in India. It does not matter to me, I don't know who is living outside. *last113*

*Note: one valley area is incorporated as the city of Rajneeshpuram to comply with land-use regulations in constructing residences and utilities

Sheela lives in the commune centre two miles away. She visits Osho in the evening to ask questions and take any messages.

I was in silence and in isolation, and my instruction was that only Sheela will come every evening for one hour; that too only when she has urgent work that she cannot handle. And she should inform me only of things which are absolutely necessary and have to be told. So for three and a half years I was completely out of the world: not a single newspaper, no book, no television, no radio, no information about what is going on, what is not going on. *last229*

Osho chooses a new symbol for his movement, of two birds flying together.

I have chosen the symbol for the seekers who have gathered around me of two birds. One is the Master, the other is the disciple. Both are the same kind of bird. Both have the same wings. Just seeing the Master fly, immediately the disciple gets the idea, "I have also got the same wings which I have not been using." He tries. Maybe once or twice he may fall. Maybe once and twice he may get discouraged. But even if he starts fluttering, that gives him the first glimpse that what is today just fluttering, tomorrow can become flying. It needs just a little discipline, a little more training, a little more time. And to come to this point, you are already beyond fear. *last321*

Osho enjoys driving again

In New Jersey and at the ranch, Osho makes a daily drive.

When I came to America I started to drive again, and sitting with me in the car people would feel annoyed once in a while. I am not a driver, what to say of a good driver--so naturally I did everything that was wrong. Although they tried not to interfere, I could understand their difficulty. They kept control of themselves. I was driving and they were controlling themselves--that was a great scene. But still, once in a while they forgot and started saying something to me in which they were often right. About that I have nothing to say. But right or wrong it does not matter--when I am driving, I am driving. If I am going wrong then I am going wrong. How long could they control themselves? It was dangerous, and they were not concerned about their own life. They were concerned about my life, but what could I do? I could simply state the fact that if I was driving wrongly I would continue to do so. At that moment particularly I did not want to be taught. It was not any egoism.

I am simple in that way. You can always tell me where I am wrong, and I am open to listen. But when I am doing something, I hate interference. Even though the intention may be good, I don't want it even for my own good. I would rather die driving wrongly than be saved by somebody's advice. That's the way I am and it is too late to change. *glimps18*

I am myself a reckless driver. In my whole life I have committed only two crimes, and those were speeding. *upan17*

I have been caught twice in America speeding, because I cannot drive at fifty-five miles per hour when the car is made to go one hundred and forty miles per hour! Do you see the inconsistency of the governments? You make the car to go a hundred and forty miles per hour, and you make the rule that nobody can go faster than fifty-five. Then why do you *create* these cars?--just let them go fifty-five miles per hour. There is no need to make any law, there is no need to put signs on every crossroads that you should not go beyond fifty-five. And you are allowing car factories to create cars which are meant to go one hundred and forty miles per hour....

What kind of intelligence is ruling the world?

I was moving as fast as the car could go, and when I was stopped by the police, the cops, they said, "You are going beyond the speed limit."

I said, "Look at my speedometer. I cannot move beyond the speedometer."

They said, "We are not concerned with your speedometer. Don't you see the sign boards?"

I said, "When I am driving I look ahead! And when a person is moving at one hundred and forty miles per hour, do you want him to look sideways?"

They said, "You are a strange person."

I said, "Ask your government that all factories should create cars which go only fifty-five miles per hour. There will be no question of so many cops on the road. I listen to my engine, not to your signs!"

They talked with each other, "What should we do?" They gave me a ticket, that I had to be present in court.

I said, "It is better I don't appear in the court; otherwise your judges will be embarrassed just as you are embarrassed. So my attorney will deal with it. It is not much of a matter--fifty dollars."

And exactly fifty dollars I was fined.

I said, "That does not matter. Once in a while you can catch me. And why bother the court?--I can give you fifty dollars on the spot. But my speed will remain according to my speedometer!"

Then I made arrangements for one car ahead of me, one car behind me. And I had made arrangements...There are mechanical devices which give you a signal when the cops are around. I continued to move at my speed!

Only in Salt Lake City you can move freely...or in Germany. Adolf Hitler will be remembered in history for making the greatest road, for the first time, on which you can drive at any speed you want.

Rather than increasing the roads, making better roads, you prevent people from speeding. And unless the car moves beyond one hundred, you don't have the feeling of a great ecstasy: you are almost flying! *christ02*

And there are rumors about me that I am hypnotizing people. When I used to go driving on the highways, sometimes I was stopped by a police car, but the police officer would not look directly into my eyes--afraid of getting hypnotized! *false23*

Dental Sessions and three new books

During the winter, Osho has dental work in his own house. In the sessions he talks with his attendants, and reminisces about his life. His dentist, Devageet, makes notes of these talks, which are later published.

My dentist chair is not just a dental affair...."

With me everything is a little strange. From the dental chair, I have created three books! It must be absolutely unprecedented, because people are so afraid of the dental chair and the dentist. I have enjoyed it so much--but it created difficulties for poor Devageet, because you cannot work on the teeth while I am talking. What he could have done in ten minutes would take two hours!...

I was talking to only two persons, Devageet and Ashu *(my dentist and dental nurse).* And I have my own games to play. I had put Ashu against Devageet--she is his dental nurse. I can experience whatever is happening, even under a high dose of laughing gas, and I used to remind Ashu again and again: "Don't listen to Devageet. As far as this dental room is concerned, I am still your master." Even with closed eyes...because they tried that too. They blindfolded me so I could not see what was going on, but I could see that the gas was not at the maximum. And I was beating Ashu continuously--"You are listening to Devageet!" Devageet stopped talking. He managed to give messages by signal.

It was a beautiful time, and many things that I would have never bothered to talk about, I talked about in the dental chair. I was creating difficulty for them--because how can you work inside the mouth when I am speaking? But my sensitivity is such that just a lower degree of gas and I would hit Ashu immediately. She was in a great difficulty...she has to listen to the doctor, but as far as I am concerned the doctor and the nurse both are my disciples. I have beaten Devageet so much that sometimes I feel sad about the poor fellow. He has been doing his best, but he was doing it according to his medical understanding. With me, things cannot be in any way ordinary. *mani14*

Osho addresses his dentist: Don't be afraid. I am always in favor of danger, and this is dangerous because you are on the very verge of consciousness. This is the time you want to stop, but this is the time I want you to go on, because danger is beautiful, you cannot have too much.

But I see you are already going back, you are backing away. What is there to fear? Chemistry is there, the body is there; I can talk--what does it matter if I am not in the body? One man is not important...but what I am saying matters. What I am saying will remain, it will stay; it is of the essence. I don't matter. What matters is what I am saying.

If the time is over, okay, but five minutes for my silence.... I was just trying to feel the chair, because I am so in the sky, to be in this chair at the same time is wonderful. I am not joking. I have never joked in my life. All those jokes...I have forgotten them. *notes01*

Never act out of fear. Don't be worried about my body, it is okay. Don't listen to my body but to me. My body is always a little strange...it's bound to be.

Once you are aware, the body starts losing its grip over the consciousness. Once you are aware, you are no more of this world. That is why the awakened one dies and is not born

again. He cannot be born, it is impossible. He cannot have another body. This is my last body.

You are fortunate to be with a person who is in the last body. I will not be again because I *am* Being. Once you are Being you cannot be born again. It is Being which matters. It is Being which is eternal. Bodies come and go; Being remains. Bodies are born and die; Being is neither born nor dies.

The music is beautiful but stop it. I am unpredictable. It is beautiful, but a hindrance to the ultimate flight. It is a bridge and you cannot make your home under a bridge. The bridge needs to be dropped. Mohammed was averse to music because the very beauty of music can keep one rooted. It is just between this and that, but I want only that. I hear music during the day but only to keep myself rooted in the body a little more because I love you so much. I want to create a home for the people I love. I do not want history to say I dreamed but could not make my dream become a reality. Just for this I want to linger in this body. All who are gathered in this room are helping me. Thank you all. *notes01*

Remembering the snow falling from the trees, just like flowers falling from madhumalti, a haiku flashed....

The wild geese

Do not intend to make their reflections.

The water has no mind

To receive their images.

Ahhh, so beautiful. Wild geese not intending to make their reflections, and the water not intending to receive them either, and yet the reflection is there. That is the beauty. Nobody has intended, and yet it is there--that's what I call communion. I have always hated communication. To me communication is ugly. You can see it happening between a wife and a husband, the boss and the servant, and so on and so forth. It never really happens. Communion is my word.

I see Buddha Hall with all my people...just for a moment like a flash, so many moments of communion. It is not just a gathering; it is not a church. People do not come to it formally. People come to me, not to it. Whenever there is a master and a disciple--it may be only the master and just one disciple, that does not matter--communion happens. It is happening right now, and there are only four of you. Perhaps with my eyes closed I can't even count, and it is good; only then can one remain in the world of the unaccountable... *glimps01*

Sheela was thinking of buying a plane for me. A million dollar plane so I can fly...but I *am* flying, flying without a license, and flying to the highest, where there are no limits. Otherwise there are always limits....

This is beautiful. Without wasting a million dollars....

Good. I am now high. It is so good. *notes01*

I myself have come to the point where you cannot go any higher. Howsoever high you go, you are still on the same height. In other words, there comes a moment in spiritual growth which is untranscendable. That moment is called, paradoxically, the transcendental. *glimps15*

I love to be on these peaks. I love the heights. This beauty, this is *sundram.* This is something that I can only explain to my lovers. It is beautiful. This is not a story, it is not a novel, it is reality. My tear is a proof. Truth has to be proved by one's tears, by one's existence, by one's way of living. *notes01*

My eyes are beginning to collect dewdrops. Please don't interrupt....

Good. Don't be worried about me and my tears. It is good to have tears once in a while, and I have not wept for so long. *books13*

Now poor Devageet simply writes his notes, and he does it perfectly. Once in a while I check by asking, "What was I saying?" and he reminds me exactly what it was that I was saying. He does his work, and because he is so full of love for me he cannot resist sighing, and breathing as if something he could never believe would happen has at last happened--and he cannot believe it still. And my difficulty is that I think that he is giggling! He is not giggling, just the sound of his excited breathing makes me feel that he is giggling.

He has written to me about it. I know it, but whenever he does it--I am also a diehard--immediately the word that comes to me is giggling. So again he is giggling. This too is an old habit from when I was a professor. And you can understand: a professor is, after all, a professor, and he cannot allow giggling in his class. I don't mind it now, I enjoy it. *glimps38*

I will wait...Devageet's ink has run out. What a fountain pen you have! My God, it seems it must have belonged to Adam and Eve! What a noise it makes! But one cannot expect anything else in this Noah's Ark. *books10*

Osho's talks form four series, the first two series under the title *Notes of a Madman:*

Vivek calls your notes *"The Ramblings of a Madman"*...written by a madman, but not ramblings. If I am mad, then who is sane? If I am mad then who can say he is not mad?

Nixon? Who can claim sanity? This poor earth is full of mad men, so I appear to be mad. A sane man among the insane always appears so....

I am surrounded by madmen. I am in a whole world of madmen. Certainly I will look mad...mad, even to my own people....

At least I cannot go mad. And I am not going to die at this moment. I have a few more strange things to do yet. *notes01*

Go to the stars,

the rainbows,

to the world which is beyond...

which I cannot describe, nobody can describe. I am a madman. It is not easy to deal with me. *notes01*

I like this light, it is good. It is something like what I am facing. I am facing such tremendous light...this is nothing. I am facing so much music I am almost drowned in it. To be close to beauty is to be close to death. I cannot forget that. I have been close to death again and again. I have been coming close to death many times in my life, knowingly. You may not know but we have faced death infinite times, but with such fear we have not seen its beauty; otherwise death is another name for God. I am amazed nobody has said it yet. It is another name for God, for light, for joy, for beauty.

So I go on and on,

into myself.

Deep into the beyond,

and the beyond is all there is.

All else is going to disappear.

Only that which is beyond

will remain forever.

I am talking of the beyond. *notes01*

If you all put your energies together you can help a buddha make millions of buddhas in the world. I am mad; otherwise just to think of one buddha is enough, and I always think of millions of buddhas. Less than that is not enough. I always think big. We have to create millions of buddhas, only then a new man can be born. Only then can we make

Christians disappear and christs appear. The beginning of the buddhas will be the death of the Buddhists.

I am a beginning and also an end.

I am an end...end in the sense that after me there can be no Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism. After me there is no possibility of any ideology. With me ends the old and begins the new--the New Man. Man with no ideology, no religion, no philosophy, no concept to live, but only a joy to live, a celebration. *notes02*

The second series of talks in the dental chair are about mantras:

Om Mani Padme Hum

I can repeat this mantra forever. Its beauty is such and you are so deaf that it has to be repeated again and again. Truth by its very necessity has to be repeated, because those who are hearing are not hearing. They have lost that sensitivity, that receptivity. So I will go on repeating this mantra. The day I see that it has penetrated to your unconscious, beyond you, within you, where right now you cannot reach...but I can.... The moment I see it has reached, the seed has found its soil, I will say it no more. That will be the end of the series.

Om Mani Padme Hum...

Om Mani Padme Hum.

Just the vibe of it is thrilling, tremendously thrilling, just overwhelming; one is drowned in it.

This mantra was not composed by a poet. Poets can say beautiful things but those beautiful things are sweet nothings. This mantra was conceived, not composed, conceived just as a woman conceives a child, conceived by the mystics....

This mantra, Om Mani Padme Hum, was conceived like a child, in the hearts of the mystics on the peaks of the Himalayas. The Himalayas are covered with snow from eternity; it has never melted. It has remained the same.

This mantra comes from Tibet, the hiddenmost part of the Himalayas. And on these heights I hear it: it is a sound like the sound of bees buzzing. And the humming is so beautiful. One cannot be grateful enough to the mystics who tried to make this humming sound into a mantra. Om Mani Padme Hum...aahhh, the Jewel in the Lotus. *notes02*

In the third series, *Books I have loved,* Osho talks about 176 of his favourite books:

In the library there are thousands of books; there are over one hundred thousand volumes in the beautiful library. I love the library; it contains all the best that has ever been written. I am giving it all to our university. Of all the thousands of books I have told

Vivek to carry only one. That is my only book now. It is written by a man who has not reached but has come very close, very, very close--Khalil Gibran. I wanted to talk about his book many times but did not. The time was not yet right. The man was only a poet and not a mystic, not one who really knows, but he reached to heights in his imagination. *notes01*

But there is a queue standing at the door. You don't know what a fix I am in. I had not thought of it before, because I am not a thinker and I never think before I jump. I jump, and then I think. It was just by the way that I mentioned ten beautiful books. I was not thinking so many others would start bugging me. So, ten more. *books04*

Okay, how many books have I talked about in the postscript--forty?

"Thirty, I think, Osho."

Thirty? Good. Such a relief, because so many books are still waiting. You could understand my relief only if you had to choose one book out of a thousand, and that's exactly what I am doing. The postscript continues. *books10*

I also remembered Mikhail Naimy's book *The Book of Mirdad.* That book is just unbelievable. I feel jealous of only one man, Mikhail Naimy. Jealous not in the ordinary sense, because I cannot feel jealous in that sense; jealous in the sense that he has written it already, otherwise I would write it. I would have written it...it is of the same heights I am flying to. *notes02*

I apologize because this morning I did not mention a few books that I should have mentioned. I was so overwhelmed by Zarathustra, Mirdad, Chuang Tzu, Lao Tzu, Jesus and Krishna that I forgot a few of the books which are even far more significant. I could not believe how I could forget Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet.* It is still torturing me. I want to unburden--that's why I say I am sorry, but not to anybody in particular.

How could I forget the book which is the ultimate: *The Book* of the Sufis! Perhaps I forgot because it contains nothing, just empty pages. For twelve hundred years Sufis have been carrying *The Book* with tremendous respect, opening its pages and studying it. One wonders what they study. When you face an empty page for a long time, you are bound to rebounce upon yourself. That is the real study--the work.

How could I forget *The Book?* Now who will forgive me? *The Book* should have been the first to have been mentioned not the last. It cannot be transcended. How can you create a better book than one which contains nothing, and the message of nothingness?

Nothingness should be written in your notes, Devageet, as no-thing-ness; otherwise nothingness has a negative meaning--the meaning of emptiness, and that's not it. The meaning is 'fullness'. Emptiness in the East has a totally different context...*shunyata.* *books02*

Masnavi of Jalaluddin Rumi. It is a book of small parables. The great can only be expressed in parables. Jesus speaks in parables: so speaks the *Masnavi.* Why did I forget it? I love parables; I should not have forgotten it. I have used hundreds of parables from it. Perhaps it has become so much of my own that I forgot to mention it separately. But that is no excuse, apology is still required. *books02*

The *Isa Upanishad.* It is easy to understand why I forgot about it. I have drunk it, it has become a part of my blood and bones; it is me. I have spoken on it hundreds of times. It is a very small Upanishad. There are one hundred and eight Upanishads and *Isa* is the smallest of them all. It can be printed on a postcard, on one side only, but it contains all the remaining one hundred and seven, so they need not be mentioned. The seed is in the *Isa*....

The *Isa Upanishad* is one of the greatest creations of those who have meditated. *books02*

I forgot to say something about Gurdjieff and his book *All and Everything*--perhaps because it is a very strange book, not even readable. I don't think there are any living individuals except me who have read from the first page to the last. I have come across many Gurdjieff followers, but none of them had been able to read *All and Everything* in its totality....

I have read this book not once but many times. The more I went into it the more I loved it, because the more I could see the rascal; the more I could see what it was that he was hiding from those who should not know. Knowledge is not for those who are not yet capable of absorbing it. Knowledge has to be hidden from the unwary, and is only for those who can digest it. It has to be given only to those who are ready. That's the whole purpose of writing in such a strange way. There is no other book stranger than Gurdjieff's *All and Everything,* and it certainly is all and everything. *books02*

J. Krishnamurti's *The First and Last Freedom.* I love this man, and I hate this man. I love him because he speaks the truth, but I hate him for his intellectuality. He is only reason, rationality. I wonder, he may be a reincarnation of that goddamned Greek Aristotle. His logic is what I hate, his love is what I respect--but his book is beautiful. *books03*

I want to bring J.Krishnamurti back to your notice again. The name of the book is *Commentaries on Living.* There are many volumes of it. It is made of the same stuff stars are made from.

Commentaries on Living is his diary. Once in a while he writes something in his diary...a beautiful sunset, an ancient tree, or just the evening...birds coming back home...anything...a river rushing to the ocean...whatever he feels, he sometimes notes it down. That's how this book was born. It is not written systematically, it is a diary. Yet to just read it is enough to transport you to another world--the world of beauty, or far better, beautitude. Can you see my tears?

I have not read for some time, but just the mention of this book is enough to bring tears to my eyes. I love the book. It is one of the greatest books ever written. I have said before that Krishnamurti's *First and Last Freedom* is his best book, which he has not been able to transcend--of course not as a book, because *Commentaries* is only a diary, not a book in the real sense, but all the same I include it. *books10*

A man, Idries Shah. I will not mention any of his books because all of them are beautiful. I recommend every one of this man's books.

Don't be afraid, I am still insane. Nothing can make me sane. But one book by Idries Shah towers above all the others. All are beautiful, I would like to mention them all, but the book *The Sufis* is just a diamond. The value of what he has done in *The Sufis* is immeasurable....

Whenever I recognize something like this I always appreciate it. And this is beautiful--this is what you will understand if you can understand Idries Shah's book *The Sufis.* He is the man who introduced Mulla Nasruddin to the West, and he has done an incredible service. He cannot be repaid. The West has to remain obliged to him forever. Idries Shah has made just the small anecdotes of Nasruddin even more beautiful. This man not only has the capacity to exactly translate the parables, but even to beautify them, to make them more poignant, sharper. I include all of his books. *books09*

I have always loved the books of P.D. Ouspensky, though I have never loved the man himself....

It is a small book, and its name is *The Future Psychology of Man.* He wrote in his will that the book should only be published when he was no more. I don't like the man, but I must say, in spite of myself, that in this book he almost predicted me and my sannyasins. He predicted the future psychology, and that is what I am doing here--the future man, the New Man. This small book must become a necessary study for all sannyasins. *books10*

I always wanted to talk about this book but was afraid that I was going to miss because there was no time. I did not plan, just as always I go unplanned. I had thought to talk about only fifty books, but then came the P.S. and it continued and continued. Again fifty titles were completed, but there were still so many beautiful books that I had to continue and start the P.P.S. That is why I can now talk about this book. It is Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground.*

It is a very strange book, as strange as the man was. Just notes--like Devageet's notes, fragmentary, on the surface unrelated to each other, but really related with an undercurrent of aliveness. It has to be meditated upon. I cannot say anything more than this. It is one of the most ignored great works of art. Nobody seems to take note of it, for the simple reason that it is not a novel, just notes, and they too seem to the unmeditative to be unrelated. But to my disciples it can be of great significance; they can find treasures hidden in it. *books14*

In the fourth series, *Glimpses of a Golden Childhood,* Osho speaks for the first time in detail about his childhood; many stories have been used in this compilation

I just had a golden experience, the feeling of a disciple so lovingly working on his master's body. I'm still out of breath because of it. And it also reminds me of my golden childhood.

Everybody talks of his golden childhood, but rarely, very rarely, is it true. Mostly it is a lie....

First, one has to choose one's birth. That's almost impossible. *glimps02*

Forgive me, but I have decided to tell the whole truth whatsoever it is. And mind you all, I am going to tell it howsoever long it takes. Devageet, Devaraj, and Ashu--it may take years for me to tell it and then I will tell you that you have to finish the book quickly, so don't go on piling it up.

Don't in any way depend upon tomorrows. Just do it today; only then will you be able to do it. *glimps35*

And this is for the first time that I have ever told the story of Shambhu Babu. I have kept it a secret all these years, forty years. It feels like a relief.

This morning Gudia said, "You slept so late."

Yes, last night I slept, for the first time in many years, as I would like to sleep every night. During the whole night I was not disturbed even for a single moment. Usually I have to look at my watch once in a while just to see whether it is time to get up. But last night, after many years, I did not look at my watch at all. I even had to miss Devaraj's concoction. That's what I call his special breakfast mixture. It is a concoction but it is really good. It is difficult to eat because it takes half an hour just to chew it, but it is really healthy and nourishing. We should make it available to everybody--Devaraj's concoction for breakfast. Of course it is not fast, it is slow, very very slow. Can we call it a "break-slow"? But then it would not sound right.

I had to miss breakfast today for two reasons: first, I had to keep Devageet's time, and still I was five minutes late, and I don't like to be late. Secondly, if I had started that concoction it would have taken so much time to eat that by the time I had finished, it would have been lunch time. There would have been no gap, which is needed. So I thought I would miss it. But I really enjoy it, and in missing it, I really miss it.

Last night was one of the rarest for the simple reason that yesterday I spoke to you about Shambhu Babu, and it relieved me of a weight. I also talked about my father and the continuous struggle and how it ended. I felt so unburdened. *glimps21*

Love is good. Transcend it, because it can lead you to something better: friendship. And when two lovers become friends, it is a rare phenomenon. One wants to cry just out of

joy, or celebrate, or if one is a musician, play on the guitar, or if one is a poet, then write a haiku, a *rubaiyat.* But if one is not a musician or a poet, one can still dance, one can still paint, one can sit silently and look at the sky. What more can be done? Existence has done it already....

From love to friendship, and from friendship to friendliness--that can be said to be my whole religion. Friendship is again a "ship," a relation-ship, a certain bondage...very subtle, more subtle than love, but it is there; and with it all the jealousies and all the diseases of love also. They have come in a very subtle form. But friendliness is freedom from the other; hence there is no question of relationship.

Love is towards the other, so is friendship. Friendliness is only an opening of your heart to existence. Suddenly, at a particular moment, you may be opening it to a man, to a woman, a tree, to a star...at the beginning you cannot just open it to the whole of existence. Of course in the end you have to open your heart to the whole, simultaneously, unaddressed to anybody. That is the moment...let us just call it *the moment.*

Let us forget the words enlightenment, buddhahood, Christ-consciousness, just let us call it THE MOMENT--write it in capitals. *glimps24*

The other day I told you about Masto's disappearance. I think he is still alive. In fact I know he is. In the East, this has been one of the most ancient ways--to disappear in the Himalayas before you die. To die in that beautiful part is richer than to live anywhere else; even dying there has something of the eternal. Perhaps it is the vibe of the saints chanting for thousands of years. The Vedas were composed there, the Gita was written there, Buddha was born and died there, Lao Tzu in his last days disappeared in the Himalayas. And Masto did almost the same....

Masto...it is difficult to say goodbye to you, for the simple reason that I don't believe you are no more. You still exist. I may not be able to see you again; that is not very important. I have seen you so much, your very fragrance has become a part of me. But somewhere in this story I have to put a full stop as far as you are concerned. It is hard, and it hurts...forgive me for that. *glimps33*

I have not played on musical instruments, but I have played on thousands of hearts. I have created a far deeper music than any instrument can--noninstrumental, nontechnical. *glimps29*

Now, Dale Carnegie may have written *How to Win Friends and Influence People,* but I don't think that he really knows. He cannot. Unless you know the art of creating enemies, you cannot know the art of creating friends. In that, I am immensely fortunate.

I have created so many enemies that you can depend on it, that I must have made a few friends at least. Without creating friends, you cannot create enemies; that is a basic law. If you want friends, get ready for the enemies too. That's why many, the majority of people, decide to have neither friends nor enemies, but just acquaintances. These are thought to

be common-sense people; in fact they really have uncommon sense. But I don't have that, whatsoever it is called. I created as many friends as I created enemies; in fact, in the same proportion. I can count on them both. They are both reliable. *glimps37*

I am reminded of a small anecdote. I used to use this anecdote as a joke. Many of my jokes are perhaps painted a little here and there to make them look like jokes, but many of them come from real life. And real life is far more of a joke book than any joke book could ever be. How do I know this joke comes from real life? Because it cannot be otherwise, there is no other way. I remember I used to tell this joke and this is the way I remember it....

The small boy, already very afraid, completely drenched with water, somehow had still reached the school. But a schoolteacher is a schoolteacher. She asked, "Why are you late?"

He had thought it was enough proof. It was raining so hard...cats and dogs were raining, and he was completely wet, dripping. And yet she was still asking, "Why are you late?"

He invented, just like any child would, saying, "Miss, it is so slippery that as I took one step forward, I slipped two steps back."

The woman looked even more stern and said, "How can that be? If you take one step forwards and then slip back two steps--you cheat--then you could never have got to school."

The small boy said, "Miss, please understand: I turned towards my house and started running away from school, that's how I got here."

I say it is not a joke. That schoolteacher is real, the boy is real, the rain is real. The schoolteacher's conclusion is real, and the small boy's conclusion could not be more real. I have told thousands of jokes and many of them came from real life. Those which don't come from real life also come from real life, but from the underground life, which is also real but never on the surface--it is not allowed. *glimps33*

How many houses have I lived in? It is almost impossible for you to imagine that in almost fifty years of life I have been just moving houses, and doing nothing else. Of course, the grass was growing--I was moving house, and doing nothing, and the grass was growing. But the whole credit goes to "nothing," not to my moving house....

I was saying I have never had a house. Even this house, I cannot call it my house. From the first one to the last--perhaps this is not the last, but whichever is the last, I cannot call it *my* house. Just to hide the fact, I call it Lao Tzu House. Lao Tzu has nothing to do with it.

And I know the man. I know that if he meets me--and someday a meeting is bound to happen--the first thing he will ask will be, "Why did you name your house 'Lao Tzu

House'?" Naturally, the curiosity of a child--and nobody could be more childlike than Lao Tzu, neither Buddha, nor Jesus, nor Mohammed, and certainly not Moses. A Jew being childlike? Impossible!...

And I had to watch it happen, moving from one house to another. I can remember hundreds of houses, but not a single one where I could have said, "This is my house." I was hoping, perhaps this one...that's been the way for my whole life: "Perhaps the next one."

Still...I will tell you a secret. I am still hoping to have a house somewhere, perhaps.... "Perhaps" *is* the house. My whole life I waited and waited in so many houses for the real one to come. It always seemed just around the corner. But the distance remained the same: it remained always just around the corner. I can again see it....

I know that no house is ever going to be mine. But knowing is one thing: once in a while, something which can only be called "being" covers it. I call that "all-knowing"; and in those moments, again I am searching for "the home." I said it can be named only "perhaps"; I mean that is the name of the home. It is always going to happen, but never really happens...always just about to happen....

I have been continuously leaving, always packing for the new house. In a way it was good; otherwise I would have had nothing else to do, just packing and then unpacking, then again packing and unpacking. It kept me more occupied than any other buddha before, and more harmlessly. They too were occupied, but their occupation implied others.

My occupation has always been, in a certain sense, personal. Even if thousands of people are with me it is still a one-to-one relationship between you and me. It is not an organization, and it can never be. Certainly for managerial purposes it has to function as an organization, but as far as my sannyasins are concerned, each single sannyasin is related to me, and only to me, not via anybody else.

I am a very unoccupied man. I cannot say unemployed, hence I have used the word 'unoccupied', because I rejoice in it. I am not applying for any employment. I am finished with all employment; I am just enjoying. But to enjoy a certain milieu is needed. That's what I am creating.

The whole of my life I have been creating it, gradually, in steps. I have spoken again and again about the new commune. It is just to remind myself, not you, so that I don't forget the new commune--because the moment I forget it, I may not wake up the next morning.

Gudia will wait.... You will run; yes, I have seen you coming, almost running. You will wait, but I will not be coming because I will have lost the only small thread with which I was holding myself....

It started with my school, and it is just the second day. Life is so multidimensional. When I say so multidimensional, it may look absurd because just multidimensional covers it. Why call it *so* multidimensional? Life is multi-multidimensional.

You must be feeling hungry, and hungry ghosts are dangerous people. Just two minutes for me....

Just end it now. *glimps37*

Osho talks about his personal daily life

Throughout these series, for the first time, Osho gives insights into his personal daily life.

I can even talk in my sleep, so it is no trouble to talk like this.

Gudia knows I talk in my sleep but she does not know to whom. Only I know that. Poor Gudia! I am talking to her and she thinks and worries about why I am talking, and to whom. Alas that she is not aware that I am talking to her just like this. Sleep is a natural anesthetic. Life is so hard that one has to go under every night for a few hours at least. And she wonders whether I really sleep or not. I can understand her wondering.

For more than a quarter of a century I have not slept. Devaraj, don't be worried. Ordinary sleep.... I sleep more than anybody else in the whole world: three hours during the day, and seven, eight, nine hours at night--as much as anybody can afford. In all, in toto, I sleep twelve hours per day, but underneath I am awake. I see myself while asleep, and sometimes it is so lonely during the night that I start talking to Gudia. But her difficulties are many. First, when I talk in my sleep I talk in Hindi. I cannot talk in English while asleep. I never will, although I could if I wanted to. Sometimes I have tried and succeeded, but the joy was missing....

In my sleep when I speak to Gudia, I again speak in Hindi because I know her unconscious is still not English. She was only in England for a few years. Before that she was in India, and now she is again in India. I have been trying to efface all that lies between these two. Of this later, when the time comes.... *glimps07*

In fact, for almost thirty years I have not dreamed at all. I cannot.

I can manage a sort of rehearsal. The word will seem strange--a 'rehearsal' dream--but the actual drama never happens, cannot happen; it needs unconsciousness, and that ingredient is missing. You can make me unconscious, but still you will not make me dream. And to make me unconscious needs not much technology; just a hit over my head and I will be unconscious. But that is not the unconsciousness I am talking about.

You are unconscious when you go on doing things without knowing why--during the day, during the night--the awareness is missing. Once awareness happens, dreaming disappears. Both cannot exist together. There is no coexistence possible between these two things, and nobody can make it. Either you dream, then you are unconscious; or you are awake, aware, pretending to dream--but that is not a dream. You know and everybody else knows too. *glimps43*

I have received so many watches, but I have forgotten them. One of those watches is behaving strangely. When I need it, it stops. All the time it runs perfectly; it stops only at night between three and five. Is that not strange behavior?--because that is the only time when I sometimes wake up, just an old habit. In my younger days I used to wake up at three in the morning. I did it for so many years that even if I don't get up, I have to turn in my bed and then go back to sleep. That is the time when I need to see whether I should really get up, or I can still have a little more sleep; and strangely, that is when the watch stops.

Today it stopped exactly at four. I looked at it and went back to sleep; four is too early. After sleeping for almost one hour, I again looked at the watch: it was still four. I said to myself, "Great, so tonight is never going to end." I went to sleep again, not thinking--you know me, I am not a thinker--not thinking that the watch may have stopped. I thought, "This night seems to be the last. I can sleep forever. Great! Just far out!" And I felt so good that it was never going to end that I fell asleep again. After two hours I again looked at the watch, and it was still four! I said, "Great! Not only is the night long, but even time has stopped too!" *glimps25*

I became aware of one thing this morning--not that I was not aware of it before, but I was not aware that it needed to be told. But now it needs to be told.

On the 21st of March 1953, a strange thing happened. Many strange things happened, but I am only talking about one thing. The others will come in their own time. It is, in fact, a little early in my story to tell you, but I was reminded this morning of this peculiar thing. After that night I lost all sense of time. Howsoever hard I may try, I cannot--as everybody else can at least approximately--remember what time it is.

Not only that, in the morning, every morning I mean, I have to look out of the window to see whether it was my afternoon sleep or the night sleep, because I sleep twice each day. And every afternoon too, when I wake up, the first thing I do is to look at my clock. Once in a while the clock plays a joke on me; it stops working. It is showing only six, so it must have stopped in the morning. That's why I have two watches and a clock, just to keep checking to see whether any of them is playing a joke.

And one of the other clocks is more dangerous, better not to mention it. I want to give it to somebody as a present, but I have not found the right man to whom I would like to give this clock, because it is going to be a real punishment, not a present. It is electronic, so whenever the electricity goes off, even for a single moment, the clock goes back to twelve and flashes it: 12...12...12...simply to show that the electricity has gone off.

Sometimes I want to throw it out, but somebody has presented it to me, and I don't throw things away easily. It is disrespectful. So I am waiting for the right person.

I have got not only one, but two such clocks, one in each room. Sometimes they have deceived me when I go for my afternoon sleep. I usually go at eleven-thirty exactly, or at the most twelve, but very rarely. Once or twice I have looked out from a peep hole in my blanket, and the clock is showing twelve, and I say to myself, "That means I have just come to bed." And I go to sleep again.

After one or two hours I again look. "Twelve," I say to myself. "Strange...today time seems to have finally stopped. Better to go to sleep rather than to find everybody else asleep." So I go to sleep again.

I have now instructed Gudia that if I am not awake by two-fifteen, she should wake me up.

She asked, "Why?"

I said, "Because if nobody wakes me I may go on sleeping forever."

Every morning I have to decide whether it is morning or evening, because I don't know--I don't have that sense. It was lost on that date I told you.

This morning when I asked you, "What is the time?" you said, "Ten-thirty." I thought, "Jesus! This is too much. My poor secretary must have been waiting one and a half hours already, and I have not even begun my story." So I said, just to finish it, "Give me ten minutes." The real reason was that I was thinking it was night.

And Devaraj also knows; now he can understand it exactly. One morning when he accompanied me to my bathroom, I asked him, "Is my secretary waiting?" He looked puzzled. I had to close the door just so that he could be himself again. If I went on standing there in the doorway, waiting--and you know Devaraj: nobody can be so loving to me. He could not say to me that it was not nighttime. If I was asking for my secretary, then there must be some reason; and of course she was not there and it was not the time for her to come, so what should he say?

He didn't say anything. He simply kept silent. I laughed. The question must have embarrassed him, but I am telling you the truth, just because time is always a problem for me. Somehow I go on managing, by using strange devices. Just look at this device: has any buddha spoken like this? *glimps40*

Do you know that every morning I wake up and hurry to my bathroom to take a bath and get ready because I know everybody must be waiting? Today I did not have my breakfast simply because I knew it would delay you all. I had slept a little longer than usual. Every evening I know you all must be getting ready, taking your shower, and the moment I see the light in your small room, I know the devils have arrived and now I must hurry.

And the whole day you are busy. Your time is packed the whole day. You could say that I am a completely retired man--not tired, retired and not retired by anybody else. That is my way of life--to live relaxedly, not doing anything from morning to evening, from evening to morning. Keeping everybody else busy without business, that is my whole work. I don't think there is anybody in the world--or has ever been before, or will ever be after--who is so without business of any kind, like me. And yet, just to keep me breathing I need thousands of sannyasins to be continuously working. Can you think of a greater joke? *glimps22*

You know the Indian dust: it is omnipresent, everywhere, particularly in a village. Everything is dusty. Even people's faces look dusty. What can they do? How many times can they wash? Even here, although in an air-conditioned room where there is no dust, just out of old habit, whenever I go to the bathroom--just to tell you a secret, don't tell anybody--I wash my face for no reason at all, many times each day...just an old Indian habit.

It was so dusty that I used to run to the bathroom again and again. *glimps31*

I have become so accustomed to being what I am that even in small things it is difficult for me to change. Gudia knows; she tries to teach me in every possible way not to splash water all over the bathroom. But can you teach me anything? I cannot stop. Not that I want to torture the girls, or that they have to be tortured twice every day--because I take two baths, so naturally they have to clean twice.

Of course Gudia thinks I can take a bath in such a way that they don't have to remove water from everywhere. But finally she dropped the idea of teaching me. It is impossible for me to change. When I take my shower I enjoy it so much that I forget and splash the water all over. And without splashing it I would have to remain controlled even in my bathroom.

Now look at Gudia: she is enjoying the idea because she knows exactly what I am saying. When I take a shower I really take a shower, and I splash not only the floor, but even the walls, and if you have to clean, then of course it is a problem for you. But if you clean with love, as my cleaners do, then it is better than psychoanalysis, and far better than transcendental meditation. I cannot change anything now. *glimps42*

For the past few months now I have not read any book. I have stopped reading for the simple reason that what is beautiful has already been understood. Now it is pointless to read. I don't even read the *Vedas,* the *Bible,* the *Koran.* There is nothing that can be added to my experience, so I have stopped. Why waste your vision, your eyesight? It is not worth it.

When my doctors started saying that if I still wanted to study I would have to use spectacles, I said, "To hell with all books, because I hate spectacles." I hate all kinds of specs because they obstruct, they come in between. I want things face to face, directly, immediate. So I have stopped reading books. And the library is so rich, and so big,

containing all that is great. But it no longer matters to me, I have gone beyond the words. *notes02*

You must be aware that every day I listen to a song of Noorjahan, the famous Urdu singer. Every day before I come in I listen to her again and again. It could even drive you crazy. What do you know of drilling? I know what drilling means. I drill that song into Gudia every day. She has to hear it, there is no way to avoid it. After my work is over I again play the same song. I love my own language...not that it is my language, but it is so beautiful that even if it were not mine I would have learned it.

The song that she hears every day, and will have to hear again and again, says: "Whether you remember or not, once there was a trust between us. Once you used to tell me, 'You are the most beautiful woman in the world.' Now I don't know whether you would recognize me or not. Perhaps you do not remember, but I still remember. I cannot forget the trust, and the words that you uttered to me. You used to say that your love was impeccable. Do you still remember? Perhaps not, but I remember--not in its totality, of course. Time has done much harm.

"I am a dilapidated palace, but if you look, look minutely: I am still the same. I still remember the trust and your words. That trust that once existed between us, is it still in your memory or not? I don't know about you but I still remember."

Why do I go on playing the song of Noorjahan? It is a kind of drilling. Not drilling of your teeth, although if you continue drilling long enough it will get to your teeth too, but drilling into her the beauty of a language. I know it will be difficult for her to understand or appreciate it. *glimps07*

The moment before I came in I was listening to one of the greatest flutists, Hariprasad. It stirred many memories in me.

There are many types of flute in the world. The most important is the Arabic; the most beautiful, the Japanese; and there are many others. But there is nothing comparable to the small Indian bamboo flute for its sweetness. And Hariprasad is certainly a master as far as the flute is concerned. He played before me, not just once but many times. *glimps27*

I was just listening again, not to Hariprasad Chaurasia, but another flutist. In India the flute has two dimensions: one, the southern; the other, the northern. Hariprasad Chaurasia was a northern flutist; I was listening to the polar opposite, the southern.

This man too was introduced to me by the same man, Pagal Baba. When he introduced me he said to the musician, "You may not understand why I'm introducing you to this boy; at least right now you will not understand, but perhaps one day, God willing, you may."

This man plays the same flute but in a totally different way. The southern flute is far more penetrating, piercing to be exact. It enters and stirs something in your very marrow.

The northern flute is tremendously beautiful but a little flat--just as northern India is flat. *glimps28*

The whole night the wind went on blowing in the trees. The sound was so beautiful that I played Pannalal Ghosh, one of the flutists that Pagal Baba had introduced to me. Just now too I was playing his music, but he has a way of his own. His introduction is very long, so before Gudia called me it was still only the introduction; I mean he had not started playing his flute yet. The sitar and tabla were preparing the ground for him to play his flute. Last night I listened to his music again after perhaps two years. *glimps29*

One day while sitting in my room, Sheela just laughingly offered me a bottle of champagne, thinking that I would refuse, not knowing me at all. I accepted it with a "thank you." She looked puzzled. Vivek laughed, everybody laughed when I poured the champagne into my glass and drank it. Vivek took pictures. They have been hiding those pictures, but I will persuade them to give the pictures to you because they are the tenth picture*. I want to add the tenth picture to a man himself, not to any story, not to any pack of cards.

In the East only the woman serves the wine. Ashu, don't be afraid. Except fear, nothing has been the enemy of women. They were subjugated because of their fear. They were so ready, so willing to be subjugated, to be slaves, and for centuries. Don't be afraid. At least with me be fearless, because I teach nothing but fearlessness.

I want to bring back the ordinary man, with all his extraordinariness. Naturally, first I have to be that ordinary man myself--and I *am* an ordinary man, extraordinarily ordinary...with a champagne bottle in the marketplace, rejoicing. That's what champagne represents.

Life is nothing but wine, and at such heights I know that I am a drunkard. I know the ultimate heights of Being and nothing can be higher than that, that much I know. *notes02*

*Note: of the Ten Zen Bulls allegory

My people in the commune made a small placard for cars. It said, "Jesus saves, Moses invests, Osho spends." I like that. What is the point of saving? Jesus seems to be like a banker. And of course, Moses invests. For Moses, everything is business. And for me, certainly, everything is going to be taken away. Before it is taken away, use it, spend it, enjoy it. Why wait for death to snatch it away? Certainly it is absolutely right. A one-hour religion, or even a Mohammedan who prays five times a day, is not going to help. *bodhi09*

My secretary collects all kinds of crazy car-stickers. One was: "Warning--I brake for hallucinations." I liked it. Really great! *glimps50*

I have never thanked Vivek for the simple things. Her service to me is just beyond words. It is useless to thank her, it cannot be deep enough, be true. The last few months have been very difficult, very difficult to stay in the body. Over the years she has served me so

beautifully, being with me like a shadow, doing a thousand and one things. Before I can say it, she knows my need. I have not thanked her. How can I thank her? There is no way. The English word "thank you" is so far away, nor can I use it for all of you who are taking care of my body, which is not just my body but my promise to thousands of people in the world. *notes01*

I like Gudia for many reasons; one is that she keeps everything so clean. She even finds fault with me! And naturally, if she finds a fault--as far as cleanliness is concerned--I always agree with her. *glimps35*

I have never learned even the art of making a single cup of tea.

One day Gudia went for a holiday and Chetana was doing her duty here, serving me. In the morning, when I wake up, I push the button for my tea. Chetana brought it, and put the cup by the side of my bed, then went to the bathroom to prepare my towel and toothbrush, and everything that I need. Meanwhile, for the first time in ten years, do you know--one has to learn small things--I tried to pick the cup up from the floor, and it fell down!

Chetana came running, naturally, afraid. I said, "Don't be worried--it was my responsibility. I should not have done such a thing. I have never needed to pick up my cup from the floor. Gudia has been spoiling me for ten years. Now you cannot unspoil me in just one day."

I had so many years of spoiling. Yes, I call it spoiling because they never allowed me to do anything for myself. *glimps19*

Gudia is special in that way; she always tells me, "Wait. The tea is too hot." Perhaps it is my old habit. I again start taking the cup and so she says, "Wait! It's too hot." I know she is right, so I wait until she does not object, then I drink the tea. Perhaps the old habit of just drinking tea and rushing to the river is still there. *glimps27*

Gudia goes through tantrums once in a while but even then she has not harmed me. She cannot, it is impossible for her. Once in a while anybody can have a tantrum, particularly a woman; and more so if she has to live twenty-four hours a day, or maybe more, with a man like me, who is not nice at all; who is always hard, and always trying to push you to the very edge, and who does not allow you to come back. He goes on and on pushing and telling you to "Jump before you think!" *glimps10*

Poor Chetana, I have told her that my clothes have to be snow-white. She is my washerwoman. She does whatsoever she can, whatsoever is possible. *books13*

The other day I asked Chetana, "Chetana, how is my face looking?"

She said, "What?"

I said, "I am asking because I have not eaten anything but fruit for months, except for a few days of Devaraj's concoction. I don't know what it consists of; all that I know is it needs immense will-power to eat it. You have to chew it for half an hour, but it is very good. By the time I am finished I am so tired, utterly tired, almost asleep. That's why I am asking."

She said, "Osho, you are asking me, can I tell you the truth?"

I said, "Only the truth."

She said, "When I look at you I can't see anything except your eyes, so please don't ask me. I don't know how you looked before, or how you look now. All I know is your eyes." *glimps32*

I have been working the whole night because of a small remark I made which may have been hurtful to Devaraj. He may not have noticed it, but it has been sitting heavy on me all night. I could not sleep. I had said, "No buddha has ever had a personal dentist, but Gautam the Buddha had a personal physician." That was not quite right so I consulted the records, the Akashic records.

I will have to say a few more things, which nobody cares about, particularly the foolish historians. I was not consulting history. I had to go in what H.G. Wells called *The Time Machine,* back into time. It is the hardest work, and you know I am a lazy man. I am still huffing and puffing....

Devaraj, you may not have thought about it, but I felt sad that I had been a little cruel. I should not have said that. You are as unique as one can be. As far as having been a physician to a buddha is concerned, nobody can be compared to you, either in the past or in the future...because there is never going to be a man so simple, so insane that he calls himself Zorba the Buddha.

That reminds me of the story I was telling you. A great burden has been lifted from my heart. You can even see it in my breathing. I am really relieved. It was just a simple remark, but I am so sensitive, perhaps more than a buddha is supposed to be. But what can I do? I cannot be a buddha according to anybody else; I can only be myself. I am relieved of a great burden that you may not have felt at all, or perhaps deep down you were aware of it and you giggled just to hide it. You cannot hide anything from me.

But strangely, awareness becomes even more clear and unclouded by anything that helps the body to disappear. I am holding on to this chair just to remind myself that the body is still there. Not that I want it to be there, but just so that you all won't freak out. There is not enough room in here for four people to freak out. Yes, if you freak in, there is enough room anywhere. *glimps12*

I have never liked shoes, but everybody insisted that I wear them. I said, "Whatsoever happens I am not going to use shoes."

What I use are called *chappals* in India. They are not really shoes, not even sandals; they are the least possible covering. And I have chosen the ultimate chappal--you could not reduce it any more. My chappal-maker, Arpita, knows that there is no way to make them more perfectly. Even just a little less and my feet would be nude. It is just the most minimal: just a strap somehow holding my feet in the chappal. You could not cut it down any more. *glimps36*

Strangely, whenever Arpita comes into my room I smell Boehme, I suddenly remember Boehme. Maybe it's just an association, because he was a shoemaker and Arpita is my shoemaker. But Arpita, you are blessed that you remind me of Boehme, one of the most beautiful Germans ever. Again, he was utterly poor. It seems one has to be poor to be wise; that has been the case up to now. But not after me. After me you have to be rich to be enlightened. Let me repeat it: you have to be rich to be enlightened....

Boehme says a few things, just a few. He could not say many things, so don't be afraid. The one thing I would like to mention is: The heart is the temple of God. Yes, Boehme, it is the heart not the head. *books09*

Vasant Joshi (Swami Satya Vedant) is writing a biography of me. The biography is bound to be very superficial, so superficial that it is not worth reading at all. No biography can penetrate to the depths, particularly the psychological layers of a man--especially if the man has come to the point where the mind is no longer relevant to the nothingness hidden in the center of an onion. You can peel it layer by layer, of course with tears in your eyes, but finally nothing is left, and that is the center of the onion; that is from where it had come in the first place. No biography can penetrate to the depths, particularly of a man who has known the no-mind also. I say "also" consideredly, because unless you know the mind, you cannot know the no-mind. This is going to be my small contribution to the world.

The West has gone deep in search of the mind, and has discovered layers upon layers--the conscious, the unconscious, the subconscious, and so on and so forth. The East has simply put the whole thing aside and jumped into the pond...and the soundless sound, the no-mind. Hence East and West stand opposed. *glimps34*

Osho gives darshan on

the four Celebration Days

Osho continues to give a darshan on the four Celebration Days. A week-long festival is arranged for July 1982, attended by twenty thousand sannyasins. Osho gives silent satsangs each morning. For the first time, Osho wears coloured robes instead of white. He is greeted by sannyasins lining the road on his daily drive, and on the last day, showered with rose petals. On

the final evening Osho gives a celebration darshan, with music and dance. This festival is held annually for the next three years.

I do not have any celebration. Every moment is a celebration to me. Talking to you, I am enjoying it so much!...

Really! My people celebrate--I remain the same. I am celebrating all the year round. *last220*

You say: *In one of the festival darshans I was sitting at your feet, bowing down to you, and suddenly found there was no you--there was only an empty chair*. And all the thousands of people were bowing down to an empty chair, sitting in silence with an empty chair, singing and celebrating with an empty chair. I nearly burst out laughing, seeing the ridiculousness of us needing you as an excuse to be able to do all this. But then comes the gratefulness of seeing the caring of existence to let us have beautiful, loving eyes to look at, a voice talking to us, a body we can give a dress to, a car to drive... to let us care about someone so totally, that this very love opens us up to be transformed. Buddham sharanam gachchhami--you are the feet of the whole world for me, where I can bow down in gratefulness.*

Gayan, that was the real experience of me as non-existent. Once in a while a disciple will come so close that he will be able to see that there is no "I" within me. It has died long ago. This body is empty, this chair is empty. But it will be only at rare, intimate moments, that you will be able to penetrate to my reality. I am simply a nothingness--of course covered with a body.

Ordinarily you will see the body. To see the nothingness within you need a deep insight. And one never knows in what condition it may happen.

You were dancing around me joyously, so deeply in the moment. With great love you were sitting in front of me, bowing down, repeating the greatest mantra there has ever been: *Buddham sharanam gachchhami*, "I go to the feet of the awakened one". And thousands of people were creating a milieu around you. It was not an ordinary situation: an extraordinary device, so when you opened your eyes suddenly for a moment I was not there.

And your understanding is right, that it is just for your love that I am carrying the body. Howsoever difficult it may be, it is worth it if it can help you to realize your potential. Otherwise my body's work is long ago finished. It should not be there.

I am trying every effort to hang on to it, because most of you are not yet ready to see me. You see only the body. The day you all will be able to see me, there will be no need for the body to be carried continuously--which is for me just a burden, just a trouble. But I will wait until enough of you are aware of my nothingness.

Remember, the moment you are aware of my nothingness, you are also experiencing nothingness in you. Only two nothingnesses can recognize each other.

Gayan, you saw the chair empty, and the experience was so strange that you forgot to look within yourself. If you had done that, you would have found that the same nothingness is there.

We are not egos. We consist of universal nothingness. And nothingness is not a negative word; it simply means absence of everything, just pure existence. Of course the pure existence cannot have a form. So if you happen to see pure existence, you will see the body disappear, the chair empty.

If it happens again, then in the same moment look within yourself, and you will find your body is also absent--you are not. And to know that one is not is the door to know that one is eternal. This is the ultimate paradox of spiritual experience.

Shakespear is puzzled by the problem "to be or not to be," because he is absolutely unaware that the way to be is not to be. There is no question of choice. It is not that you have to choose one. If you choose to be, you will have to choose not to be. If you are ready to disappear, evaporate, you will find your authenticity for the first time. It is certainly a paradox. No logic can explain it, but experience can make it absolutely clear.

You had felt ridiculous. You had laughed, because thousands of people are bowing down to an empty chair chanting *Buddham sharanam gachchhami,* and there is nobody.

Your laughter, Gayan, was still half. If you had looked into yourself, your laughter would have been complete. Then you would not have only seen me not there, you would have seen yourself not there, you would have seen those thousands of people disappearing--an empty mandir resounding with the chanting of *Buddham sharanam gachchhami.*

Next time it happens, don't let it be incomplete. Because if it is complete, then you have come to a clear understanding which will follow you like a shadow in every act throughout your life. It will change your whole being. It will give you a new aroma, a new aura--and not only to you, you will see it in others too; although those others are not aware of it. But you will be aware of it.

That's why the Japanese awakened soul Hotei has been called the laughing Buddha. For what is he laughing?--his whole teaching was laughing. Seeing this ridiculousness that people are not what they are thinking they are, and people are what they never dream about.... It is a cosmic joke, but one has to understand it to come to a point when one can become a laughing buddha.

And I want the world filled with laughing buddhas, not the serious ones. We are sick of them.

We need the whole earth filled with laughter, and not ordinary laughter but cosmic laughter--a laughter that arises out of the understanding that it is a beautiful joke existence has played with us. *transm30*

*Note: Osho radiates so much light that his physical body becomes invisible to some, and only his chair can be seen; on photographs in darshans this phenomenon looks like double exposure!

Osho is interviewed by INS

(Immigration and Naturalization Service)

A petition is made to the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) for Osho to remain in the States as a religious leader. The INS delays with excuses that Osho committed fraud by entering the country as a tourist with the intention of immigrating; that Osho cannot be a religious leader if he is in silence; that he is responsible for sannyasins marrying in order to obtain residency (issued with a 'green card').

I had not gone to stay in America forever. They had given me visa for few months as a tourist. Then I applied more, again for a tourist visa, because I was not thinking to stay there. But side by side, the commune was growing, my health was getting better, and then my people started forcing me that, "If your health is better here, why bother going anywhere else?" And there was no problem, because I fulfilled almost all their categories that are needed for a permanent residence. So I applied for a permanent residence.

There is no question of any fraud, as they proposed before the court, that I had a pre-intention to stay in America and applied for a tourist visa. If I had a pre-intention, I could have applied for direct residency. There is no problem in it. As a man of religion, as a man who is known all over the world, these are their categories, as a philosopher, I had every possibility. There was no need to ask for a tourist visa but I had never thought of staying there.

And I applied again for a tourist visa second time, when the first tourist visa was finished. That time also there was no question of remaining there. Otherwise I would have applied for permanent residence. It was in the middle of the second time that was given to me for tourist visa that I applied for change of intention. Now nobody can say that it is a crime to change your intention. After... one and a half years living in good health, I have every right to change my intention. You have every right to reject it, but it is not a crime. *last429*

In October 1982, Osho is interviewed by the INS in Portland.

The interviewer asks: Okay, now I think this is an exact quote that occurred in July of 1979 from you "Book of the Books": *"This ashram is only a launching pad on a small scale. I am experimenting. The new commune will be on a big scale--10,000 sannyasins living together as one body, one being. Nobody will possess anything, everybody will use, everybody will enjoy. Everybody is going to live as comfortably, as richly, as we can manage, but nobody will possess anything." Did you say that?*

We have already started those communes in the world. Now we have communes: two communes in Italy and one in Sicily, one in England, two in Holland, two in Germany, one in France, one in Japan, one in India, one in Nepal and in many other countries.

Do you consider these one commune?

They are separate communes.

Is Rajneeshpuram the commune that you spoke of at that time?

It is the commune for America. *silent02*

Are you even consulted then in so far as the business matters of the Foundation go?

No, nothing.

Not so far as the purchase of any property?

No, I know also nothing.

You had nothing to say about the development or the construction of Rajneeshpuram?

No. *silent02*

Okay, do you consider yourself a teacher of religion?

I will have to explain it.

In India we have five categories of teachers. The first category is called the *Arihanta;* he's a teacher and also a master. Being a master means that he has realized what he says. For example, Jesus will be called an Arihanta because whatsoever he says is his own realization. He says, "It is on my own authority."

The second category is called the *"Siddha."* The Siddha is only a master. He has realized but he's incapable of communicating it. He cannot say what he has realized; in a way he is dumb. And there have been many saints in the world who have not spoken because they cannot manage to bring the beyond within the words. That too is called a Buddha, a teacher.

The third category is called an *Acharya*--who is only a teacher but not a master. He knows exactly what he's teaching, but not on his own authority. The Pope is an Acharya. If Jesus is an Arihanta, then the Pope is an Acharya. He is speaking on the authority of the Bible, not on his own authority.

The fourth category is called *Ubadhyay*--one who is not even certain of what he says. Perhaps fragments are true. P.D. Ouspensky has written a book on Gurdjieff: *In Search of*

the Miraculous. Its subtitle is *"Fragments of an Unknown Teaching"*, and he's very true in writing the subtitle--only fragments, because he could understand only parts of it; parts were beyond him. He's also called a teacher.

And the fifth is called a *Sadhu.* A Sadhu is one who has not achieved but is trying sincerely to achieve. He may be just one foot ahead of you, but he can teach that much. He cannot claim the achievement; he cannot say with certainty that this is so.

English is poor in that way, it has only two words. English is poor in many ways, particularly as far as religion is concerned, but is bound to be so. Eastern languages are poor in scientific terms. So you have only one word, teacher, for everything. You can call me a teacher but to us it means a very lower category.

Where would you put yourself on this list of five categories?

I am an Arihanta. You can call me a super teacher, because I speak on my own authority. I don't have to rely on Jesus, or Buddha, or Krishna. What I say, I know. If I don't know, I don't say it. *silent02*

Okay, how long will this silent stage continue?

It will continue.

Until when?

Until I feel again to speak. I have spoken so much that I felt I was speaking to the walls. It is almost futile.

Then you would not be able to give me a specific date in the future that you would resume speaking?

I cannot even say anything about tomorrow.

Was the silent phase of your work, so to speak, in any way connected with your medical condition?

No, not at all. I had been telling it for years, that one day I'm going to stop speaking and just communicate through silence.

When did you deliver your last discourse?

That date you mentioned.

Okay, all I know is that it was announced that you would stop speaking on May 1.

That must have been the last.

Who do you communicate with then during this silent stage, aside from the present company?

It is something difficult...less of the intellect and more of the heart.

I would like to know, who do you engage in conversation with?

I don't engage in anything, I simply sit there silently in a prayerful mood.

Okay, but do you talk with anybody during the silent mood?

No, but that prayerful mood is infectious.

Do you not talk with Sheela?

No, with Sheela I talk every day. That is a different matter.

Okay, that's what I'm interested in, who you verbally communicate with then during this silent stage.

Only with Sheela because she has to bring the work to me, and what she cannot decide I will seek an answer to. She has to ask me.

Then she is the only one that has conversation with you?

Yes. *silent02*

Are you aware that many sannyasins have recently married here in Oregon?

I have heard.

Did you approve of these marriages?

Nothing--I neither approve nor do I disapprove. That is their business if they want to marry here; it is perfectly for them...

In your opinion, should they go into this marriage with the idea that it be a life-long relationship?

No, nothing can be lifelong in this life. Only bogus and hypocritical things can be lifelong.

Well, I realize that things change in everybody's life...

Everybody changes, everything changes. Today maybe...it may look like we will be together for the whole life, tomorrow it may not look...

But should there not be that commitment at the time they enter into this marriage?

No, any commitment for the future is a bondage, and is a destructive bondage. You can commit only for the moment. I can say about this moment, I cannot say about tomorrow. What that tomorrow will bring, who knows?

So to me, marriage is only a working partnership. If it works, good; if it works your whole life, good. If it does not work, then say good-bye. I don't think it's anything sacred. It is just an institution and a working partnership like any working partnership of the business world; nothing to be bothered about so much.

And every marriage carried the divorce behind it. Either you have to become one day a hypocrite--you go on smiling and saying "dear" and "darling" and you don't mean it--or the society condemns you if you divorce. Marriage brings divorce in. If you want no divorce in the world, then the marriage has to go. And it should be a working partnership: two person who want to live together, perfectly good. *silent02*

In December the INS denies the petition for Osho to stay as religious teacher. Applications are made under four other categories.

Rajneeshism

Meanwhile, Sheela announces the religion of Rajneeshism and publishes the book *'Rajneeshism',* a compilation from Osho's earlier discourses. An Academy of Rajneeshism established as an ecclesiastical organization.

When I was talking to the INS, I insisted that I would like to call my philosophy a religiousness, but they said, "That is difficult because we don't have any category for religiousness. You can apply only under the category religion. We don't have any category for religiousness."

I explained to them that there is a difference. A religion is a fixed dogma, a fixed belief system. A religiousness is just a quality like love. It is not an organized thing. It has no priests, no priestesses. It is rebellion against all that destroys human reason.

But they said, "We cannot accept the application unless You use the word religion."

It was just because of them. I said, "Okay. I will use the word religion just to fulfill to your stupid categories." That's why I used that word.

But in these three and half years silence, Sheela managed to create it in a more organized fashion: a religion, a hierarchy. *last308*

In a rare TV interview, while he is in silence, Osho is asked: What is your vision for the future of Rajneeshism?

Rajneeshism is not a religion like Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, etc. The name should not be misunderstood. It simply shows a poverty of language--to be exactly true, Rajneeshism is a religionless religion.

In other words it is a kind of religiousness, not a dogma, cult or creed but only a quality of love, silence, meditation and prayerfulness. Hence it can never end.

It is not beginning with me. It has always existed and it will always exist. It is the very essence of human evolution, of culture consciousness.

Buddha, Jesus or Krishna are nothing but expressions of this spirit, but it was not possible in those days for religion to be manifested as well as it can be now. Because Jesus did not know about Buddha, Buddha did not know about Lao Tzu, and Krishna was also unaware of Lao Tzu, etc.

I have traveled all the paths and have looked at the truth from all the windows. What I am saying is going to last forever because nothing more could be added to it.

Buddha was not so sure of his religion. He said that his religion would last for 5,000 years, and that too only if he didn't allow women to join his commune. And when women entered his commune he said, "Now the religion will only last 500 years".

All of these people have talked about some aspect for truth and their disciples have understood it as the whole truth. I am talking about the whole truth so the future of my religion is infinite. All other religions will disappear into it as all the rivers disappear into the ocean. *silent03*

Osho advises AIDS precautions

In March 1984 Osho is the first person to recommend AIDS precautions: celibacy, monogamy, or use condoms, rubber gloves, wash after sex, no oral or anal sex. He advises testing, and treatment for people HIV positive, and warns about the spread of AIDS worldwide.

In March of 1984, you said that two-thirds of the world's population would eventually die of the disease AIDS. I'm curious where that number came from, and why you believe this is true.

I am not an astrologer or a prophet. It is just simple arithmetic, the way AIDS is spreading and no adequate efforts are being made to prevent it. On the contrary, governments are repressing the information, patients are repressing the information. Governments are making homosexuality illegal--that means they are making it go

underground. In Texas alone, one million homosexuals have suddenly become criminals....

And the disease is no ordinary disease. It cannot be cured; there seems to be no possibility to cure it. Secondly, its way of spreading is very strange. Sexual intercourse, of course, is one of the ways, but even if that is prevented, kissing can be enough to spread it. Somebody's tears are enough to spread it--perhaps any liquid coming out of the body carries the virus. This is for the first time a disease is being spread in so many ways. *last215*

Did you make the decision to implement AIDS precautions? Because they certainly affect the quality of life here...

This is the decision of the medical people in the commune. And we have the best medical experts, surgeons, who are capable--they take the decisions. Only in the beginning will it look a little odd that your hands have to be sprayed with alcohol*, but finally you will find it more hygienic in every way. Even if AIDS disappears, these arrangements are not going to disappear, because they will prevent other infections too.

So when they are new these measurements will seem to affect life, but the effect will be for the better. And not a single sannyasin has complained that he is not feeling good with these things. In fact, every sannyasin is excited that his commune is taking every care. Outside there is nobody to take care of you. This simply shows the carefulness, lovingness.

And the commune is an organic unity.

So in every possible way--people making love should use gloves, should use condoms. In the beginning it looks as if this is an unnecessary complication. When you are making love to a woman, in that moment to think of condoms and gloves--it destroys the whole joy, it seems. But it is not true. In fact it is better: the slower you are, the better is the possibility of having an orgasm. It is good that the man is slower--he has to put the condom, he has to put the gloves. It is good. And it will increase people's sensitivity. *last222*

*Note: hands are sprayed with alcohol before serving food in the cafeteria, etc.

How has the AIDS epidemic caused You to reevaluate Your attitude towards sex between Your followers.

There is no problem, just people have to be a little more cautious. They have to take precautions.

Six thousand sannyasins have been tested. They are free of AIDS. These people have been given all the instructions to use condoms and gloves, stop kissing, start new ways of loving: for example, rubbing each other's noses, pressing each other's earlobes. But kissing is absolutely prohibited. *last304*

The commune members should be respectful, loving, compassionate, to anybody who is found to be suffering from AIDS. That has to be their basic attitude, because that is what the problem will be in the outside world: once a person is known to have AIDS he will be a condemned person--by his own family, children, parents, wife, friends--everywhere he will be an outcast.

So people are keeping the information repressed. Many more people are suffering from AIDS than are known. But it is human, because the moment people come to know you are condemned in everybody's eyes. So this is the first thing that I am teaching to my people: that he is simply a victim--the victim of neurotic religious ideologies, the victim of unnatural social institutions like marriage, prostitution. So he is a sufferer and close to death; now don't make him suffer more.

Help him, respect him; don't let him die in indignity--and teach him meditation. And I am telling my people that he is fortunate in a way: if he is going to live for two years, now for two years he is going to be one of the richest people in the world. Even the richest man cannot afford so much time for meditation. And we will arrange his food, his clothes, the best we can, and he should meditate, listen to the best music, see films, read novels--whatever he always wanted to do, let him do it. And let him feel that he is loved and respected and there is no discrimination.

There are two persons from the commune, and four more have arrived from outside, because in the outside there is no place for them. Even hospitals avoid them, even doctors are afraid; families don't want them anymore, their jobs are finished. But we have accepted them--that's perfectly good. We can take care of them, there is no problem. They can help in their own way. They can edit, they can paint, they can sculpt, or do whatsoever they are capable of. We have arranged the most scenic place for them to live.

And as far as sex is concerned, those who have AIDS can have sex amongst themselves. It is their responsibility towards the commune, which is taking care of them, giving them all respect and love, that they should not in any way affect anybody's life in the commune. And certainly, with such respect and love it is impossible for them to interfere in anybody's life here. They come to the discourses; they are allowed to move in the commune. They have been told just not to have any physical contact. And the commune has to take every care, because accidentally anything may provoke the thing. Tears can infect you, saliva can infect you; perhaps any liquid coming out of the body of an AIDS victim carries the virus--so just keep clean, make everything sterile.

So even in small things--in the restaurant, everybody who comes to eat there first has to clean his hands with alcohol, and anything that has been used for eating is sterilized after eating. Even a person making a phone call, by chance his saliva may fall on the phone--so after every phone call the phone is sprayed with alcohol. In this way we are taking every precaution that no infection spreads. *last222*

In my commune there are a few people who are suffering from AIDS, but they are getting more respect than they have ever got, and more love than they have ever got. And we are

making every facility for them: better houses, a more scenic place for them to live--because they are going to live only for a few months, or at the most two years. This is rarely possible; six months may be the most possible for them. For six months we can make their life as pleasant as possible. We can teach them meditations, we can help them to be silent--to prepare for death.

In fact, I am telling these sannyasins to take it as an opportunity: "Perhaps in your whole life you may not have had an opportunity to remain in silence for two years. And death comes unknown to others; to you it is coming with a notice. It is perfectly useful, because you can prepare. Nobody else is ready for death, everybody is caught unprepared; you can prepare. And the preparation is to go deeper into meditation. Reach the point where death can never reach, and then let death come. You don't die, you simply go on moving into new forms. *last215*

Two years later Osho was able to comment:

Just now I saw a clipping. In America, the churches were going to have conferences and meetings in churches all over America to find out ways and means to prevent the disease AIDS. They had declared their program; experts could explain, and how it can be avoided would be made more available to the public. But the archbishop of America has condemned this kind of thing, because in those programs of preventing AIDS, birth control is mentioned. Rubber condoms are mentioned. And he has taken it very seriously: "In a publication by the church, condoms are mentioned--not only mentioned, but pictures are shown to explain how they have to be used." He has declared, "No such conferences can be allowed to take place in my churches."

The church is absolutely against the condom. Strange...the condom is just a piece of rubber. Why should the church be against the condom? And just because of the condom, the whole program against AIDS is in jeopardy.

AIDS can be prevented, but either the condom will have to be used...and the condom freaks out all the religious people of the world. Strange. Just a small piece of rubber, it is not harming anybody.

The condom is not doing any harm to anybody. It has nothing to do with Christianity--it is a question of the whole of humanity's survival. But those idiots are not concerned about humanity and its survival, their strange interests are a rubber condom. But if you don't in some way stop the meeting of the sperm and the female egg, it is impossible to prevent AIDS. Even if you stopped that, then too, it is going to be very difficult to get rid of this disease, because you can kiss somebody and you can transfer it.

There are a few scientists who think it is possible that the disease and the virus may be infectious just by talking with a person who has AIDS; just the breathing can bring the virus to you.

In the commune, I was the first man in the whole world who proposed all the preventive methods. And in the commune, we managed perfect control. And I was criticized by Christians, I was criticized by all kinds of journalists, I was criticized and laughed at by the politicians, who said that I was unnecessarily creating fear. And now they are all thinking on the same lines. *exactly* the same program is being given to all the countries all over the world. And the dishonesty is such that not a single country has said that I was the first to tell the world that at least two-thirds of the world's population can die if immediate steps are not taken to prevent AIDS.

The steps that we have taken are now being accepted by *every* government in the world, and nobody is laughing and nobody is criticizing. And nobody is mentioning who the person was who first brought this whole program. We not only brought the program, we practiced it for three years, and the whole commune was perfectly capable of rising above the ordinary masses. *sermon23*

Osho declares twenty-one people enlightened

In June 1984, Osho meets with 21 disciples and declares their enlightenment. He lists sannyasins who will continue his work after his death, and sannyasins who will become enlightened before or at death. Later, Osho says this was a joke. Osho explains that disciples dying within the Buddhafield radius of 24 miles will die enlightened.

Sometime in 1984 Maitreya became enlightened, but he had chosen to remain silent, so he remained silent. He did not even tell me what had happened to him. But the day it happened I called a small meeting of a few sannyasins in Rancho Rajneesh in America. I declared that there were going to be three special committees: one of mahasattvas, the great beings who are destined to become enlightened in this very life; the second of sambuddhas, who have already become enlightened; and the third of bodhisattvas, who will also become enlightened...but perhaps they will take a little longer than the other two categories, but certainly before their death.

Because I had included Maitreya's name, he was shocked. He wanted to keep it completely to himself, not to say anything about enlightenment to anybody. As he left the meeting, he told a few people outside, "It is very strange, I have not said--I have been trying to hide it--but somehow he has seen it. And not only has he seen it, he has declared me enlightened."

And his response was truly a response of great love. He said, "Osho is really a rascal."

All these years before his enlightenment and after his enlightenment, he just remained absolutely ordinary, with no ego, with no desire, with no greed. *tahui06*

You declared a long list of sannyasins enlightened, and had set up three committees to continue Rajneeshism after You leave Your body....

This was just a joke. We enjoy everything, even we can make a joke of enlightenment....

It was nothing but once in a while the commune needs some entertainment. *press01*

You ask me: *I was one of those who was taken for a ride when the list of enlightened people was announced, because I thought, "If Osho says I'm enlightened, why not try it out?"... I tried to use what I saw as a really potential situation. The main thing I saw was that I really am okay. Am I kidding myself about that experience?*

No, if you can understand it you cannot be kidding.

First let me explain a few other things.

After I declared a few people enlightened--Santosh* was also one of them. He wrote me a letter saying, "Your declaration of my enlightenment gives me no excitement, but my being accepted as a member of the committee of the enlightened ones makes me feel very great."

I sent him the message, "Why does your being enlightened not make you feel excited? The reason is that you think that you are already enlightened--and that is not true. That's why your becoming a member of the committee of the enlightened ones makes you feel great--at last your enlightenment has been recognized. It is not a declaration for you but a recognition that you have been enlightened long before.

"But if enlightenment is not an excitement, then how can it be a great thing to be a member of the party, or the committee, of enlightened people? If enlightenment itself makes no sense to you, then being the member of the committee cannot make any sense, except this: that it fulfills your ego.

"You were enlightened, and nobody was taking note of it. Finally I have recognized it, and now you are part of the committee of enlightened people, so it is sealed. But you are wrong--because it was all a joke! The committee was a joke, the declaration was a joke. And it was a device."

Somendra* immediately sent a telegram to Teertha*, saying, "I have got it--what about you?" He was continuously in competition--that was his problem, that he should be higher than Teertha. And this was a good chance.

He has dropped sannyas, he has not been in any contact with us, but my declaration of his enlightenment--that he accepts. Sannyas he has dropped--he is no longer part of my family--but enlightenment...immediately a telegram: "I have got it--what about you?"

It was a device to see how people would react.

Your response to it was perfectly beautiful.

Your response was, "If Osho says I am enlightened, I must be."

It simply shows trust, love. It has nothing to do with ego. And your throwing a party and rejoicing the moment with your friends was perfectly right.

And when I said it was a joke, you were not angry. You simply took it again the same way: "If Osho says I am not enlightened, and it was a joke, perhaps I am not enlightened and it was really a joke." And the six months that you lived as enlightened, the joy and the peace and the serenity that you felt was not of enlightenment--it was of trust and love.

It was a good experience for you.

But different experiences happen to different people.

There were only two Indians in the group who were declared enlightened, and they understand traditionally what enlightenment means. One was Vinod Bharti.

He became very nervous, was crying, came to Vivek to give me the message, "Osho, I am not enlightened. And you have created a trouble for me: I cannot say you are wrong, and I know perfectly well myself that I am not enlightened. So what am I supposed to do? I am just torn apart. You just tell me the truth!"

He knows about enlightenment. He knows that for centuries in India enlightenment has been the ultimate peak of spiritual search. In the West the very idea has never existed. So he cannot conceive of himself as Gautam Buddha, and he cannot deny me because he loves me and trusts me. So I can see his trouble. So I sent him the message, "Don't be worried, it was just a joke. You are not enlightened, relax!"

Until he heard that he was not enlightened, he could not sleep for two days. Then he relaxed--he is not enlightened; there is no problem.

The other man was Swami Anand Maitreya, who was the only one who understood the joke immediately, because as he left the room he said, "Osho is really a rascal! Saying to me that I am enlightened, proves it!" But he was also an Indian and particularly comes from Bihar where most of the enlightened people happened in India--Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, Parshvanatha, Naminatha, Adinatha...a long series of enlightened people. All twenty-four enlightened masters of the Jainas...Gautam Buddha--they all happened in Bihar. Bihar has the deepest understanding and experience of enlightenment. So naturally he said, "Osho is a rascal." But it was also his love.

He was not disturbed, because once you know that it is a joke, there is no question of any difficulty about it.

A few people simply remained silent: they neither reacted this way or that. That too is good. They were not affected by it; they simply remained themselves, as they were. "If Osho says it is enlightenment, it may be; if he says it is not, it may not be." But it did not make any difference to them; they remained aloof and detached.

And it was a good experience to see how people react to a single idea, with their different minds. Those who were not included in the committee were angry. I received a few letters saying, "If these people have become enlightened, then why have I not become enlightened?" As if it were something..."You have given it to these people. Why have you not given it to me?"

Somebody wrote, "I have been with you longer than these people, and I am not enlightened yet. Have you forgotten me or what?" But it was good to know how people react.

Your reaction was perfectly beautiful on both ends. "If Osho says it is enlightenment, it must be"--that is a simple trust. "And if He says it is not...." Then you don't feel any contradiction or inconsistency, you simply accept it: "If he says it is not, then it must not be." You have transcended the world of consistencies, inconsistencies.

Love knows no contradiction.

It knows no comparison.

Each moment it is available. *psycho10*

*Note: Santosh, Somendra and Teertha are therapists

You say: *one would think that in all that time that perhaps at least one or two sannyasins might have achieved enlightenment?*

Yes, few sannyasins have achieved.

Their names cannot be told for the simple reason that will create unnecessary seriousness in them, jealousy in others. And I don't want that. It is perfectly good that they are enlightened and they are enjoying it. To make them serious is to make them sick. And to make them others' objects of jealousy is also not good.

So I am not going to declare anybody to be enlightened unless I am just joking about some idiot. That's another thing. *last308*

Would You be prepared to name any of them?

They will remain anonymous, because it is dangerous. Others will start feeling jealous. Others will start feeling that, "They are superior and we are inferior." And I don't want to create any classes in sannyasins.

Somebody is enlightened, it is perfectly good. He should help others to be enlightened. But there is no need to declare your enlightenment. Let others feel that you are far advanced, and help them to advance farther and farther towards the goal--without declaring yourself.

So I declare somebody is enlightened only when he is dead, because with dead people it is good. Nobody feels jealous. *last315*

Those who can gather that much courage can become enlightened any moment. But when a sannyasin is dying it is easy for him. Now he knows that he is dying: what use is ambition? What use is hatred? What use is jealousy? What use is greed? What use is the ego?

Death standing in front of his eyes makes it clear that now he can drop all that unnecessary luggage: anyway, death is going to take all that away. It happens in a single moment--the whole idea, the revelation that now there is nothing to be lost--so why not try? "Osho has been saying, `Drop this, drop that.' I could not do it while I was alive, but now there is no problem. Take a chance--see whether he was right or wrong."

And this is not a long process of thinking. It is a simple experience in a single moment before death. And the person simply slips out of the old, rotten bag in which he has been living; now he can feel the stink and everything. Death immediately becomes enlightenment.

Then death is no longer ordinary death, then death is a door to the divine. You can do it while you are living, there is no problem. In fact, to do it when you are dying is not of much use: you never got to enjoy it. While you are alive, if you can do what I say, you will have time to enjoy enlightenment....

The enlightened man is always in the moment; hence, every experience becomes intense, enjoyed to the fullest.

It is better to die enlightened than to die unenlightened. At least there is one thing left for you to experience as an enlightened man: that is death. But much more you have missed.

So I will not suggest to you to wait for death. Certainly those who are with me are going to become enlightened at the moment of death, but why wait for it when you are young and alive and full of juice? Becoming enlightened at the time of death, you are just a dry bone, there is no juice left; otherwise why should you die? When you are full of juice, full of life, with all the dimensions available, become enlightened.

And the process is so simple that even a dying man can manage it. It is really a shame that you are alive and you cannot manage it. Perhaps you only think you are alive. Perhaps you only dream you are alive, and death is such a shock that you wake up.

But I am here to give you any kind of shock you need. I am giving you them already without asking your permission, because the moment you become a sannyasin I take it for granted that now I do not need any permission to give this man a shock--any kind of shock.

Drop all that nonsense which is holding you back from experiencing life in its totality. Drop all that which is keeping you in a narcotic sleep. And what I am asking you to drop is worthless, perhaps *worse* than worthless. *false34*

You said that everybody who will die in a twenty-four-mile radius of Rajneeshpuram will automatically become enlightened.

Not everybody--there you are wrong. Only a sannyasin, not Oregonians. *(laughter)* Only a sannyasin dying within a twenty-five-mile radius will become enlightened. This is not something new, it has been known in the East for thousands of years. Gautam Buddha said exactly the same thing. He said that within twelve *cosas* radius, any bhikkhu who dies and who is his sannyasin will become enlightened.

I was puzzled myself, that how--what is the mechanism? Twelve cosas are approximately twenty-five miles. But then I saw a few sannyasins dying around me and becoming enlightened. Their death was not death; I could see it. When Vimalkirti died, we celebrated his death as it is celebrated for an enlightened man. On his face you could have seen the joy, the marks of that orgasmic experience through which he had gone. He was still radiant. The body was still somehow carrying the stamp of the experience. And now, many sannyasins have died in these fifteen years.

Then slowly, slowly I became aware why it happens. I am continuously in contact with my people. They love me so immensely that it is not a question of believing in me--it is a simple unconditional love. So whenever a sannyasin is dying, these twenty-five miles are something like an existential law, like the law of gravitation or the law of water evaporating at a hundred degrees. Nobody asks why. And the scientist has no answer; he can say only that that's how it is. Never at ninety-nine degrees, never at a hundred and one degrees--exactly at a hundred degrees the water evaporates. But why has the water chosen a hundred degrees? It is simply a law.

Buddha has recorded these twenty-five miles, Mahavira has recorded these twenty-five miles--another founder of a great religion, Jainism, and a contemporary of Buddha. I have experienced it, and now I can feel that the energy of a commune...if it is a single enlightened person, then the radius will be only five miles at the most. But if it is a commune of thousands of sannyasins, the radius becomes twenty-five miles. Why? Nothing can be said about it. That's how it happens.

And I don't know.... If the commune becomes bigger and still bigger, perhaps the radius will become greater. I hope one day you will see here a hundred thousand sannyasins, and then I want to see how big the radius can be. Can we cover the whole of America? Our effort will be to cover the whole world. We have communes all over the world which

will soon have the same effect. They just need one enlightened person amongst them, and then all the other sannyasins become kind of radiations, reflections of the energy field further and further away.

And when a sannyasin dies in this loving energy field, it is easier for him to be awake than otherwise. It is just as if you are sitting amongst a few people who are yawning and dozing: soon you will find yourself yawning and dozing. And you will be surprised--why are you doing it? Those people are creating a certain vibe. If you sit with people who are bored to death, soon you will feel a certain boredom entering you. You may sometimes have experienced being with someone and you feel as if you are nourished, and with someone else you find as if you have been sucked. These are very simple experiences. Everybody knows that with a certain person you gain energy, with a certain person you lose energy. People avoid these people because they are parasites.

The enlightened person alone has an energy field of five miles; but if he has a commune around him then there is at least a twenty-five-mile radius ready to wake any sannyasin dying within it. Why it works there is no way to say. It is just the same as other scientific laws--it is also a scientific law. *last125*

Armed Guards

In the July 1984 Festival, for the first time Osho is given an armed bodyguard of sannyasins who have been trained by the State police.

Why are there armed guards around you?

Those guards are the responsibility of the Rajneeshees, I am not concerned. I don't interfere in anybody's life. I have never interfered in any way. If somebody wants to assassinate me, I am the last person to give him any resistance. I will simply welcome him. I will say, "Glad to meet you. Shoot me and let me be free from the body and its cage." But if people who love me want to protect me, I am not going to interfere with their work, either. Those guards have nothing to do with me, they are managed by people who love me.

Now, I am an outsider to both the assassin and the guard. It is between them. They have to settle. I am simply an outsider. *last104*

Osho's deposition for a local court case

In an attempt to harrass Osho, and hold him responsible for Sheela's actions, Osho is called to testify in a law-suit brought by Donna Smith Quick, a local woman who has been organising

opposition to the commune. In August 1984, Osho's deposition is taken at his house. The jury dismiss the claim.

Your Honor, before I take the oath, I have to say few things, otherwise the oath will be a fraud. The first thing--I have always been against the ritual of oath-taking for the simple reason that if a man is capable fo lying he can lie even while he is taking the oath. His oath can be a lie, and if a man is a man of truth, the oath creates a dilemma for that man. For the man of truth to take the oath means that he is capable of lying. Without the oath he will lie and with the oath he will say the truth. You are putting me into a dilemma, but I am not a serious man. In life I never take anything seriously, except the jokes. I will take this oath just to play the game of this deposition. I will follow the rule, but I would like you to remember that by taking the oath I am lying in the first place. It is against my philosophy of life and you are forcing me to take the oath, that means you are freeing me, giving me the freedom to lie later on although I am not going to lie. The oath allows me to lie, but in spite of that freedom I will only say the truth, because I am incapable of lying. That is impossible, that is against my being and my existence. Now, just to play the game, I will take the oath. You can repeat what you want....

I take the oath on the book of Rajneeshism that I will speak only the truth. It is good that you have allowed me to take the oath on the book of Rajneeshism because these are my own words, but this is such ridiculousness that I am taking oath on my own words. These dead words on the paper mean more to you than my living words. But if it was a Bible, I would have refused immediately, or Koran, or Gita, or any so-called holy book, because they are full of lies, out-of-date, un-scientific, sub-status. *silent06*

The interviewer reads extracts from a discourse given by Osho in Poona, to show that he is responsible for the commune. Osho responds:

It is absolute nonsense to read that big passage--you simply ask me the question. These are my own words, but they were spoken six years before, they were spoken in India; they were spoken in a totally different context.

I have been in different phases of work. First, I was working on myself. Then I was working to find the right expression to allow people to know what I have known, so for 20 years I have been travelling all over India.

Third, when I have found my people then I remain in one place, in Poona. That was a special experiment. It was not a political place, so the question of democracy does not arise at all. Jesus was not a democrat, nor was Buddha a democrat, nor was Moses a democrat. These people who have known the truth cannot depend on voting whether it is true or not. It is their own experience. I am not a democrat as far as my religion is concerned but that does not imply politics at all. Democracy is a political phenomenon. And democracy takes care of the last person in the society, the most ignorant. Democracy is really for the most ignorant. It is mobocracy. Religion takes care of the highest man, the Buddha, the enlightened, the Christ, who has known the truth. Now there is no question of deciding whether it is true or not by voting, by people who know nothing about it.

In that experiment there was no question of democracy. That does not mean that I am against democracy. In politics democracy is okay, but politics is a lower field. Religion is the highest phenomenon on the earth. In religion it can only be dictatorial, and by dictatorial I don't mean the dictatorship of masses, communists, by dictatorial I mean simply the master dictates and the disciple follows, there is no question of whether it is right or wrong. This was my third phase of work.

When that phase was over I moved out of India and I moved into silence. Now the situation and the context is totally different. I am no more concerned with the Commune, its day to day work, its details, its economics, its finance. I am not concerned at all with any mundane worldly affairs. Now my disciples are prepared enough to take care of the Commune. I am just an outsider. They can ask only their spiritual questions to me, nothing else. And if you want to ask me spiritual questions you have to come here like a disciple, sit on the ground in total acceptance, not like the way you are sitting here, interrogating me. This is a different situation. *silent06*

Osho gives Discourses again

after three years' silence

On 30th October 1984, Osho ends his three-year silence. Each evening he gives a discourse to a small group of people, in his own house. The discourses are video-taped and replayed in the meditation hall the following evening for everyone. Before going into silence, Osho had started a new phase to speak his own truth, in place of commenting of earlier masters. Now he continues this phase. He names these discourse series: *The Rajneesh Bible*

It is a little difficult for me to speak again. It has been difficult always, because I have been trying to speak the unspeakable. Now it is even more so.

After one thousand, three hundred and fifteen days of silence, it feels as if I am coming to you from a totally different world. In fact it is so. The world of words, language, concepts, and the world of silence are so diametrically opposite to each other, they don't meet anywhere. They can't meet by their very nature. Silence means a state of wordlessness; and to speak now, it is as if to learn language again from ABC. But this is not a new experience for me; it has happened before too.

For thirty years I have been speaking continually. It was such a tension because my whole being was pulled towards silence, and I was pulling myself towards words, language, concepts, philosophies. There was no other way to convey, and I had a tremendously important message to convey. There was no way to shirk the responsibility.... *(Here Osho talks about his early work in India)*

Now (by 1981) I have found my people and I have to arrange a silent communion, which will help in two ways: those who cannot understand silence will drop out. That will be good. That will be a good weeding; otherwise they will go on clinging around me because of the words, because their intellect feels satisfied. And I am not here to satisfy their intellect. My purpose is far, far deeper, of a different dimension.

So these days of silence have helped those who were just intellectually curious, rationally interested in me, to turn their back. And secondly, it has helped me to find my real, authentic people who are not in need of words to be with me. They can be with me without words. That's the difference between communication and communion.

Communication is through words, and communion is through silence.

So these days of silence have been immensely fruitful. Now only those are left for whom my presence is enough, my being is enough, for whom just the gesture of my hand is enough, for whom my eyes are enough--for whom language is no more a need.

But today I have suddenly decided to speak again--again after one thousand, three hundred and fifteen days--for the simple reason that the picture that I have been painting all my life needs a few touches here and there to complete it, because that one day when I became silent everything was left incomplete. Before I depart from you as far as my physical body is concerned, I would like to complete it.

I have been speaking to Hindus, to Christians, to Jews, to Mohammedans, to Jainas, to Buddhists, to Sikhs, to people belonging to almost all the so-called religions. This is for the first time I am speaking to my own people: not to Hindus, not to Mohammedans, not to Christians, not to Jews. It makes a lot of difference, and only because of that difference can I give the finishing touch to the picture that I have been painting. What difference does it make? To you I can speak directly, immediately. To the Hindus I had to speak through Krishna, and I was not happy about it. But there was no other way, it was a necessary evil. To Christians I could speak only through Jesus. I was not at ease about it, but there was no other way. So one has to choose the least evil. Let me explain to you.

I do not agree with Jesus on all points. In fact, there are many questions which I have left unanswered, because even to touch them would have been destructive to those Christians who had come to me. Now they are clean. People say that I am brainwashing people. No, I am not brainwashing people. I am certainly washing their brains--and I believe in dry cleaning. So I can say to you now exactly what I feel; otherwise, it was a burden on me. *unconc01*

You ask: *Have we failed You in any way, that You have to start speaking again?*

It is not because of your failing me that I have started speaking. It has nothing to do with you. I am just a man who lives moment to moment. One day I felt like going into silence. I went into silence. Anybody in my place would not have gone into silence that way

because so much was incomplete, so many things had to be done. But I couldn't care less. One day I will die, and things will be incomplete--have I to postpone my death too?

I live life as I will live death, moment to moment.

If things are incomplete, let them be incomplete. Perhaps that is their destiny. Perhaps somebody else will complete them. Who am I to be bothered?

So one day I stopped, because I felt like it. And one day I started speaking. I just told Sheela--that time also it was poor Sheela--I told her, "I'm going to stop speaking." She was shocked. What would happen to the whole movement? How would the sannyasins survive? They had become so accustomed to hearing me every day; it had become their nourishment, daily nourishment. But I never consider anything, I am very inconsiderate. Whatsoever I feel, I do, without thinking at all about the consequences. I am ready to accept any consequence happily.

Again it was poor Sheela. I told her, "I am going to speak today!"

She asked me, "But arrangements have to be made, and this and that.... Can't it be tomorrow?"

I said, "No. That is your business--arrangements and other things. I am going to speak today."

It has nothing to do with you. It is just my way of life, moment to moment, remaining spontaneous, remaining unpredictable. Not only to you or to the world at large--to myself I am unpredictable. I don't know, tomorrow I may not speak, I may stop again. I cannot guarantee about tomorrow because tomorrow is not in my hands, it is open, undecided. We will see when it comes. We will see what it brings. And I have lived this way my whole life. *unconc23*

Somebody has asked if people are sending me jokes the way they used to in Poona. They started sending jokes. I said no, because now I don't need jokes. I needed jokes at that time because it was an entertainment. It is no longer entertainment. Just by the way, if a joke comes on its own I am not averse to it. But now I want to speak spontaneously, directly, immediately, the simple truth that is mine.

That's why the lectures have become so long, because to talk on others was tedious for me, to tell you the truth. I managed to tolerate sixty minutes, seventy minutes, at the most ninety minutes. With more than that it was possible I may have forgotten on whom I was speaking! I had to keep questions and notes in front of me so I could remember that this was a Zen series, that this was a Sufi series, that this was a Hassid series--and I didn't get mixed up. Teertha was reading the story and I kept another copy with myself so I didn't forget the story and get lost, because I could have easily moved in any direction.

Now there is no problem. I don't have to remember anybody, I can simply say whatever comes; hence the lecture has become too long. And people have enquired as to why sometimes I finish abruptly--I never used to do that. That is true. When I was just entertaining you I gave the right beginning, gave the right middle and gave the right end; rounded, complete. But right now it is all raw, uncut--unpolished diamonds from the mine itself.

So there is no beginning in fact, and there is no end. Abruptly, I start. Not to shock you I have persuaded Sheela to begin with a question, just to give you the feel that.... Otherwise if I begin speaking abruptly you will think I have gone completely out of my mind! Nobody is asking and I am answering!

But that's actually the case: nobody is asking the questions, most of the questions I have to tell Sheela to write down. They are not somebody else's. So poor Sheela has to write down a question, then ask it; and because it is my own question I don't need to keep it in front of me. And I am free to move in any way. Abruptly I am starting, and abruptly I am stopping--that's truly existential!

Beginnings are abrupt. If you look closely existence is abrupt, sudden--and I want these discourses to be existential. Yes, I will be stopping anywhere I feel to stop; there is no other consideration. You can see now clearly why I had to use religious language, and why now I am continually telling you to flush God down the toilet, to forget all about heaven and hell, and that the law of karma is nothing but boo-boo.

And I am no longer showing any respect to Jesus, or Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna. I am just treating them as a headmaster treats his children. If they behave rightly then they will not be punished, that's all. If they don't behave rightly, then I am going to give them real hits that they will never forget.

Now I have no need for any camouflage.

I can stand fully naked, as I am, open to you.

There is no desire anywhere in me to say a single word that I cannot authenticate on my own authority. *person14*

I have found the people who are enough for my work to spread worldwide.

That's why I want to complete the circle. Now I want to say things which I wanted to say in the beginning but which were difficult to say because nobody was ready to listen.

Now I have my people--whose hearts are open to absorb me, to take me in.

And before I depart from the body, I would like to pour all that I have in you.

It is almost like lighting one candle by another candle.

You can go on lighting one candle by another candle:

Millions of candles you can light.

The first candle does not lose anything, remember. It is not that it has lost so much light because now one million candles are burning. No, it has not lost anything, it has gained.

It was a lonely candle in a dark world. Now, millions of candles are showering their light all over the space.

Their light is the same.

Their flames are different.

Each sannyasin has to be a flame unto himself

But the light of all the sannyasins will be the same:

The light that I want to be spread all over the earth--because that is the only hope. Without it humanity cannot last more than fifteen years. But if we can create the light I am talking about, if we can make this whole world afire--and we *can*....

I started the journey alone. People went on coming and joining me; now there are thousands of sannyasins. And do you see?--I have not been very long on the road, just twenty-five years. And the difficulties that I have been facing you will not be facing. The problems that I had to face, you will not be facing. One day, alone, I started. Now my candle is burning in thousands of candles.

Each candle has the same potential:

It can light up millions of candles.

In the coming fifteen years everything will become intense.

The danger will become intense.

The challenge will become intense.

The possibility of ultimate destruction will become intense.

And the possibility of ultimate transformation will become intense.

In these fifteen years everything is going to take the intense-most form possible because a planet that has been working for millions of years to create human consciousness has come to a space where either death or total transformation will be the only alternatives.

Old religions are just dead. They don't give any option; they are dying with the dying society, and there is nobody except you.

You should understand the gravity, the significance, the responsibility. There is nobody on the whole earth like you, nobody who has dropped all rubbish that is old and who is ready to become a new kind of man. Don't be worried that you are such a small minority.

The day I started I was alone. Even at that time I did not think that I was a minority, because truth is never a minority.

Truth is always the whole--not even the majority but the whole, one hundred percent....

A single sannyasin--even a single sannyasin--is not a minority, because the truth that burns in him and the light that he holds in his hands, the torch that he holds in his hand, is enough to create the whole face of the earth.

And it is going to happen--and not with God's help, because God's help has been coming for thousands of years and you see what has happened.

This time, without God--at least give it a try this time without God, without heaven, without hell, without all that crap!

Just give a chance to pure humanity, to the ordinary, natural human being.

And I say to you it *is* going to happen--no God can prevent it. *person14*

It is time we burned the whole of history and started from the very beginning, fresh.

That's my whole work with you.

Talking to you I am really trying to burn your conditionings, trying to remove all the rubbish that you have been carrying your whole life...just trying to clean you and make you utterly blank so that you can start sprouting your self--otherwise you are so full of junk that there is no space for your self. *dark28*

Vivek was just asking me, "Why are your discourses called `The Rajneesh Bible'?"

They are called "The Bible" just to make it clear to the whole world the "bible" simply means the book, it does not mean the holy book. That's why you say "bibliography". Is there anything holy in a bibliography? A bibliography simply means a list of books. It is really just "the book", and I want it to be clear to the whole world that a bible has nothing to do with holiness.

I am not a holy man because to me the word "holy" seems so phony, so bogus that I would prefer just to be a human being. Just to be a human being is so grand, so great; there is nothing greater than that. But strangely, man has been trying to become God.

Rather than trying to become man he had been trying to become God. God he cannot become because there is no God, and nothing like God is possible.

But in making the effort to become God and trying hard to rise higher, he falls, is bound to fall. And when he falls, he falls below the human being. That's where all your religious people have fallen, your so-called holy men and saints and sages. Trying to become God they have fallen even from being human beings, they have become subhuman.

Our effort is just to be alive human beings.

This is our religion. *dark13*

What you are saying now is quite different from what you were saying a few years ago...

I am a man of contradictions, and I am proud of it! Only an idiot is always consistent. The intelligent person goes on growing, finding new ground, new spaces. And when I go on finding new groovy spaces, naturally I have to talk about them. And if they contradict my past, so what? Past is dead anyway. *last113*

I am always contradicting myself knowingly, so that nobody can make a consistent philosophy out of me.

Those contradictions, if you pass through all of them, first will create confusion in you; second, will create a tremendous silence in you. If you persist, if you don't escape from the confusion, they will create a silence in you--and that silence will be a revelation. So I am not giving a philosophy to people; I am giving a device for them to discover the ultimate silence of existence--which is meaningless, as meaningless as a roseflower is. *last130*

You have said that all your words of the past are not important. So what are all your books for?

Jesus! I have never said that my books of the past are not important! But you may have heard that. What I had said is that to me truth is not something unchanging. Anything unchanging is dead.

Truth is alive, breathing, moving. So when I am saying something to you now, don't be bothered about the past--what I said twenty years before. And I say to you, if I am still here tomorrow, the truth will have become more potent, deeper, higher. My books of the past are not unimportant....

Whatever I have said in these thirty years--and I have been speaking continuously, except for those few years when I was silent--every single word is important, because they are all interconnected. You may find contradictions, you may find inconsistencies. Don't be afraid; life is full of contradictions, full of inconsistencies. And I don't know any other god than life itself.

I have never said that my books of the past are not important. But this goes on happening: I say one thing, you hear something else. I have said only that what I am saying now is the highest flower on the that I have been growing for thirty years. So if you have to decide, decide on this moment's statement, and don't be bothered about inconsistencies, contradictions.

And I have also said, remember this for tomorrow also. Tomorrow this day will be old, gone. Newer flowers will be blossoming. Be always in the present, and you will be always right. And don't be afraid when tomorrow you find an even better thing. Then don't cling to the yesterday. It was beautiful, but it was beautiful *yesterday*....

I don't say anything considering *you,* I say it because it is true! If it hurts you, I am helpless. If it does not suit you, disturbs you, it is your problem; I have nothing to do with it. My concern is to remain flowing with existence, life, truth. And whatever existence wants to speak through me, I will speak.

I never hesitate to contradict myself, because who am I to interfere? It was a life force that said that, the same life force is saying *this.* There must be some inner connection which you cannot see.

My books of the past are important, because they will be a test for you--whether you can grow with me or you have stopped long ago....

It is difficult to be with a living message, because the message goes on moving in tune with existence. It does not bother about you. You have to keep yourself running with the message, you have to forget all about what was said in the past. The new, the latest, is always the right. And it does not mean that what has preceded it was not important. Without it this new phenomenon would not have been there at all.

In my thirty years' life of talking from my heart to people, thousands have come and gone. They still love me, but only up to the point when they departed. After that they say, "Something has gone wrong."...

People, thousands of people, have walked along with me, but they go only so far and stop. They were not coming along with me; they were really finding nourishment for their own rubbish, knowledge. The moment they found that I was saying something that went against their knowledge, their religion, their party line, their ideology, they stopped. They departed.

If you ask them, they will say, "Yes, there was a time when Osho was right. He is no longer right." But this is natural. Only a person who has immense capacity to change, to go on and on, can find the truth of life. And once you have found it there is no way to lose it, because you find it in the very innermost being of yourself. You *are* it! How can you drop it somewhere? How can you forget about it?

But the disciple who stops at a certain point certainly has to console himself, that "Up to this point Osho was right. After that, he has gone wrong." He does not know that right is not a static thing, it is a growing phenomenon....

With me you will find it difficult--until I die. And don't hope that I am going to die soon. I am going to disturb you as much as possible. If you can manage to live with a living message, and if you have the guts to go on changing with the living message, you are blessed. Many will come around me, but only a few will remain. Yes, after my death many more will come, and everybody will remain!...

You are asking me, that I have said that my old books are not important.... You want to divide me in two parts--my old books, and my present message to you--so that you can choose. I will not allow you such a convenient way.

My old books are immensely important. Unless you understand them, you will not be able to understand me. But remember, it is a constant flow and change, so don't be bothered with inconsistencies, contradictions.

If you go on, soon you will be able to find the truth. And once the truth is revealed, all contradictions and inconsistencies dissolve. Then you can see, crystal-clear, that it is a single message from the roots to the flower. It is a single organism. *false11*

How Osho speaks

Osho sometimes comments on his discourses and how he speaks:

Whatever you do, in that very doing is your reward.

For example, I am speaking to you. I am enjoying it. For thirty-five years I have been continually speaking for no purpose. With this much speaking I could have become a president, a prime minister; there was no problem in it. With so much speaking I could have done anything. What have I gained?

But I was not out for gain in the first place--l enjoyed.

This was my painting, this was my song, this was my poetry.

Just those moments when I am speaking and I feel the communion happening, those moments when I see your eyes flare up, when I see that you have understood the point...they give me such tremendous joy that I cannot think anything can be added to it.

Action, any action done totally, with every fiber of your being in it.... For example, if you bind my hands I cannot speak, although there is no relationship be tween hands and speaking. I have tried....

What to say about hands...if I put this leg on the other side, and the other leg on top of it--which is the way I sit in my room when I am not speaking.... If I have to put it under the other leg, then something goes wrong, then I am not at home. So the way I am sitting, the way my hands move, is a total involvement. It is not only speaking from a part of me; everything in me is involved in it. And only then can you find the intrinsic value of any act. *ignor23*

Many people have asked me why I go on keeping my left leg over my right leg the whole time. Just doing anything is difficult, even to move the legs! I leave them to meditate. And they know me, that nothing is going to change my approach. They go on sitting for hours the whole day.

Somebody has asked, "Why, Osho, have You stopped leaving your shoe on the floor?"

Just the same thing. First, taking your foot out of it, and then putting your foot in it again--too much doing! Okay? *dless35*

Okay, you can ask one question more. My hands are not tired yet. *ignor25*

Let me tell you one story, but don't let me drift...because stories are dangerous, intriguing. And when I start a story I have something in my mind, and by the time I end the story I have forgotten why I had started it. So I have to start again from something, where the story ends. But this story is not like that. *misery11*

Did You drift away on many points yesterday?

I am constantly drifting away every day. It is something in the very nature of things I am talking about. I cannot help it. With each word spoken, I have so many dimensions available; I have to choose one. Which one I choose makes no difference, the others are left. And then there is no way of coming back to them because each new word will be bringing new implications. So you have to go on reminding me--don't feel shy about it.

I am reminded of a story because I told you about reminding me.... That's how I go on drifting! Now what do you say, should I tell it or...? Because if I tell it, then I have gone again. If I don't tell, then too.... It is better to tell it. Whenever it is a question of doing something or not doing something, it is better to do it....

I am also helpless. I know perfectly well that many things are being left out, but there is no other way. This is the problem of language. Language is linear, and existence is multidimensional. If I were only a thinker I would not be drifting at all because thinking is linear, just like language. Thinking is in language, in words. So the words move in a row--it can be miles long but it is linear.

But existence is multidimensional. From each point...as if it is a sun with millions of rays moving towards infinity. Each ray can lead you to infinity, but if you choose one, of course you have to leave others; and you can choose only one. You cannot even ride on two horses, what to say about two dimensions? You cannot ride on two boats, what to say about two dimensions?--because they are going to diverge more and more, more and more; as you go further, there will be an infinite unbridgeable gap between them. At the source they are one. From there you can choose any one, but once you have chosen a line then others are dropped.

I have been drifting my whole life. You have to be alert. And if you can remind me that somewhere I have drifted, I can catch hold of a dimension that has been left behind. But you should not expect that I will stop drifting, because in catching hold of the other dimension, again I will be leaving many more.

On each step there is a problem of choosing, because I am an existential person, I am not a thinker. It is not a logical syllogism that I am propounding to you. It is my experience that I am trying to share with you--and experience is so vast that I can only show you a little part of it. But you are always welcome to remind me. Yes, I remember I had drifted on many points; perhaps a few I can manage to catch back again. *misery06*

I am not a scientist. I am a mystic.

Science tries to demystify things. What does knowing everything about existence mean? In other words, it is demystifying existence.

I do just the opposite: I mystify the rose, I mystify the cloud. I mystify the sky, the stars. I mystify you. And remember, it is no mystification--that is bogus. I simply reveal your reality to you. And it is such a mystery.

I can afford contradictions, because I am not aiming at your head. My aim is somewhere else. You can ask, then why do I talk? I talk to keep your head engaged; meanwhile, my arrow goes directly to your heart. Continuously I am throwing arrows to your heart; but the head knows nothing about it, cannot know anything about it. They are not on talking terms either. *dless03*

You are all listening to me, but if you all go back home and write down what I have said, do you think you will be reporting the same? Tomorrow morning you can look at all the notebooks and be surprised that everybody has got something else, has laid emphasis on something which you have completely ignored. You have not heard it at all, but somebody else has heard only that. What you have heard, she has not bothered about. *ignor20*

If enlightenment means to be beyond all dualities, not choosing, then why are you against wars, politics and other stupidities of mankind?

Yes, enlightenment means choicelessness--but you are not enlightened yet. For me there is no choice. If the third world war comes, I will be just the same as I am. If the whole world is destroyed, it won't change anything in me--neither my bliss, nor my peace, nor my love.

But for you.... Because you are not enlightened, I have been talking against wars, against superstitions, against stupidities. I am not speaking to myself--do you think I am crazy?--I am talking to *you.* And for you there is at every step a choice. Till you come to the moment of enlightenment and choicelessness, you will have to choose; before that there is no other way.

It is just as a blind man carries a stick in his hand, groping for his way. But if his eyes are cured, will he still grope with the stick? He will throw the stick away.

Whatever I am saying to you is just giving you a stick till you are ready to open your eyes. Then, throw the stick. Then there is nothing good, nothing bad. Then whatever the enlightened person does is right. And there is no question of choice, because he can *see.* He does not choose. Choice implies thinking. He does not think, he simply sees his way and moves on it.

My work is arduous. I have to speak from a point to you, who are almost on another planet; the distance is vast. Remove the distance. Of course I am not going to move close to you. The thirsty goes to the well, not vice versa.

I am here, available. If you are thirsty, move closer to me. And soon you will know that light, that insight, that explosion of bliss in which there is no choice.

Enlightenment is choicelessness. But don't misunderstand me. Before that, you will have to move very cautiously, choosing the right against the wrong, choosing the truer so that you can reach to the ultimate truth. *false11*

Topics on which Osho speaks

Osho often gives whole discourses on one topic, too long to include here. Besides destroying old religions, he develops earlier subjects, such as the new man, and introduces his own 'religio':

The new man will not be like me in the sense that he will not be my carbon copy. But in a way, in a very different way, he will be like me. I am independent; he will be independent. I am my own self; he will be his own self. I have never accepted anything just as a belief unless I have experienced it. Then there is no question of belief--I *know* it. So either I know something or I don't know, there is nothing in between....

I have doubted everything. I have never accepted anything because it is written in the holy scriptures, because the great founders of religions have said it, because great saints

verify it. I have insisted my whole life that nothing else can prove it to me except my own experience. And when it comes as your own experience, it brings tremendous rejoicing, great blessings, flowering. Your being finds its home. The wandering is finished, you have arrived.

Now my wandering and your wandering will be different. The point where I started and the point where you will start will be different. I will arrive to *my* own innermost core; you will arrive to your innermost core. The ultimate experience of blossoming will be the same, but the path will be totally different. Everybody has to search and seek in his own way....

Yes, I am the new man and I am preparing the way for you to become the new man. That's why I go on insisting that you keep yourself intelligent, meditative, silent. Keep yourself alert, aware. Change every stone on the path into a stepping-stone. Don't think, "Now the stone is blocking the way." No stone blocks the way. You just have to know that every stone can be turned into a stepping-stone....

The new man will have communes, but the agreement will be freedom. You can look into my eyes and you can see my silence, my depth. You can feel my presence, my joy, my song. But you are not to repeat anything. I am simply indicating to you that what has happened to me can happen to you. There will be differences, there will be uniquenesses. I may be just a marigold flower and you may be a lotus--so don't imitate me. You may be a rose and I am just a marigold, a very poor flower who has nothing. But whoever named it marigold must have had great insight; it is the poorest flower, but there is great merriness, great joy in it--and it is pure gold, twenty-four carat....

I am the new man. You have to be the new man. I am not ordering you, I am simply saying so loudly so you can hear. And we have to create more opportunities for the new man for more people around the world. *last301*

What is meditation?

It is the most important question as far as my religion is concerned.

Meditation is the very center of my whole effort.

It is the very womb out of which the new religion is going to be born.

But it is very difficult to verbalize it. To say something about meditation is a contradiction in terms. It is something which you can have, which you can be, but by its very nature you cannot say what it is. Still, efforts have been made to convey it in some way. Even if only a fragmentary, partial understanding arises out of it, that is more than one can expect.

But even that partial understanding of meditation can become a seed. Much depends on how you listen. If you only hear, then even a fragment cannot be conveyed to you, but if you listen.... Try to understand the difference between the two....

First try to understand the word "meditation." It is not the right word for the state about which any authentic seeker is bound to be concerned. So I would like to tell you something about a few words. In Sanskrit we have a special word for meditation, the word is *dhyana.* In no other language does a parallel word exist; that word is untranslatable. It has been recognized for two thousand years that this word is untranslatable, for the simple reason that in no other language people have tried it or experienced the state that it denotes; so those languages don't have that word.

A word is needed only when there is something to say, something to designate. In English there are three words: the first is concentration. I have seen many books written by very well-meaning people but not people who have experienced meditation. They go on using the word "concentration" for dhyana--dhyana is not concentration. Concentration simply means your mind focused on one point; it is a state of mind. Ordinarily the mind is continuously moving, but if it continuously moves you cannot work with the mind on a certain subject....

So before I answer your question, What is meditation? you have to understand what it is not. First: it is not concentration. Second: it is not contemplation....

Whenever you can find time for just being, drop all doing. Thinking is also doing, concentration is also doing, contemplation is also doing. Even if for a single moment you are not doing anything and you are just at your center, utterly relaxed--that is meditation. And once you have got the knack of it, you can remain in that state as long as you want; finally you can remain in that state for twenty-four hours a day.

Once you have become aware of the way your being can remain undisturbed, then slowly you can start doing things, keeping alert that your being is not stirred. That is the second part of meditation. First, learning how just to be, and then learning little actions: cleaning the floor, taking a shower, but keeping yourself centered. Then you can do complicated things.

For example, I am speaking to you, but my meditation is not disturbed. I can go on speaking, but at my very center there is not even a ripple; it is just silent, utterly silent.

So meditation is not against action.

It is not that you have to escape from life.

It simply teaches you a new way of life:

You become the center of the cyclone.

Your life goes on, it goes on really more intensely--with more joy, with more clarity, more vision, more creativity--yet you are aloof, just a watcher on the hills, simply seeing all that is happening around you.

You are not the doer, you are the watcher.

That's the whole secret of meditation, that you become the watcher. Doing continues on its own level, there is no problem: chopping wood, drawing water from the well. You can do all small and big things; only one thing is not allowed and that is, your centering should not be lost.

That awareness, that watchfulness, should remain absolutely unclouded, undisturbed.

Meditation is a very simple phenomenon....

That's what I say to you: just go on playing with the idea. I am using the word playing, because I am a nonserious man and my religion is non-serious. Just go on playing--and you have enough time.

Anytime--lying in your bed, if sleep is not coming, play with the idea. Why bother about sleep?--it will come when it will come. You cannot do anything to bring it; it is not in your hands, so why bother about it? Something which is not in your hands, forget about it. This time is in your hands, why not use it? Lying in your bed, on a cold night under your blanket, cozy and enjoying--just play with the idea. You need not sit in the lotus posture. In my meditation you need not torture yourself in any way. *misery02*

Consciousness experienced subjectively needs some inward journey. No scientist is doing that. He wants to study consciousness in white mice, in guinea pigs. This is very strange. The scientist has the consciousness in himself, what is the need to go to a white mouse? Go inwards!

And that's what I call the science of interiority, *religio*, meditation. You move deeper, leaving your body, your mind, your heartbeat far behind--and, still, you are. And you are more than you have ever been, because you had known yourself filtered through the heart, through the mind, through the body--thick layers. So you had felt your consciousness in a very slight way.

But when you have reached to your own center--which is neither chemical nor physical nor biological--you experience a totally new reality. Immediately you become aware that it is not a by-product, that it has its own existence. The body may die, but this consciousness is so separate from the body that there is no possibility of its dying with the body. The heart may stop, but you are so far away from the heart, you are no longer identified with the heart. You are part of an eternal life.

So when I talk about consciousness, I am talking about my own experience of diving deep into my being. And when the physicists talk about consciousness, they are talking

not about experience but about experiments that they are doing with white mice, guinea pigs. Strange people! *You* have consciousness, the white mouse is in a very backward state of life; why not find it within yourself? Man is the highest expression of consciousness.

Science can never know the real being, the real soul, the real consciousness, for the simple reason that it is object-oriented. Hence, a totally different approach is needed, a science which is subject-oriented.

You cannot put consciousness in a test-tube. Consciousness is not something material; it is not something like a commodity. It is not something that you can dissect and find out what elements it is made of. It is a single, indivisible life. And the only way to know it is to go within yourself. That is the purpose of the commune. It is not a religion; it is the science of subjectivity.

So there is a total difference. What they are talking about is absolutely irrelevant. What *I* am talking about is the real thing. And you need not go anywhere, because it is within *you.* No lab is needed, no instruments are needed. All that is needed is that you learn how to relax, how to be silent, how to be just a witness. And slowly slowly your mind stops its unnecessary chattering, your heart stops its moods, feelings.

And suddenly you *are* your reality, your consciousness.

And it reveals all the mysteries. It is the golden key, the master key, because it makes you aware not only of *your* consciousness, it makes you aware that your consciousness is not separate from other consciousnesses.

Consciousness is almost like an ocean. We are all in it, we are all sharing the same consciousness. The trees, the animals, the birds--they are all sharing the same consciousness in different stages of growth.

You are fortunate to be a human being, because this gives you an opportunity to turn in. *bond24*

And this is my whole work, I call it meditation.

That the unconscious should be changed into consciousness so that nothing remains inside you that you don't know. That is the only possibility that you may not fall into darkness and you may not do things which are inhuman, that you will not go in the ways of evil. The only possibility is that your whole mind is simply consciousness--there is no unconscious part at all.

And this is one of the greatest contribution of the East to the world. Sigmund Freud, Carl Gustav Jung, Alfred Adler and other psychologists in the West, only in this century have been able to find that there is something like unconscious.

In the East for five thousand years we have been aware of the unconscious. Not only that, we have been aware how to transform it into consciousness. The West has accepted now that there is a unconscious but it has not yet been able to find how to transform it into consciousness. The East has the methods but the ego of the Western psychology prevents it to accept the methods which are already available.

Thousands of people have been meditating with me and have come to the same experience of illumination that the darkness disappears, that one becomes full of light. And after that it is impossible to fall. *last504*

One question is there: "Osho, You have taken God away, now there is only existence. Existence means nature; it is harsh, it is indifferent, it doesn't care. If there is no God then I feel very much afraid."

Naturally, you will feel very much afraid because your God was nothing but a way to hide your fear. It was fear-oriented. It was just to keep your fear suppressed. Take God away and fear springs up. It is there; even when you are putting the rock of God on the spring, it is still there. You know perfectly well that it is there, alive, ready to burst forth any moment--just waiting for its chance, an opportunity.

Your whole life you have believed in God, and I have just said that there is no God--and that's enough! Perhaps for fifty years you have believed in God, found consolation in it, then just an ordinary man like me says there is no God, and fifty years conditioning disappears and fear arises! Whom are you trying to deceive?

If I can do this, anybody can do this. lust anybody meeting you on the road can whisper in your ear, "There is no God"--finished! Your God is dead! Your fear is more alive than ever. *ignor24*

Are You a messiah?

No, Sheela, absolutely no. The whole idea is fundamentally wrong. It is not only that I am not a messiah, there has never been anyone who was and there will never be anybody who will be. You will have to go deep into the concept of it. The idea of a messiah is a secondary idea. First you have to believe in God as a person, then only can you start thinking of God sending special messengers, messiahs.

To me there is no personal God at all who can send a messiah....

These people are megalomaniacs. It is a certain mind disease. You want to be superior, higher than everybody else. You would like to be a president of a country, a prime minister of a country, a king, a queen, but it is difficult--there is so much competition. And only one man can become a president in the whole country and the whole country is burning, deep down, everybody desiring to be higher, above everybody else's head, to be somebody special, unique. Now, these kinds of people can find very easy ways. Now, to declare oneself a messiah...there is no election for it, you don't need anybody's sanction

for it. You can write a book in which you can declare that you are the messiah. This is a circular argument. The book is true because it is written by a messiah, and you are the messiah because it is written in a true book.

What other evidence has Jesus for being a messiah, except his own statements? What do Christians have to prove that Jesus is a messiah?--because it is written in the New Testament, and the New Testament is nothing but this man's statements. Do you see the circular argument? They are true because they are from the messiah, and he is a messiah because it is written in the true book.

Jesus was not such a bad man that he should be crucified--his only crime was that he declared himself a messiah. That too is nothing to be bothered about. If somebody thinks he is a messiah, he's doing no harm to anybody; let him enjoy. But the Jews could not tolerate it. So I will have to go deep into the whole concept and its history.

Moses is responsible for Jesus' crucifixion. Nobody has said it before because the distance between Moses and Jesus is three thousand years. But I say to you, Moses is responsible for Jesus' crucifixion--for two reasons. First, he declares that a messiah is going to come and he will solve all your problems, all your difficulties. This was pure politics....

I am not a messiah. I don't give you any hope.

And I would like emphatically for you to remember that nobody else can redeem you--the whole idea is wrong. You have created your bondage, how can I make you free?

You throw your bondage and be free.

You love your chains and you want me to redeem you. You are asking an absurdity. You are the cause of your miseries, sufferings, and you want me to redeem you from your sufferings and miseries. And you will go on sowing the same seeds, continuing, being the same old person, watering the same causes. Who can redeem you? And why should anybody redeem you? It is not my responsibility to redeem you. I have not made you what you are; you have made yourself what you are.

My function here is not that of a messiah who simply says, "Believe in me and you are redeemed"...a very simple strategy: "You have nothing to do with your personality change, transformation; you have nothing to do at all, you just believe in me. Don't let any doubt arise." Now, this is the whole strategy of belief.

You cannot avoid doubt; wherever belief exists, doubt is simply suppressed. If there is no doubt you don't need any belief. It is because of the doubt that you need belief, to suppress it, to cover it. And the condition is that there should be no doubt; you should believe in me without any doubt and I will redeem you. Neither can you fulfill the condition, nor can you ask me, "Why am I not redeemed?" The condition is such that it cannot be fulfilled. And I am free to say that you have not fulfilled the basic condition;

the contract has not been fulfilled from your side, what can I do? You agreed to believe in me indubitably, which is absolutely impossible. Nobody can do it, it is not in the nature of things.

Belief always exists hand in hand with doubt. It exists for doubt.

I have no belief at all in anything because I don't have any doubt at all about anything. If there is no doubt, there is no need for belief. The disease is not there; medicine is not required.

You go on pouring belief, more belief; but you are simply suppressing doubt deeper and deeper into your unconscious. And the deeper it goes, the more dangerous it is because you will become unaware of it. One day you will think that you believe, that you are a believer, that you have attained to faith--because your doubt has gone so deep in your dark unconscious that you cannot see it anymore. I would like you to see your doubt clearly. Rather than repressing it by any belief system, bring it out into the conscious mind, face it. And just by facing your doubt, it dissolves. No belief is needed, it simply evaporates.

Doubt is not to be substituted with a belief. If you substitute it with a belief, then you are in a very strange dilemma: just scratch your belief a little bit--and there is doubt flowing, fully alive. The belief is skin deep and underneath your blood is flowing.

So basically my standpoint is: you are responsible for whatsoever you are. If you are miserable, you are responsible. Don't throw the responsibility on anybody else; otherwise you will never be free of it...because how can you be free if I am responsible for your misery? Then, unless I free you, you cannot be free; it is in *my* hands. And if it is in my hands, it can be in somebody else' hands.

Those who are with me have to understand, howsoever hard and painful it is, that you and you alone are responsible for everything that is happening to you, has happened to you, will happen to you. Once you accept all your responsibility in its totality, you become mature. You stop throwing tantrums, and you stop seeking for messiahs. Then there is no need for any Jesus to save you. Nor can any Jesus save you--he was exploiting your situation....

I am not to be included in any ego game--messiah, avatara, paigambara, tirthankara; I have nothing to do with these people. I am just an ordinary man, just like everybody else. If there is any difference, it is not of quality; it is only of knowing. I know myself; you don't know.

It is just like I am standing and looking at the sunrise and you are standing by my side with closed eyes. The sun is rising for you too, just as it is rising for me. It is so beautiful and so colorful--not only for me, for you too. But what can the sun do? You are standing with closed eyes. That is the only difference. Is it much of a difference?

You just have to be shaken and told, "Just open your eyes. It is morning, the night is over." *unconc04*

Many questions have come to me, asking why I insistently destroy people's belief and faith in God. It is pure arithmetic: without destroying God I cannot help you to destroy your ego. If there is no God and existence can remain flowing, moving, growing, expanding; nobody is controlling it, nobody is maintaining it, it is autonomous....

That's what I mean when I say there is no God. I am saying existence is autonomous. Trees are growing of their own accord, birds are flying of their own accord, the sun is rising of its own accord. And it is beautiful that nobody is behind this beautiful existence, turning it into a puppeteer's show. That's what the religions teach--all the religions without exception--that you are only a puppet. With God there, you cannot be anything more than a puppet. The strings are in his hand....

I want you to be silent, meditative, searching inside yourself, looking...is anyone there? And you will be surprised--there is no one, just pure existence, autonomous. There is no entity in you. You are part and parcel of the whole existence. You are connected to the trees and to the rivers and to the ocean in a thousand and one ways--visible, invisible. You are not separate. *false18*

Even the very intelligent people in America I came across, and I was surprised, I could not believe that a well educated man, a professor in the university, tells me that Bible is the word of God. I asked him, "Do you know that Hindus believe Vedas are the words of God, Mohammedans believe that the Koran is the word of God, and all the religions have their own holy book. On what criterion you choose which one is right? Because they are all contradicting each other. And on what grounds you can say that Bible is the word of God?"

And his answer was so stupid. He said, "Because it is written in the Bible. "

I said, "It is like a man who told to his friends that my wife is the most beautiful woman in the world."

The friend said, "But how you came to know about it?"

He said, "My wife said it to me herself." *last502*

Why do you make such inflammatory epithets...such as "Pope the Polack," "Christ the crackpot," "Mother Teresa, the criminal."...

It works in many ways. Those are my devices. First, I am talking to my own people. They are not hurt by what I am saying about pope the Polack, Teresa the Terrible, Christ the Crackpot--nobody is hurt. On the contrary, they start looking at things in a totally new way--the way I want them to look at them.

I want outside people to get hurt, shocked. I want them to be angry, hate-full, because it is a very fundamental principle of psychology that if you can create hate in a man, it is very easy to change it into love. Love and hate are not as different as people think, and certainly they are not opposites. They are two polarities of one energy, just like darkness and light.

So without going anywhere, just sitting in my room, I can manage to give shocks all around the world, shake people in their sleep, in their slumber. Because to me their Christianity is a kind of opium, and their Hinduism is a kind of marijuana, and so on, so forth. These people need to be shaken really badly.

And I will go on throwing ice-cold water in their eyes as long as they don't open their eyes and jump out of bed. It is not a question of persuasion.; you don't persuade a sleeping person to wake up, because between a person who is awake and a person who is asleep there is no possibility of communication. So whether they hear me or not, I want them to be hate-full against me. That's enough--I have done my job. All these people....

And there are almost one million sannyasins around the world. Even in Soviet Russia, even in East Germany, I have my sannyasins. Of course, they are underground sannyasins. From where are these people coming? First they were shocked, first they were hurt, but their shock and their hurt started a great question, a great quest in their minds. They became suspicious about their own conditioning: Perhaps Christ *was* a crackpot. Let us give it another thought.

And the pope is certainly a Polack, there are no two opinions about it. You cannot find a thicker head than pope the Polack's, because the world is suffering from overpopulation, and he is preaching around the world against birth control, against the pill, against abortion. This man--if I call him a criminal I am not condemning him, only describing him. Perhaps he is the greatest criminal alive. And the same is my attitude about the Hindu leaders, *shankaracharyas*, Mohammedan leaders like Ayatollah Khomeini--I call him Khomeiniac--because these are the people who are insisting for more and more population on the earth.

Ethiopia is dying, India is dying; soon the whole third world will be dying of starvation. And who will be responsible for it? Mother Teresa will be responsible for it, the pope will be responsible for it. In the eyes of the future, these people will be as criminal as the popes of the middle ages are criminal in our eyes....

One infallible pope burns the woman alive, declares her a witch; another infallible pope declares Joan of Arc a saint. The bones are pulled out of the gave and worshipped.

Now these idiots--or you want me to be polite with them? And they are dragging the whole world towards poverty. They have a vested interest in poverty; they have to be exposed. Mother Teresa wants more and more orphans in the world; otherwise who is going to give her Nobel prizes and all kinds of awards and titles? She is roaming around the world--I don't know when she finds time for serving humanity--receiving rewards,

awards, titles, opening functions, conferences. I can't think when she serves humanity. All she is doing is collecting Hindu and Mohammedan orphans and converting them into Catholics. This is sheer politics of numbers; she is a cunning politician. It is not even right to call her a woman--she has no heart. She is simply a puppet in the hands of the Vatican. *last121*

Are You especially against Christianity?

I hate to favor Christianity with any special attention but unfortunately it deserves it. It is the ugliest manifestation of religion on the earth, for many reasons....

I am saying this to make it clear to you that it is Christianity which is responsible for giving science the incentive to war....

I am not paying special attention to Christianity, but it deserves it. It has done so much harm, so much nuisance. It is impossible to believe that people still go on keeping it alive. The churches should be demolished, the Vatican should be completely removed. There is no need of these people. Whatever they have done they have done wrong. Other religions have also done wrong, but proportionately they are nothing compared to Christianity.

It has been exploiting the poverty of people to convert them to Christianity....

And if I have been criticizing Christianity it is not without reason. The most important thing is that I am speaking within a Christian context. If I were speaking in a Hindu context, I would not be criticizing Christianity, I would be criticizing Hinduism, or in a Buddhist context I would be criticizing Buddhism. It would be useless to criticize Christianity in a Buddhist context because those people would love it.

I am a person who impresses people and creates enemies, not friends--that is not my policy. I would love the whole world to be my enemy. But all these people are so cowardly that they cannot honestly even accept that they are enemies. Every day dozens of letters are received; they are praying for me, that God should forgive me. These fools! They should pray to me that I should forgive God and them. Why should God forgive me? If there is going to be any trouble I am ready to take it.

One thing is certain: whether God forgives me or not, I am not going to forgive Him. So they should pray to me, not to God. They don't understand what they are saying. They go on writing letters, "We pray to God that He should forgive you for what you are saying."

There is no God. I am speaking against nobody. That's why I am enjoying it, because if there was a God do you think I would enjoy it? It would be trouble. It is sheer enjoyment--no trouble at all. *person18*

Just now I had this news: pope the polack, addressing the youth in Latin America, said, "My dear ones, beware of the devil. The devil will tempt you with drugs, alcohol, and most particularly premarital sex."

Now, who is this devil? I have never met him, he has never tempted me. I don't think any of you have ever met the devil, or that he has tempted you. Desires come from your own nature, it is not some devil who is tempting you. But it is a strategy of religions to throw the responsibility on an imaginary figure, the devil, so you don't feel you are being condemned.

You *are* being condemned, but indirectly, not directly. He is saying to you that you are the devil, but he has not the guts even to say that. So he is saying that the devil is something else--a separate agency, whose only function is to tempt people....

I would like to say to you: don't be tempted by the popes. These are the real evil ones. They will spoil your whole life. They have spoiled the lives of millions of people. *misery11*

Just the other day, Sheela brought me the latest message to humanity from pope the polack, a message of one hundred and thirty-nine pages. Naturally it has to be one hundred and thirty-nine pages because he has not left a single stupid thing unsaid. You will be surprised that he has found some new sins which are not mentioned in the Bible. Only a polack can do that; otherwise what were all those Old Testament prophets, and then Jesus doing?

The polack has found new sins, but those sins are worth consideration. One of the sins that he speaks of is the idea of class struggle: to believe in the idea of class struggle is a sin, a major sin. Now whether you believe in the class struggle or not, the class struggle is there. There *is* a struggle between the rich and the poor. It is not a question of your belief....

And this pope, the polack, says, "The idea of class struggle, the very idea is a sin." This is a great discovery! And why does he say it? The fear of communism--he is not courageous enough to say that to believe in communism is a sin because the whole philosophy of communism is based on the idea of class struggle....

And another thing even more marvellous: he says that nobody can have a direct contact with God; that is a sin. You have to go via the Catholic priest; you cannot confess directly, that is not possible. God is not going to hear you. Your confession is useless.

Can you see the strategy? The strategy is very complicated, but simple to understand. The Catholic priest lives on your confessions. The whole function of the priest disappears if you can have a direct contact with God; then what is the need of the priesthood?...

True religion teaches you that you are part of this existence, already connected with it, already one with it.

The pope is teaching that you are not connected, that you are a lost soul; only through the priest can you be saved. *ignor25*

Just think: in the Christian heaven, what are the angels doing for eternity? Just playing on their guitars--"alleluia, alleluia, alleluia"--for eternity? Yes, in the afternoon for the drive--by it is okay, but for eternity! This is too much. And it is not entertainment, it is torture. I think people in hell may be enjoying more variety of things because really juicy people are all in hell. Only dry bones are in heaven....

I can challenge God to throw me into hell, with no problem, with no fear, because I will manage to have a commune there. And it would be really a great commune because such colorful people would be there. *person28*

Osho invites scientists to set up a World Academy

Just the other day I saw a petition of American scientists who had made the first nuclear weapons plant in America--the pioneers of nuclear weapons. Fifty scientists have signed a petition to the president and to the Supreme Court saying that, "We are trembling with fear at what we have done. And we have already so many nuclear weapons on both sides that they are enough to destroy all life on the earth within ten minutes."

Those fifty scientists who have been making nuclear war possible have visualized the situation that is happening. The same is happening in Russia: the scientists are becoming aware that what they are creating is a mass scale, worldwide, suicide. It is so absurd and meaningless.

Those fifty scientists have mentioned one thing which I have been telling again and again: that up to now, all our efforts to find some antidote for nuclear weapons have failed. And we don't think that we will be able to find anything that destroys the power of nuclear weapons--no counter energy is available. It is because of this fact that they have put the petition--because now it is simply destruction; there is no way of protecting anybody.

I am tremendously happy that nuclear weapons have come to a point where fighting becomes useless, war becomes utterly stupid. *last129*

My appeal is to the intelligent people of the world, to the young people of the world.

These fifty scientists should join hands with the Russian scientists and should declare that they are not going to produce any more nuclear weapons.

I want that there should be a world academy of scientists. I can give them the place in my commune. We have enough space.

Have you let them know?

Yes. And that's what *you* have to do. Make them aware that I am inviting them.

If all the scientists of the world refuse to cooperate with the politicians...and this is the time to refuse. And if all the scientists of the world can refuse and all the poets and all the painters and all the people who are not political, but creative, the masses can be convinced. *last203*

We can give our land--the whole land to the world academy--and my sannyasins can serve in every other way to the world academy. They will need cleaners, they will need food, they will need doctors, they will need restaurant, disco--everything they will need--and we will give our land free. There is no question of it, because it is going into the service of humanity.

I would like this place to become the capital for the whole world. I am ready to offer it...and my people will help them. And we have a university for meditation which will be available to all the scientists, which can change their minds, can make them more calm, more quiet, more serene. And out of that calmness, serenity, destruction is impossible. They cannot serve death; they can only serve love, life, laughter. And they can see my people, that they are living so joyfully, so ecstatically--this is infectious. We will make them dance!

And all the scientists need to dance, to play music, to sing, because then they cannot create destructive things. Their music, their dance, their song, will be preventive, will be a transformation of their being. And if they can meditate also, we are opening a totally new era in scientific investigation.

This can be done by UNO; American government can help UNO. Take over all war material. Somebody has to take the initiative and somebody has to take the risk!

It is a dream...but it can become a reality. And a time has come: if you don't make it a reality, then either dream or death--you have to chose. It is better to choose the dream and give it a try.

The world needs one government. Leagues of Nations proved impotent, UNO is proving impotent, for the simple reason because they don't have any power. They are just debating clubs! *last306*

I believe in bioengineering. I want science to create a better man in every way, but the problem is that all the governments are forcing the scientists to create more and more destructive weapons. They are forcing them into the service of death.

I would like all the scientists to be in the service of *life.* Then bioengineering certainly can create far superior men, healthier, more talented. In fact, we can fill the whole earth with geniuses; there is no reason why not. We have all the basic things in our hands. We

can make man live at least three hundred years very easily without getting old, without having cancer, without having AIDS. This is all that your old past has given as a heritage. *last114*

My conception of giving scientific birth to a child is that, conscious, alert, knowingly, we are bringing a visitor to the earth. We know who he is, what he is and what he is to become finally; how long he will live, how much intelligence he will have. We are discarding all possibilities of blind children, deaf children, dumb children, retarded in any way--physically, psychologically--and you are feeling fear? Don't be stupid.

The scientific birth of a child is not animalistic. You are transcending the animal by giving birth to a child scientifically. It is fascinating, the greatest, most fascinating thing around. We can manage it, it is already a scientific reality. We can manage healthier people, who will live as long as we want, and we can give them as much intelligence as is needed for their work....

What I am saying about scientific birth makes you go beyond slavery, blindness, darkness. It makes you in a certain way more spiritual, because you are no longer concerned that you semen, your wife's egg, are absolutely needed for your child. You give your requirements; you adopt the child. And you can ask experts what will be the best for the child. Would you not like your child to be a unique genius?

For futile attachments, you are satisfied with a crippled child. And giving birth to a crippled child, a blind child, are you doing any favor to the child? He will never forgive you! You are responsible. And he will have to live a life which is not life a all.

My vision gives total freedom to you, and of course, great responsibility. Right now you are producing children without any responsibility.

You have means available to determine what color the child should be, what kind of face--Greek, Roman? You can create children who will look like sculptures, utterly beautiful, with genius in some dimension of life, living a life of love, intelligent enough to discard all the priests and all the politicians. They will not become followers of a leader, they will be enough unto themselves. *false29*

I have said many times that I am against democracy because democracy is nothing but a mobocracy. I am in favor of a higher system, which I call a meritocracy--people of merit. And I call that system, meritocracy. *person25*

How can the idea of meritocracy be practically realized?

My suggestion is that only a person who is at least a matriculate should be able to vote. His age does not matter. And as I explain to you the whole thing, it will become easier. For the local government, matriculation will be the qualification for the voters. And graduation from a university, at least a bachelor's degree, should be a necessary

qualification for anybody running for election, for the candidates. A master's degree should be a minimum qualification for the one who is running for mayor.

For the state elections, graduation with a bachelor's degree should be the minimum qualification for the voters. A master's degree in science, the arts, commerce, should be the necessary degree for the candidates. For the ministers an M.A. first class should be the minimum necessary qualification; more will be, of course, more appreciated. And anybody trying to become a minister will have to know something about the subject. His qualification should correspond to the subject matter that he is going to deal with in his ministership....

So if somebody is going to be an education minister, then his qualifications should make him capable of being an education minister. He should have at least a master's degree in education, first class; with less than first class nobody should be a minister on the state level. Yes, if he has better degrees--doctor of education, Ph.D. in education--that is good, that will make him more qualified.

The attorney general should have at least the degree doctorate in law, an LL.D; not less than that, because he is going to defend the law of the state, the rights of the citizens. He should have the best degree possible so he knows everything about it.

The governor should have the best of all the degrees possible for him: M.A. first class, Ph.D.--his subject for Ph.D. should be on political science--and at least one honorary degree, a D.Litt. or LL.D.

For the federal government, a master's degree will be the voter's minimum qualification. A first class master's degree and Ph.D. should be the minimum for the candidates running for election. And the ministers should all have the highest degrees in the subjects for which they are going to be ministers. If it is education then the highest degrees available in the country; if it is going to be health, then the highest degrees available in the country.

The president should have at least two Ph.D.s and one honorary D.Litt. or LL.D.; and the same for the vice-president because he can become president any day.

In this way mobocracy is destroyed. Then just because you are twenty-one it does not mean you are capable of choosing the government. Choosing the government should be a very skillful, intelligent job. Just by being twenty-one you may be able to reproduce children--it needs no skill, even animals are doing perfectly well. It needs no education, biology sends you well prepared. But to choose the government, to choose people who are going to have all the powers over you and everybody and who are going to decide the destiny of the country and the world...the way we have been choosing them is simply idiotic....

Every state should call a convention of all the inteligentsia who are part of the universities or not part of the universities--writers, novelists, all dimensions of talents--

and they should choose a delegation for the national convention. So from all the states a national convention meets and goes into details of how the meritocracy can work.

From the national candidates there can be an international convention of all the universities of the world and the intelligentsia. This would be the first of its kind because never has the whole intelligentsia of the world come together to decide the fate of humanity.

They should write the first constitution of the world. It will not be American, it will not be Indian, it will not be Chinese--it is going to be simply the constitution of the whole of humanity. There is no need for different kinds of laws. There is no need all human beings need the same kind of laws.

And a world constitution will be a declaration that nations are no longer significant. They can exist as functional units but they are no longer independent powers....

Once we decide that the voting power is not the birthright of every human being but is a right which you have to earn....

It is so simple a thing. You don't *elect* a doctor, that just *anybody* can stand, it is a birthright, and people can vote. Two persons fighting to be the doctor or to be the surgeon? What is wrong in it? The people choose for themselves: for the people, by the people, of the people. They choose one person, a surgeon, because he speaks better, he looks good on the television and he makes great promises.

But he is not even a butcher!--and he is going to become a surgeon. He is not even a butcher. Even a butcher would have been better; at least he would have known how to cut, and finish you. This man...but you don't choose a surgeon by election.

How can you choose a president by election? How can you choose a governor by election? You are giving so much power to power--hungry people; with your own hands you are telling them to hang you! This is not democracy. In the name of democracy these people have been exploiting the masses.

Just to make a distinction I am calling my system meritocracy. But merit for what? The merit is to serve and share. And once you have decided to shift the power from the politicians to the intelligentsia, everything is possible--everything becomes simple.

Then I want every university to have two compulsory institutions, because that is the way I would like the people who are going to be powerful to be prepared....

I propose two institutes in every university. One institute is for deprogramming. Anybody who gets a graduation certificate will first have to get a clearance certificate from the deprogramming institute--which means it has deprogrammed you as a Christian, as a Hindu, as a Mohammedan, as a Jew...because this has been our trouble.

And four years is enough time. Deprogramming does not take that much time; just a few hours a month for four years and you will be deprogrammed. And you will not get any certificate from the educational institute unless you are cleared by the deprogramming institute that "this man is now simply a human being. He is no longer a Christian, no longer a Hindu, no longer a Mohammedan, no longer a Jew."...

A second institute is needed in every university which will be giving you a simple meditation. There is no need for any complexity. Universities, intelligentsia tend to be complex, tend to make things complex. A simple method of just watching your breath is enough. But every day for one hour you have to go to the institute. Unless the meditation institute gives you its degree, the university is not going to give you its degree.

The university's degree will come only when a clearance certificate from the deprogramming institute and a graduation certificate from the meditation university have been granted....

What I am proposing is the right way to change the whole structure, so that one day meritocracy can merge into democracy--because sooner or later everybody can be educated. I am not preventing anybody; I am simply saying that right now give the power of governing only to those who are entitled to it and prepared for it. Meanwhile, go on preparing other people....

I am not asking much, just a ten-year preparation. And if the whole government is meditative, deprogrammed, unprejudiced--just visualize it--then bureaucracy disappears, hierarchy disappears; then things that take years can be finished within seconds. *misery08*

I propose the dictatorship of the enlightened ones. Nobody has proposed it up to now. And sometimes out of my crazy mind.... This idea I have carried my whole life--dictatorship of the enlightened ones, because if it is of enlightened ones it cannot be dictatorship. It is a contradiction in terms. The enlightened person cannot be a dictator like Joseph Stalin or Adolf Hitler.

Yes, the enlightened person can dictate to you, but out of his love, not out of his power--he has no power--out of his insight, because he has eyes to see and to feel the potential of people.

His dictates can only be thought of as suggestions, advice, guidelines.

Only in the dictatorship of the enlightened ones is there a possibility of a real, authentic democracy and also the real flowering of commune-ism:

Equality by distributing riches, not poverty; destroying poverty from the very roots, and raising everybody upwards to be rich.

My commune-ism is a higher state of capitalism.

Marx's communism is against capitalism:

My commune-ism is capable of absorbing capitalism into it, using it as a tool, as a stepping-stone. *person30*

Osho gives his definition of a rebel:

Rebellion is not something that you have to *do;* it is an approach, an attitude. The attitude is that you will respect yourself as an individual and you will respect everybody else in the same way. Nobody is lower than you, nobody is higher than you, remember. It is very easy to accept the idea that nobody is higher than you. But that is not rebellion, that is jealousy. Communism is not rebellion, it is jealousy.

Rebellion is when you accept that nobody is higher than you, nobody is lower than you. In fact, the categories of lower and higher are inapplicable. Each individual is so unique that it is not possible to compare two persons. So how can you put somebody higher and somebody lower?--they are so different and so unique.

Communism is not rebellion. That's why I continuously try to make the distinction between the words revolution and rebellion....

Every revolution dies into another orthodoxy.

It has been always so.

That's why I am not for revolution:

I am for rebellion.

Rebellion is individual.

But when many rebels are there and they want to live together, respecting each other's individuality, each other's freedom, each other's uniqueness--that's the meaning of a commune. It is not a society. It is not an establishment. It is not an organization in the old sense.

A commune is a communion of individuals who have all rebelled against all kinds of stupidities, superstitions. That is their meeting point. But that does not mean that they create an alternative society, another establishment. Then it would only be revolution.

Try to understand the difference clearly. If they don't create any establishment, and start living intelligently together, howsoever difficult it is--it is going to be a little difficult;

otherwise why have people chosen to make organizations and establishments?--because it is less difficult....

I am an anarchist.

I basically believe in the individual.

I don't believe in the society at all.

I don't believe in civilization, in culture. I simply believe in the individual.

I don't believe in the state, I don't believe in the government. I don't want any government in the world, any state in the world.

I simply want intelligent people to live harmoniously out of their intelligence. And if they cannot live out of intelligence, it is better to die than to become robots, to become machines, to be nagged and to be imprisoned in all kinds of slavery. It is better to be finished. We should live intelligently, and our order will come out of our intelligence, not vice versa.

That's what has been tried before; enforce order so that people can function intelligently. Now, that is absolutely stupid. Once you enforce order you destroy intelligence, you destroy even the possibility of it ever growing. There is no need....

Man has been a calamity, a curse to existence.

Rebellion means making man a blessing to existence, not a curse.

It is a risky step, but there is no gain without any risk. And this is such a tremendous change, almost a discontinuity with the past--not any modified form of the past society, just a totally fresh and new society.

There is no paradox. Here you have to be a rebel, but your rebellion does not mean that you have to go against something which is intelligent, intelligible. You rebel against any stupidity. Any idiocy that happens in the commune, you rebel against it. That is your responsibility, to be on guard that no stupidity, no superstition, starts getting its roots within you. Be alert.

But rebellion does not mean that you have to be unnecessarily destructive just to prove that you are a rebel; otherwise, somebody may think that you look very orthodox: two days have passed and you have not rebelled even once! Rebellion is not something that you have to do every day. It is not some kind of exercise, like going for a morning walk.

Rebellion is your attitude of looking at things, of watching things; what is happening in you and what is happening around you. No rust should be allowed to settle. Your sword

of intelligence should remain shining, that's all. And everybody is keeping his own sword shining, nobody else is keeping your sword shining. Here, nobody is his brother's keeper.

You have to be on your own so orthodoxy cannot enter....

In my commune you have to remain rebels.

Of course you won't have enough chances to use your rebellion--that's the whole purpose of the commune. You have used your rebellion, your chance to rebel against the orthodoxy; now we will not give you any chances. And you should remain alert that no chances are given that you have to rebel against anything.

In a commune of rebels, every rebel is a guardian, a guard, of the rebellious spirit.

And remember, I am using the words rebellious spirit.

It is not a question of action. Action is needed only when something goes against the spirit.

So whenever anything in the commune goes against the rebellious spirit, destroy it, rebel against!

And you are not going against the commune:

You are saving the commune, the commune of the rebels.

You are saving the rebellious spirit. *misery29*

But rebellion has never been tried.

Revolution is a collective effort to overthrow the government.

Rebellion is individual.

It overthrows nobody; it simply dissolves the individual's hypocrisy.

The rebel drops his facade.

He is not against any regime, against any society. He is not bothered by all that nonsense. Those who are interested in that, let them do their work. The rebel is simply very self-oriented.

I have been condemned by many sources around the world because I teach people selfishness. Yes, I teach selfishness. It is not a condemnation, this is my whole philosophy. I teach you to be selfish because unselfishness has been taught for thousands of years and it has not helped anybody.

I teach you to be just self-oriented.

Drop all the rubbish that is in you.

Clean yourself and start living as if you are the first and the last man in the world. The first, so that you don't have to carry the burden of the past, because there is no past. And the last, so that you need not worry about the future, about what will happen to your children. They will take care of themselves.

You think of yourself and live intensely at the innermost core of your being.

That's what rebellion is:

Let things be as they are.

But you are not a *thing,* you are a *being:*

Change yourself, transform yourself

Become a new man. *misery30*

You have said that if there are only two hundred enlightened people in the world a third world war is not possible. Can You explain what You mean, how these two hundred people would make a difference among the billions of unconscious people?

Certainly. They will make tremendous difference. When the whole room is dark, just a small candle makes so much difference. In such a big room a small candle, lighted...the whole darkness disappears.

An enlightened person is a tremendous light--very subtle but for miles around him many people's lives will be touched. And if two hundred people are enlightened, which has never happened in history....

Two hundred enlightened people can create just the opposite situation. If they are together in a certain arrangement, they can create life rays which will protect people from death rays, which even may help somebody who has died through a death ray to come alive again. But those two hundred enlightened people have to be in a certain communication. Then they can create a circle around the world.

My own idea is that we can create two hundred enlightened people amongst our sannyasins. They are already connected and they are not alone, they are supported by the commune. Their energy can be enhanced, multiplied, by other sannyasins who may not be enlightened but are in search of it, on the way.

I mean what I have said. And if we can make a net of life rays around the earth, it can prevent even nuclear weapons from being destructive. But that is a totally different

science and never experimented upon. But a few glimpses have happened in the past, and there is no harm in experimenting with it. Anyway, there is no other hope.

Our communes have to be ready for it. And they should not think of trivia, of small fights, egos. They should understand their responsibility is so great as it has never been of any human being before. And I hope that we will be able to do something. There is still time, and my people are working hard. Now it is a question whether we can manage within the time or not.

But I have a certainty that we have almost created a Noah's Ark of consciousness for the coming flood of death to the whole of humanity. *last223*

Osho gives daily Press Interviews

From the July Festival, 1985 onwards, Osho's discourses are held every morning in the Mandir (meditation hall), attended by twenty thousand people during the festival, and about eight thousand after.

Each evening from 17th July Osho gives interviews to the world press. These interviews are held in Jesus Grove, Sheela's residence, with a celebration of singing and dancing as Osho arrives and leaves. Some interviews are published under the title *The Last Testament.*

Why did You decide to speak to reporters?

I have never asked any "why" in my life. I simply do anything that I feel like doing. I am not a man of thinking. I function through my feelings. If I feel to stop speaking, I can stop in the middle of a sentence, I will not even complete the sentence. And if I want to speak, even from my grave I will continue.

Is there anything that You have to say to the media that You couldn't say through Your discourses or books? Do the reporters carry a message to the audience in America for You?

Certainly. Whatever I can say to my people, I say to them; but that is not going to reach to the people outside the commune. I would like them to be acquainted with what is happening here, and not to depend on rumors. I would like to invite them to be our guests, see our people, and see that there is a different way of life, too. *last113*

Is your talking to us this evening--is this part of a new tactic to reach people?

Everything I do is a certain device. Talking to you, too. I am involved in some great alchemical work of transforming people from their sleep into enlightened souls, and I have to try every kind of device possible.

This, too, is part of it. Everything that I say or do is part--organic part--of my whole work. And my work is to bring to people awakening on as big a scale as possible, as it has never happened before. *last121*

Is Your conveying what You have experienced also the reason why You are so available to the media nowadays?

Yes, because there are millions of people around the world who may not ever come in contact with me. But through the media many of them may get some glimpse. Few of them may even come.

And my message is not limited to any particular group of people. It is for all human beings as such. So I wanted to reach to all the nooks and corners of the world. And I am a contemporary man, so no need for me to go everywhere when media can take the message. That is far more easier. *last404*

You are being interviewed on a daily basis by the world media. What role does the media have in Your vision? Can somebody's life be changed by seeing You once on a television screen?

It is possible. Life functions very mysteriously. Just seeing a picture, reading a certain statement, seeing my face on the television, may prove the triggering point. There are millions of people in the world who are just on the borderline. A little push or a little pull and they will have crossed the line.

It is simply a matter of your heart being touched. It can be touched by anything, just my voice or just the gesture of my hand. It is unpredictable because what is going to happen to an individual's heart, what is going to touch it, is difficult to say. Perhaps my silence--the pause that always happens between two sentences, or sometimes even in the middle of a sentence--may stir something which is already there. Just a little push, a little pull, and the person will never be the same again.

And whatever he has tasted in that moment will grow, becoming a deep longing to come closer to me, to know more about me, to know more about the work that is happening, to know more about people who are around me. And these are the ways a person slowly enters into the energy field I am creating.

Talking to the world media is not just publicity. I have had enough of it. It is in fact using new methods of reaching people's hearts. So it does not matter what they ask, it does not matter what I answer. What matters is that people will be seeing my hands, my eyes, and they are bound to be affected--this way or that. Either they may fall into a certain love or they may start from that very moment to hate me. But whatever happens, hate or love, I have touched their heart.

To change their hate into love is not difficult. The most difficult thing was to reach to their heart, which has happened. Those who are in love will be looking for books, tapes, videos, and those who are in hate, they will also be looking for the same things.

And once a man becomes emotionally connected with me--as a friend, as an enemy--he is part of my people. The enemies also are part of me and my work. Sometimes they do more work than the friends, because they are continuously talking against me.

Listening to them, many people start thinking, "Why are you so disturbed? If you are against, forget about the man." But they cannot forget me either.

And the people to whom they are talking about me will become interested, just as a curiosity in the beginning, but to change curiosity into a longing, a desire, a search, is not difficult. It happens almost automatically. *last221*

Why have You called this series of talks to the world media The Last Testament?

The word *testament* is immensely significant. It is my testimony. I am speaking on my own authority. It is my experience....

This is my testimony, and I am speaking from my being--neither from the heart nor from the head. And because it is my testimony, I would like it to be called *The Last Testament.*

But remember, the last existed even before the first, because being is first, then comes the heart, then comes the head; without being, they are nothing. So although I am speaking thousands of years after the first testament, what I am saying is existentially far deeper, far greater. It transcends both the New Testament and the Old Testament.

I could have called it the Third Testament, but I am calling it *The Last Testament* for the simple reason that a fourth is not possible. There is nothing beyond being. So I am saying the last word. And it is time that the last word should be said....

I am saying that there is no God. I am simply removing the whole question. God with jealousy, God as love, but God remains. Both remain dependent on a father figure. I am declaring the maturity of man, that there is no need of any father figure. There is no God; and with him go heaven and hell, with him go all kinds of esoteric nonsense.

Once God is not there, reality, existence, feels so clean and so pure. And you suddenly feel so free that all bondages have disappeared. You need not be a theist, you need not be even an atheist. You are simply free from the very idea. It was just a projection of a helpless child. Man has come of age.

And whatever I am saying, there is no way to improve upon it. I have removed God, now what are you going to improve upon? Jesus improved. He changed jealousy into love. I have removed God himself. Now there is no question of any improvement.

Hence, I call it *The Last Testament.* I am going to cover slowly everything that is essential for the explosion of religious consciousness. I am going to destroy everything that is non-essential and a hindrance to religious consciousness.

I am taking the greatest risk anyone has ever taken. I am creating as many enemies as anyone has ever created, for the simple reason that I know what I am saying is not a quotation from a scripture. I am saying it on my own authority. It is my own truth, and truth knows no defeat.

The final victory is always going to be of the truth. *last401*

Next Friday we're trying to arrange with some of your sannyasins to hook up an interview with you by satellite to people in Seattle. We wouldn't be using any journalists then to condense your words or to edit you on tape or in the paper. We'll be able to allow the people in the Puget Sound area a chance to ask you questions and....

That's perfectly okay.

What do you hope to tell them? What impression would you like to leave with them?

Any question, because I don't have any secret to hide from anybody. So whatever they want to ask, they can ask.

What would you like them to know about you?

Anything they want. I should not dictate to them what they should ask me. They should ask out of their own freedom and I will answer out of my own freedom. *last230*

Please excuse me for asking a personal question.

There is no need to ask for any forgiveness. You can ask every question possible--personal, impersonal, it does not matter. I want to open myself completely to you. I want to be an open book, I don't want to keep any secrets from you. So it is perfectly right to ask the question. *bond16*

I apologize for some questions that probably You have answered so many times.

No problem. You just ask whatsoever you want, and in whatever way you want. And a question may have been asked thousands of times, but I have not given the same answer again and again and again. My answer has been a thousand times different. So you need not be worried; this is my business. You just ask.

That might be one of the reasons You're being judged by the public so controversially, because Your answers are not always the same on the same subjects.

But I am controversial! It is not a judgment of the public. It is the reality.

You say that it is not Your answer that changes, it is the reality that changes?

Yes. It is reality that changes, and I change with reality. I am certainly controversial. There is nothing wrong about the public thinking me controversial.

You're beyond all this controversy?

I just enjoy it. *last102*

I've only got about thirty or forty more questions. Maybe we go to a true/false format.

Next time. Next time, and till all your questions are finished, go on coming. And when all questions are finished, then what are you going to do? Be careful. *last111*

In America, hundreds of television reporters used to come, and their only complaint with me was: "What can be said in ten minutes you take twenty minutes. We have a limited time and we don't want to cut anything because whatever you are saying is so interconnected that if we cut anything it will be out of context. Why can't you speak like everybody else? Why do you suddenly become silent? You speak a word and then you leave a gap."

I said, "This is the way I am going to speak, because it is a question not only of speaking, it is a question of giving moments of meditation to the people who are listening to me.

"While I am speaking they are engaged, their minds are filled with me. When suddenly I stop for a moment, their minds also stop, waiting.... And those are the most beautiful moments, when they have a taste of meditation without knowing that they are meditating."

That's what has happened to you. You have been in touch with meditation up to now without awareness. From now on you have to be fully aware. Contentment and happiness indicate--they are symptoms that a change has started happening inside you. No need to force, just go on as you are, enjoying your contentment more, allowing the same situation in which it happens, relishing every bit of happiness that comes to you and watching when it comes, what is the situation in which it comes. So move in that situation more and more. No need to force meditation, no need to force anything. Simply create the right atmosphere in which those things start happening on their own. *sword24*

You know how television is, sometimes we have to condense things. So I would ask, and I hope I'm not being disrespectful, that we try to get some short answers....

You just give me the time...so I can give you the short answers.

Mm. I'll try to ask the best questions.

First, give me the time, how much time you want?

Well, usually twenty seconds to twenty-five seconds is the edited down portion of the answer. As you know, we do edit. But if you feel the need to expand a bit beyond that, please feel free. I understand.

Okay. You start.

What is your vision?...(jokingly, to immense laughter) In twenty-five seconds....

And you want it in thirty seconds....

...terrible challenge, isn't it?

Just then look at my eyes and you will get the answer. That is the shortest way. There are things which cannot be spoken, but which can be seen. There are things which explanations only explain away, but they can be felt, and felt so deeply that the fragrance of it remains forever.

So look into my eyes for the shortest answer. The silence, the depth, the joy, and ecstasy all are right now present before you. And I can see that you can see. I would not have answered that way to another journalist.

Well, thank you.

I can feel your heart. I can feel your loving being. I can feel your lifelong search. It is full of tears, sometimes of sadness, sometimes of happiness, but it has not come to an end. Still you have to go far. I can be of some help, just as a friend. I am nobody's master. That very word has ugly connotations.

What are you? Are you a teacher?

I am just a friend. *last329*

As far as I am concerned, talking is something spontaneous. If I am talking to you (sannyasins), I am talking in a very soft way. There is no need to be assertive, because you are receptive. The more receptive you are, the less is the need for me to be assertive.

But when I am talking to the journalists spontaneously I become very assertive, because only then can they listen; otherwise they are deaf. Every day they are doing articles, interviews with politicians and all kinds of people who are all afraid of them--afraid because they can destroy their image in the public opinion.

Many journalists have expressed the idea to me: "It is strange that we feel absolutely in control with politicians and with other kinds of people, interviewing them. With you we start feeling nervous. This never happens with anybody else, so why does it happen that we start feeling nervous?"

I said, "The only reason is that I don't care about my image. I don't care about your article; I don't care what you write. All that I care about in that moment is that whatever I am saying reaches to you. Other than that I have no concern. For seven years I have not read any book, any magazine, any newspaper, listened to the radio, watched television--nothing. It is all rubbish."

So when a journalist is asking me a question he has to be awakened to listen to it. He should not be in the same position as when he listens to a politician--and that makes me certainly assertive! You cannot reach to these people if you are soft and humble. That would look to them like weakness, because that's how they are accustomed to take politicians and others who are very humble and very soft and very willing to say what the journalist wants to listen to. They speak with a certain idea of what it is going to create as far as their image is concerned.

I don't have any image. So when I am talking to the journalist my effort is to reach *him*, not to reach the public. That is secondary. If it happens, good; if it doesn't happen there is no need to be worried about it.

And why are you afraid of people?

I have never felt like a stranger anywhere for the simple reason that wherever you are, you *are* a stranger, so what is the point of feeling it? Wherever you are, you cannot be otherwise; we *are* strangers. Once this is accepted then it doesn't matter where you are a stranger--in this place or in some other place. Your strangerness remains--somewhere more clear, somewhere a little clouded.

But why should you be afraid? The fear comes because you want people to think good of you. That's what makes everybody a coward. That's what makes everybody a slave, that people should think good of you. This is the fear: that in a strange place with strange people you may do something, you may say something, and they may not think it is good.

You always need to be appreciated because you have not accepted yourself. So as a substitute you want to be accepted by others. Once you accept yourself, it doesn't matter whether people think good of you or bad of you; that is their problem. It is not your problem. You live your life your way; now what others think is their problem, their worry.

But because you don't accept yourself--from the very childhood you have been constantly bombarded, continuously hammered that you are not acceptable as you are. You should behave this way, that way; then you can be accepted. And when people accept you, appreciate you, respect you, that means you are good. But this is creating the whole problem for everybody in the world: everybody becomes dependent on other people's opinions and everybody is dominated by other people's opinion.

Seeing this simple fact I dropped the idea of other people's opinion, and it has given such freedom to me that it is absolutely indescribable. Such a relief that you can be just

yourself--you need not worry about it. And this world is so big, there are so many people. If I am to think about everybody and what he thinks about me, then in my life I will be simply collecting opinions of others about me, carrying files all around...

So if you feel afraid of going to people, meeting people, that means that you are feeling very empty, and this should not be. You should be overflowing with yourself, not with anybody's opinion or appreciation, but with your own life, with your own gusto.

And that's exactly what I mean--meditation gives you authority, power...not over others but simply a quality of power and quality of authority that nobody can take away from you. It is yours.

Public opinion can be taken away--today they are with you, tomorrow they are not with you. Today they are all appreciating you as a saint; tomorrow they are all condemning you as a sinner. It is better to be on your own--saint or sinner. Whatever you are, just be on your own so nobody can take it away.

It is better to be a sinner on your own than to be a saint on public opinion. That is borrowed, and you are empty. *mystic09*

I am notorious, but I enjoy it. I don't want to be respectable. To be respected by this mad humanity is insulting. *last121*

I have been surprised giving interviews to the journalists, seeing that they are so nervous. And this must have been their experience also...because whomsoever they go to interview is usually nervous about what they are going to ask. They may ask questions which may create trouble. They may ask questions that if he answers them, he will be exposed; if he does not answer them, then a great suspicion will arise. People are very much afraid of journalists, very nervous. With me the experience has been totally different. And I have told Isabel, "Now find all the journalists from all over the world, and bring each guy and I am going to give him a good heart attack. This will be his real experience of journalism." If I am open, you cannot expose me. If I am utterly available, if I put all my cards before you on the table, what can you do? In fact, they become nervous because they start feeling the truthfulness of what I am saying. They forget that they are here only as journalists. Their human being is also there in the same search as everybody else, in search of silence, serenity.

One journalist was here. His people wanted only a thirty-minute interview and it went on for two hours. His director was getting very disturbed, but the man forgot completely that he was only a journalist and he was to ask only questions in which the ordinary public and the audience would be interested. He became so involved personally, he started asking questions which were relevant to *his* growth. Of course the director was puzzled about what he was doing. They had prepared all the questions. He was given the list again and again, and he would hold the list, and carry on with me. *last106*

Osho, why is the media so nervous around You?

Because they have never come across a man like I am. The media knows politicians, popes, other kinds of leaders. They are all afraid of the media and nervous. The politician is nervous, he has reasons to be nervous. And the journalist is assertive and aggressive, and the politician is simply dodging and trying to save his skull....

So, naturally, the politician is nervous before the media.

I have no problem. I can say exactly what I want to say. All the media become nervous because they know they will not be able even to report the things I say, because if they take all these things to the editor, perhaps they may be thrown out of the job. They are nervous because what I am saying is also hurting their prejudices. They are human beings. First they are human beings, then they may be journalists; first Christians, then they may be journalists. And when I am hitting on Jesus they want to scream, but they cannot do that. Naturally, it becomes a nervous feeling. They forget to ask what they wanted to ask. They have never met a man like me who has nothing to lose, who can say anything, who does not belong to your society, who does not care about respectability.

Now the pope is continuously concerned that his respectability as the greatest religious leader in the world should not be affected by any statement. All his statements are prepared by other bishops, looked at by a committee, everything is edited. He is simply a spokesman, he is not speaking himself The whole church, the Catholic hierarchy is decisive. He has just to speak what they teach him, what they tell him to say.

Another fundamental reason they get nervous is that I am an absolutely free man. I don't care about contradicting myself, so they cannot put me into a corner by saying, "You said this fifteen years ago, now you are saying that." They cannot put me into any corner. I say forget it, to hell with those fifteen years. Whatever I am saying now is true now. Tomorrow I do not promise I will say the same thing, because I don't bother about consistency, about respectability, about what people will think. I have no reason to be nervous, I simply enjoy their nervousness.

It is strange, something new. The table with the water is placed by the side of the person who is being interviewed. When he feels nervous he can start drinking just to do something: get busy, forget nervousness, and meanwhile he has time also to think what to say next. Here it is just the opposite. The water and everything is placed by the side of the media. And I see them plucking grapes, taking water, tossing and turning in their chair, sometimes looking at the photographer, sometimes at the director. They will never forget the interview, because that kind of interview is never going to happen to them unless they come here again, to have another nervous breakdown.

But my work is first to give you a nervous breakdown, because only from there is there a possibility of a spiritual breakthrough. Breakdown to breakthrough, that's the *whole* story. *last110*

Osho's interaction with reporters

Osho keeps the air-conditioned room at 60F. Interviewers agree to take anti-allergy precautions

I must be a little bit in love with you, because I didn't smoke all day. I didn't drink. I had all my clothes dry-cleaned. And I have cold feet--just to see you and to hear you saying what you want to say.

I know you must be in love with me. And you can see in my eyes and see my love for you. That's why I am saying, take a few grapes. *last124*

How do you stay warm in such a cold room?

It is not cold.

To me it is very cold.

To me it is only cool.

You feel better in cold surroundings such as this? Have you always, even as a child?

Always *last130*

I was just talking to one journalist, and I was saying to him that you should not depend on machines. And now the whole war game is not between man and man--that is out of date--the whole war game is between technological nuclear weapons. Even the missiles which will carry the weapons will not have any pilots with them, there is no need. The missile itself can be programmed where to go, where to drop the bomb.

I was saying to him that man has become so dependent on technological machines that anything can go wrong any moment. And when I said this, the electricity went off! The journalist had nothing to say anymore. The proof was there! I said, "Now we can move onto another subject. This is finished." *dless04*

You are a very funny Master. Why do I keep getting the feeling that You are playing a joke on everyone and, if You are, how would I know?

That is the funniest part of it. A joke can never be explained. Either you get it or you don't get it.

That's the beauty of a joke.

Everything is a joke, because to me life is not a serious affair. It is playfulness. It is fun. It is overflowing energy of existence--for no reason, for no purpose. For no goal, for no end. Just for the sheer joy of it. This whole universe is just a big joke. That's why it cannot be explained.

There have been so many philosophers, theologians, trying to explain it. They have all failed for the simple reason because it is not something that can be explained. Either you get it or you don't get it. *last327*

You have just to see my bathroom. Perhaps it is the best in the whole world.

Is that an invitation?

Yes.

I've never been invited to the bathroom before. I've been told I belonged in the bathroom before, but never invited to one.

I am a rare and a unique person in every way: I invite you into my bathroom!

That is unique. But where do we go from there?

There is nowhere to go. Enjoy the jacuzzi there, enjoy the shower there, enjoy the hot shower, enjoy the ice-cold shower....

And then get out...I understand! I need to know this for my own edification: have You ever invited a member of the press to Your bathroom before?

No...

Thank You. I think that's important.

...because I never liked any man the way I like you.

I wonder if this could be love?

This is!

Invited to the bathroom.... Well, I'm sure the listeners of this program are thinking You and I are going to start a nightclub act. *last118*

Just the other night, one beautiful girl was taking my interview for television. And you know I am mad.... She asked me--now, she was not aware what kind of man I am; she must have taken hundreds of interviews of politicians, priests, and all kind of dodos--she asked me, "You have loved so many women, but don't you have a stable relationship with one woman?"

I said, "That is impossible. I don't have any relationship--stable or unstable. I live in the moment."

She said, "At this time, who is the woman?"

I said, "*You* are the woman! I love you in this moment." And in the end, when I started singing and dancing with my sannyasins, I called her close to me: "Hold my hand and dance with me." And it was such a beautiful situation.

She told my secretary, "Now my boyfriend is going to freak out!" I have just said, "I love you," and was just holding her hand and just dancing with my people--why should her boyfriend freak out? And if he's a freaker, let him freak out. He's not worthy of being a boyfriend. Drop that worthless creature! Come to my commune where nobody freaks out, everybody freaks in. *false28*

One beautiful woman journalist was just asking me, "I have heard you don't have dreams."

I said, "Certainly, I don't have dreams. For example, I love you. You can be my girlfriend."

She was shocked! She could not believe it! She enjoyed it too. She said, "But why are you saying it?"

I said, "That's why I don't have any dreams. It came to me to say it, so I said it; it is finished. You need not trouble yourself to come into my dream. But if I don't say it to you now, then you would have to come into my dream, and *then* I would say it to you.

"It is simply finished. I have said it, you have heard, you have enjoyed. You have giggled. You will never have such an interview again in your whole life! I just do the thing that I want to do, without thinking of any consequences. That's why I don't have dreams. Do you want to question me more about it?"

She said, "No!"--because this man seems to be crazy. He may start making love to me, right now, here, before the television camera! If he can say it, he can do it too! It is better to change the subject. *dless29*

Just the other night, I was talking to a very beautiful heart, a Dutch journalist--which is rare, because journalism is worse than politics....

His question was relevant. He was puzzled: "There are people who have been with you for twenty, thirty years--can't they see these many contradictions? And they go on believing in you?" He was simply using the word "belief" wrongly.

My people trust me, love me. It is not a question of my statements to them. They enjoy my statements, it is good entertainment, but it is not a belief system for which you have to live and die. It is only pure entertainment. You have just to laugh and enjoy.

My real work is going on underground. Whatever I am doing is just creating a situation so your head is engaged. And my real approach, my target, is your heart, not your skull. And it is the best way I have found to sort out people. Those who approach me rationally

will soon find the way towards Santa Fe*. Santa Fe is going to be a world-famous place. All the camels of different sizes and shapes!

To be with me you have to learn one art, and that is, don't take my statements seriously. For the moment enjoy them, but don't expect that I am not going to contradict them. Don't impose any expectations of yours on me. I never impose any expectations on you. At least this much you can do--a simple thing.

For centuries masters have been imposing their ideas on the disciples. I am not imposing any of my ideas on you. Don't from your side insist on how I should behave, what I should say or not say; accept that saying something will create contradiction, saying it will create hostility in people outside, saying it will create unnecessary confusion. Don't expect anything from me. Open your heart. That is where the real surgery has to happen.

And once you have known the beauty, the joy, the blessing of dancing in tune with my heart, you will never be bothered by what I said yesterday, what I said ten years ago. Leave all this to people whose profession is gravedigging. Let them settle with the skeletons of the past.

You be here now in this moment, part of my life, part of my love, part of my being. Let me reach you in your innermost core. Allow me to touch your center.

The head is only the periphery, and I am not interested in your heads. I don't count heads, I count the hearts.

The Dutch journalist could understand. When I stood up and started dancing with the sannyasins, he was dancing behind me--in absolute abandon, as if nothing else existed in that moment but the dance.

I told the man, "You can write anything you want about me. Even if you want to say things which I have not said, I give you the authority, because I have been able to touch your heart. And beware, soon you will be a sannyasin!"

I could see the glow in his eyes--just the idea of being a sannyasin, a great adventure ahead, a great pilgrimage. And the way he was dancing was absolutely drunk. It is just coincidence that he happens to be a journalist, that is not his place. His place is amongst the sannyasins, he is a seeker. And he trusts me....

When I was talking to the Dutch journalist, he was worried. He loves me, he has been here before at celebrations, he has been reading my books. He himself has paid his fare, because the editor was not ready to pay the fare. The editor is ready to publish whatsoever the journalist writes, but he was not ready to pay the fare from Holland to here. The journalist has paid it himself. **Note: Santa Fe, New Mexico: a few sannyasins left the ranch are living in Santa Fe. Osho refers to them as 'camels' after a Sufi story about the camel, lion and child.* *dless03*

Just a few days ago, I was talking to a very intelligent and loving Swiss journalist. As I looked into his eyes, I told him, "Though I am not an astrologer or a prophet, about you I cannot resist the temptation of making a prophecy."

He said, "What prophecy?"

I said, "You are so intelligent and so loving, you cannot remain long without becoming a sannyasin."

And the next day he became a sannyasin! He did not wait even for a few days.

I recognize my people immediately--just a look into their eyes and I know they belong to me. And to belong to me does not mean to fit with me or with anything or anybody.

To belong to me means to belong to freedom, to belong to your individuality, to belong to your purity, your naturalness.... *dless38*

You know I have to thank you. About a year and a half ago, I had a really dark time in my life...I tried your laughter meditation and the whole day went completely different than before. So I need to thank you for showing me this meditation.

Just one meditation has done that much for you. If you try a few others you will not find words to thank me.

I have one hundred and twelve methods of meditation. If a person can manage even ten out of those, his life will be a sheer joy with no dark moments, with no frustration, with no tension, no anxiety. Whatsoever happens, he will be able to accept it without any grudge, without any complaint. His gratitude towards existence will be infinite.

We are very ungrateful to existence. It has given so much to us, and without our asking. And we are such ungrateful creatures that we don't even bother to look around at what existence is continuously doing for us--the sun, the moon, the stars, the trees, the birds, the animals, the people. You are living in a tremendously beautiful dream. But you have to be awake about it--only then a gratefulness arises. I call that gratefulness true religion. *last203*

When I came out of simple curiosity to the ranch in May, it never occurred to me that I might be sitting here having your full attention. I had dreamed of such a thing perhaps, but I find the moment quite moving.

I know. I can feel your heart and your tears. So there is a possibility of authentic communion. You are no more a journalist; I can talk to you now heart to heart. Otherwise, journalism is something superficial. The moment it becomes a communion of the heart....

But if it is heart to heart, then journalism can also become art and literature. And it *should* become. *last224*

I would like to ask you to tell me as precisely and concisely as possible the essence of your teachings...

You want to know what is my teaching. It is very simple. The essential core of my teaching is: no belief, no dogma, no creed, no religion, nothing borrowed. But only that which you have experienced has to be trusted; everything else has to be doubted. Just as other religions have their foundation in belief, I have my foundation in doubt. My foundation is exactly what the foundation science has: doubt until you find something indubitable, experiential.

Science moves outwards; I move inwards. This inward movement I call *meditation*. You have to take three simple steps for this inward movement, and the fourth happens on its own accord.

The first step is observing all your activities; that is your body and its acts--walking, chopping wood, drawing water from the well. Remain a witness. Don't do it like a robot.

May I interrupt?

No. No interruption.

Second, when you have become capable of watching and witnessing your body and its activities, then you can take the second step: watch the activities of your mind--thoughts, dreams, imagination. Just remain a witness, as if you are standing by the side of the road and a procession of thoughts is passing on the road. You are not part of it. You are just a mirror reflecting, without any judgment--because mirror has no judgment. A beautiful face, the mirror does not say, "Great." A ugly face, the mirror does not say, "My God." The mirror simply reflects whatsoever comes before it. Exactly one has to become a pure witness, without any judgment, evaluation, good, bad. Then a strange experience happens: as your witnessing grows, thoughts start lessening. In the same proportion, if you have ten percent witnessing, then there are ninety percent thoughts; if you have ninety percent of consciousness, awareness, then there are only ten percent thoughts. Hundred percent witness, and there is just pure nothingness; this is the state of no-mind, this is the door to the third and the last step.

Now watch subtle emotions, moods. Thoughts are not so subtle. Moods, a certain shadow of sadness, a certain joy.

One is concerned with the body, the second with the mind, the third with the heart. And when you become capable of watching the third too, the fourth happens on its own accord. Suddenly a quantum leap and you are standing exactly at the very center of your being, where there is nothing to be aware of. Awareness is aware of itself, consciousness if conscious of itself. And this is the moment of ultimate ecstasy, samadhi,

enlightenment, or whatever name one prefers to give it; but this is the ultimate, there is nothing above it. There is no way to go beyond it, because wherever you go beyond it you will still be a witness. If you start witnessing the witness, you have not gone above it; you are still a witness. So witness is the very end of the inner journey, you have come home.

And this is my whole teaching. It is absolutely scientific. It needs no belief, it needs only experimentation. And I don't ask anybody to trust me. I ask only to experiment and experience.

I know that it will happen to you because it has happened to me, and I am just as ordinary a human being as you are. I don't claim to be a prophet or a savior or an incarnation of God. I don't claim any speciality. I am just exactly like you. The only difference is you are still asleep, and I am awake. It is only a question, sooner or later you will be awake too.

So there is no need to worship me, there is no need to adore me. If you really love me, that's enough for you to move into the experiment. I will stand a guarantee: that it happens. I will be your encouragement, but I will not be your savior. I will not take the responsibility, but I will do my best to shake you and wake you up.

Can I interrupt now?

Yes, now you can. *last302*

I feel that I'm in a mystery school now....

Here is every possibility to inquire into your self. It is not an ideology that I preach, it is not a religion that I impose. On the contrary, my whole effort is to deprogram you. So that you become again an innocent child the way you had come into the world, without any prejudice, without any idea, just innocent. And once that innocence is there, existence opens all its mysteries to you.

So be here for few days, or whenever you can come, come here and remain here for a few days. Mix with my people, who are all seekers, who are all meditators, who are doing things that they wanted to do, and who are rejoicing life in its totality. Just being with them, the very aroma, the milieu, the atmosphere, something may catch fire in you. It always happens.

You have read my words, but words are dead. You have to read me, and to read me there is only one way: to be here for some time, and to sit silently and just let your presence and my presence melt and merge. They have their own way, their own language, which is beyond mind; but once you understand that in silence, in somebody's presence, something blossoms in you, starts growing in you, then you have found a friend on the path.

I'm not a saviour, I'm not a prophet. I'm just a friend. And anybody who wants to walk few steps with me on the path is welcome, and whenever he wants to depart he's absolutely free. There is no bondage, no condition. It is an unconditional togetherness.

My whole commune is not any organization. It is just pure togetherness without any conditions from any side. Anybody can join it, anybody can move out of it. Everybody is totally free to have his own way.

But being with five thousand seekers immensely helps. Alone the path is really very lonely, alone it is very dark, alone there are many moments when one is discouraged. With other seekers ahead of you, behind of you, by the side of you, you know there is no fear. People have passed this stage. There come nights--dark nights of the soul, but you know that others have passed through these dark nights, they have reached; and seeing the sunrise, there is no reason it cannot happen to you. It has to happen to you because you have as much right, just by being alive and being part of existence, as anybody else. Nobody is special in existence, everybody is just with the same right.

The differences are created because few people use their right and few people don't use their right. *last328*

People who come just as spectators cannot believe it. The journalists cannot believe that people can be so happy, so joyful; they think that you are putting it on. And I cannot say that journalists are misrepresenting it knowingly. They have seen the whole world; there is no joy anywhere. How can they believe that so many people can be joyous, and for nothing, because what have we got?

One journalist, a woman from *Newsweek*, was here. She told Sheela, "This is all a put-up business--these people are just pretending." Sheela told me...so I sent a message to the woman, "You remain here for seven days. For seven days, twenty-four hours a day, people cannot continue a put-up business. And these people are working twelve hours, fourteen hours a day, seven days a week. You try!--work fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, then pretend.... If you can do that, then you can write about how this is a put-up job."

The woman understood that this was true. Seven days she stayed; of course she did not work, but she said, "I can understand that working fourteen hours--it is impossible to pretend." Seven days she stayed, and she apologized; but she said to Sheela, "Now what I am writing my bosses are not going to accept. They will say, 'You are hypnotized.'"

She left, and that's what happened: the bosses said, "You should not have stayed there that long. That man played a trick upon you. He challenged you to remain seven days, and hypnotized you."

But she said, "He has not even seen me, we have not met."

But the boss said, "Your article is proof enough that you are hypnotized: not a single negative statement in it, no criticism. I cannot publish this article. You will have to change it." The magazine is owned by a Christian association. The woman had to change it and write things which she knew were wrong.

This is a strange world. People are miserable, misery has become their natural quality. Here, once in a while, somebody becomes miserable; there, once in a while, somebody smiles. But that is a great difference....

The woman from *Newsweek* was very disturbed because whatsoever she had seen in seven days, she had written. She called from New York, "When Sheela comes this way, my boss will be in Chicago and I will be in Chicago. If Sheela passes by and can spare one day--because I am in difficulty. My boss simply thinks that I need to be deprogramed. So if Sheela meets him it would be good."

I said to Sheela, "It will be good: meet him and try to hypnotize him--see what you can do." And what actually happened? The boss wouldn't look at Sheela. He didn't give himself any chance to be hypnotized; he would look sideways, here and there, but not towards Sheela. *person25*

I told the Australian media, "Get ready, I am coming," now the whole of Australia is agog, afraid. Newspapers have started coming, saying that people are very much disturbed, afraid that I may remain there, may not leave Australia. But the man himself who was here was an intelligent man. I really loved the man, he was not just a journalist.

He is answering the phone calls continuously coming to his studio. He informed us, "I have never answered myself, my secretary answers, but this time I am answering myself because I can say to them that I have been there, I have seen the man, I have seen the commune that is there, and they are beautiful people, and you need not be afraid. And don't get unnecessarily excited by rumors. There is no danger." But it is now all over Australia, a great wave of fear. I have not gone there and there is not much possibility.

But my people are there, and my people are growing in every country. And in every country my people will have to face the same problems. They cannot believe, the politicians and others, that I am not going to use my influence politically. It is something inconceivable to those retarded people, that there can be a man who has great influence and is not going to use it in any way.

My influence is that of love. I love my people, and I would not like to put my people in any kind of destructive situation. *last110*

Do you feel the way the press report you is fair?

It is almost fair. It cannot be absolutely fair for the simple reason because journalism has not raised itself into an art. It serves the retarded masses, and depends on sensationalism. It is criminal. That's why I say 'almost fair'. *last303*

Most of the journalists have been very fair, very loving, and those are the only people I have come in contact with from the outside world. They have been intelligent and they could understand what I am saying and they could understand the sense of humor.

All the journalists who have come here, except one or two, have enjoyed the place, loved the place, wanted to come again and again. *last128*

Osho's Personal Life

In 1985, for the first time, Osho speaks at length in discourse about his personal life. In July the three intimate books from his dental sessions are published. During press interviews he answers many personal questions.

Who are you?

I am just an ordinary human being. I consider your saviors, your prophets, your messengers of God, crackpots. These people are hallucinating. They are not in their right senses. What to say about their being enlightened?--they are not even normal human beings. They are sick. And the popes are representatives of these sick people....

I am just an ordinary man who is not sick....

To be perfectly healthy in your being, to be whole, is enlightenment. And that does not make you superior to others. It makes you unique; that's why you can't fit into any category. Every enlightened person is unique.

Whatever I have experienced has made my life a benediction, has made thousands of other people's lives a blessing, a joy. I have not divided humanity and I have not created any hatred. I have not created any fight, cruelty, war, violence.

I don't represent any religion. I have a religious experience. I am my own authority. *last403*

What makes You so special? Why are You the one who is the leader? You tell people things, and they follow what You say, but why You? Why not somebody else?

You ask them--because I am not their leader. I have not told them that they are my followers. I have not asked them to come and be here with me. It is their business and their problem, and their responsibility. I am a very irresponsible person. I don't take anybody else's responsibility. It is enough that I take my own responsibility.

You will have to ask my people why.

Does it surprise You that they follow You the way they do?

It surprises me immensely. It is really a miracle. I am nobody's leader, but there are half a million people who think they are my followers.

Do You enjoy the adoration?

No. Not at all. I hate it. I enjoy friendship. Adoration is putting somebody high above you. I don't have any ego. I am not higher than anybody else, not holier than anybody else.

But it certainly surprises me. They adore...they must be crazy! Now what can I do about it? You tell me.

I'd just go along with it.

That's okay. *last105*

Perhaps You could make some mistakes. Or do enlightened people make mistakes?

I make as many as possible. But that makes me more human. And it is easier to love a human being than to love the only begotten son of God. *last327*

Never use words like "perfect". Everything is imperfect here, has to be--except idiots like Pope the Polack. These are perfect people, infallible. Only idiots can claim infallibility. The wise ones will say, "Perhaps it is so. I do not know absolutely. Yes, I have glimpses. There are moments of clarity; there are times it seems, `Yes! This is it!' but there is no full stop anywhere."

If you ask me how many times I have said, "This is it!" and the next day, something bigger.... And I think, "My God! So *this* is it!" But slowly slowly, when it was happening more and more, more and more, bigger and bigger, I dropped the idea of saying, "This is it!"

This is always becoming it, but there is no full stop. It is never perfect.

Knowing is a process. *dark09*

To me life is a permanent change; only change is unchanging, everything else changes. If you are alive you change, if you are dead, of course you cannot change. The moment you stop changing you have died. Many people die near about thirty years of their age; then they may live fifty years more, but that is posthumous life. I will live to the very last breath. I will go on changing. I will go on growing. There is no limit to it. There may be a limit to the sky, but there is no limit to the consciousness. *last302*

Do you meditate for many hours a day?

It is my twenty-four-hour thing, because.... I will have to explain a little bit about it. Other religions have prescribed people a few minutes, half an hour, to meditate, concentrate, contemplate, pray--but to me the whole idea is idiotic that you can meditate for half an hour and for the remaining twenty-three and a half hours you can remain non-meditative. That is impossible. It is just like saying, "Breathe half an hour and for the remaining time, forget all about it--tomorrow morning breathe again."

Meditation is something that has to become your constant companion. So my method is such that it disturbs nothing. For example, I am talking to you: my method is that while I am talking to you I am fully aware of what I am saying, to whom I am saying it. Every gesture of my hand is with full awareness.

So do whatsoever you are doing--walking on the street or swimming on the lake--but remain conscious of your activity. Then you can be in meditation twenty-four hours a day. And unless you can be twenty-four hours in meditation, all your half-hour meditations are toys: you are just befooling yourself. *last220*

Could You say something to us about bliss?

I have been blissed out myself for almost thirty-three years. That is exactly the time Jesus lived on earth. Shankara also lived only thirty-three years, Vivekananda too. For the length of the whole life of Jesus I have been blissed out. And this seems to be the right time to ask me what bliss is. It is almost impossible to answer, but remember I am saying "almost"....

In coming out of the ego you come out of suffering, misery, anguish--that whole company. And when there is no ego, what remains is blissfulness.

I close my eyes--it is there.

I open my eyes--it is there.

I walk--it walks with me.

I sleep--it sleeps with me:

I am no longer separate from it.... *person26*

I am perfectly happy right now, so blessed that I can bless the whole world. Still my blissfulness will not be exhausted.

Why share it with the world?

Because it goes on increasing if you share. It is profit-making.

There are a few giggles there. Define what you mean by profit-making.

The more you share your bliss, your joy, the more it increases. It is a totally different kind of economics from that which you are aware of. In the ordinary economics the rule is if you go on sharing your money, it will decrease.

In the higher economics, which is my business, the more you share, the more existence goes on pouring into you. It is just like a well: you go on drawing water from the well and new water goes on flowing from everywhere. If you stop drawing water from the well, the water will become stale, dead, even poisonous.

Bliss has to be shared. It is not out of compassion. That is why I said it is profit-making. It is not out of compassion that I share my bliss. it is just out of simple profit motive. It increases the more I share. It is like the rain cloud full of rain. It *has* to shower somewhere, otherwise it will become heavy, burdened.

Yes, I say, if you don't share your bliss it will go stale. It will start stinking very soon. It will die. You have to share it to keep it alive, flowing, increasing, expanding. I am an imperialist. I don't believe in any limits on anything. *last121*

Recently you said that most people who become enlightened die shortly afterwards. How have you managed to stay with us so long? I am so grateful.

Really I should be grateful to you. It is love for you, and the love that you go on pouring upon me that has helped me to remain with you. Love is a spiritual nourishment.

Those who died after their enlightenment died because they thought they had found it and now there was no reason to live. When I found it, I said to myself, "Now there is every reason to live." Before finding, there was no reason; I could have died easily. But after my finding it, my love would not let me die. I waited for you, and you started coming. I have not sent a message, not written a letter. Still, from faraway lands you started coming, as if you have always belonged to me.

Now I am part of you, you are part of me. It is going to be very difficult for death to take me away from so many people, from your love: I am protected.

Love is the antidote of death, not life.

Ordinarily you think that life and death are contraries. No, death and love are the contraries. Now it is going to be a great strain on death. I should be grateful to you. I have not given anything to you, there is nothing to give. You have already got it. At the most I go on shaking you, shocking you, hitting you. Do you think that is giving?

But you have loved me--a man who does not deserve anybody's love. I am immensely grateful to the sannyasins. You are my life! If you are with me, there is no death. If you are not with me, then this very moment I will be gone. It is your love which is keeping me breathing, living; it is your joy, your blissfulness, your songs, your dances.

In the night when I go to sleep, I tell death, "At least don't disturb my morning. My people will be waiting to burst into singing." I am alive because so many people would like me to be alive. Existence cannot go against so much love. Existence cannot do anything without the permission of so many people. Death has to wait!

It all depends on you. My work is done as far as I am concerned. There is nothing more to experience, nothing more to know. But I have become so much concerned with you that it does not matter that *my* work is finished; there are so many people who love me whose work is not finished. I *have* to live, to find ways and means to postpone death.

And I am very stubborn. I have struggled with life, and I have been victorious. Death is a poor thing; if I can be victorious in life, I can easily keep death waiting outside the door. I will allow it in only when I see that you are awake, that your consciousness has arisen, that even if I am not here you will continue my work, you will go on spreading the fire around the world. But please, just to keep me alive don't go on sleeping.

There are so many--eight hundred thousand--sannyasins around the world. It is going to be a difficult task for death to take me away from my people. I am not alone, I have penetrated into your beings. I have dispersed myself into so many beings that it is almost impossible for death to collect me unless I help.

Don't just feel grateful. If you are grateful, it is good, but not enough. Become what you are, *be* what you are. Let me rejoice! My only joy is to see somebody coming home.

I will wait till eternity. You can go on and on befooling yourself, but remember--I am waiting, and I want you to be enlightened. I want it to become the most important historical fact in human existence, that thousands of people relax into their ordinariness and become enlightened. Yes, in the past it was so that after thousands of years one person may become enlightened. I don't live in that bullock-cart age, I am a contemporary man. I want you to become enlightened with jet speed--and it is possible. I am not asking the impossible.

You have given so much to me.

You go on giving so much to me.

I wonder...what have I done? Where have I gone wrong?--that so many people for no reason go on pouring their love on one who deserves nothing. And your love goes on growing. As your love goes on growing, I become healthier and healthier.

Soon I am going to dance with you! *false28*

I am only fifty-four but it seems I am almost ancient. Deep inside I feel just like a child, just born, as fresh as the dewdrops in the early morning sun. But in the body I feel as if I have lived many lives together in one life. *person22*

I am ancient.... Very ancient. You can see in me, in my eyes...you will see the whole past of humanity. I am as old as existence itself--because I have always been here. I am part, just as you are part, of this existence. And I have been in so many bodies that now I cannot get identified with any body. When you have to change so many trains, you are bound to feel that no train is yours; at the coming junction again you have to change the train.

In this body I have been fifty-four years. But in fifty-four years I have lived a life which is not possible to live even in two hundred years. I have lived intensely, totally. Whatever I have been doing at whatever time, I was doing it with my whole heart, as if the next moment is death.

This time is the last time. I have been coming into bodies again and again, but this time it is the last time. After enlightenment, you cannot come back to the body. That is the only disadvantage. *last108*

Who will be your successor when you die?

I don't care. I don't care at all. I am a man who is not concerned with past or future....

I care in this moment. It is not caring about their future. In this moment I care. What happens tommorrow I have nothing to do with. But in this moment, whatsoever response arises in me I have to share with my people. *last105*

I want to leave this world as if I have never been here. I don't want to leave any footprints, so that no idiot starts following the footprints. I will destroy everything. *last312*

What do You do all day?

Nothing. Just nothing.

And where do you do nothing?

Just sitting in my room, in my chair, enjoying myself. *last102*

Are You never bored with life?

Boredom is something very fundamental.

It is part of not accepting your aloneness.

It is part of not being able to enjoy your aloneness.

You have been taught by the society to escape, to go on running, not to look back; but boredom follows you like a shadow.

Boredom is your shadow.

Where are you going to escape?

You can't escape from it....

My life is absolutely lonely.

This is strange to say because I have lived thirty-five years of my life in crowds. But I am alone in the crowd.

You are there, but I am alone.

Even in the crowd I am not in any way different than when I am sitting in my room alone. My aloneness persists; it is incorruptible. I live in just one room almost the whole day.

My life is as much a routine as possible. Everything that creates boredom I have meticulously arranged around myself I have not allowed anything that may help me to escape from my aloneness. In the morning exactly at a certain time I get up. And do you know what I do first thing? Even Vivek does not know. The first thing is, I pinch myself to see whether I am still here or it is finished. Only after pinching myself and being certain do I push the button for Vivek to bring my tea. Because what is the point of pushing the button if I am not here? She will unnecessarily get up and prepare the tea and bring it--and that is not right.

So first I make certain that I am still here. Then the second thing I do--I push the button for her to bring my tea. And what is my tea? No milk, no sugar, just hot water with tea leaves. But I enjoy it because it is the purest taste of tea. Sugar and milk destroy the purity of tea completely.

Everything is set up exactly the same every day. I have half an hour in my bathroom, then half an hour in my swimming pool. It must be the hottest swimming pool in the world: ninety-nine degrees fahrenheit. It is just cooking yourself completely. Twenty minutes in it and you are cooked well. And I don't have a small swimming pool, it is olympic size. You know I am a man of very simple tastes--I am satisfied with the best of anything: satisfied simply, but with the best of anything.

Sheela was asking me, "What are you going to do with the olympic size?"

I said, "That is not the point, what I am going to I do with the olympic size. The size has to be olympic; I cannot step into a smaller size swimming pool."

Half an hour in that hot water, then back for half an hour under an ice-cold shower. You cannot have that ice-cold shower for more than two minutes. But after ninety-nine degrees of hot water it is a tremendously beautiful experience to be under ice-cold water The change from hot to the opposite, to very cold, is again a deeper pinching. The first

was on the body, this is on the soul. Then I am perfectly certain that I am here and going to prevail, at least for today.

Vivek brings my breakfast, which is really a great breakfast--just a glass of juice, the same. It would be the same for everybody else, but not for me because I don't compare. Yesterday is gone and tomorrow has not come yet--I don't compare it. Vivek was asking me today, "Are you really excited with the same food every day?"--because yesterday I said I was excited. She was asking, "Are you *really* excited?"

I said, "I am always excited with the same juice, the same food, because the problem arises only when you start comparing. When you start thinking that for ten years you have been having the same juice, then there arises the fear, "What are you doing?"

But I am not bored. I have dropped comparison. I don't carry any psychological memory with me. I go on dropping it moment to moment, and then I can enjoy the same thing for the whole of eternity.

She must have been worried because of what I said. She must have talked with my personal physician, Devaraj, and said, "Should we change Osho's complete menu?"

I said, "No, I am not going to allow you to change it. I am so settled with it that a change may create some trouble." And I am not bored with it. It is difficult to believe, but I have learned one thing:

If you can enjoy your aloneness then you can enjoy anything.

And if you cannot enjoy your aloneness, you cannot enjoy anything. That is an absolutely fundamental principle.... *person23*

You, got as far as breakfast. To complete our religious historical records, could You tell us what goes beyond the juice?

There is nothing that goes beyond the juice.

The seers of the *Upanishads* have described the ultimate reality as the "juice"--*raso vai saha*. This is the only definition which comes close to what I call godliness.

Raso vai saha means "that which is nothing but juice":

No person, no personality, but only a taste, a feel.

So if you ask me for anything that goes beyond the juice, it is very difficult for me to answer because juice is the last, the ultimate, the beyond itself--nothing goes beyond it. And as far as my breakfast juice is concerned I don't allow anything to go beyond even that.

You will have to understand it. First, for your religious and historical records: after juice--and remember, "after" does not mean "beyond"; "after" simply means chronologically after, timewise, but not beyond. After juice I listen to a few songs, poetry, music, that I have been listening to for almost thirty years. Those who have lived with me have always been puzzled.

When I was a student my friends were puzzled--they were the same records. I had an old-style gramophone and a collection of records. When I started playing my records they would escape from their rooms, which were on either side, and they couldn't help but hear. They complained to the vice-chancellor.

I was called and I explained to him, "Hearing has two dimensions. One is horizontal. You hear a song; if it is new, you are interested because you don't know what is coming next, what turn it will take. But if you have heard it once, then horizontally it loses meaning. Horizontally there is no excitement: you know perfectly well what is going to come next. And when you know it already, how can you be excited?"

The horizontal meaning is finished in just experiencing anything for the first time. But I have discovered that there is a vertical meaning too--to everything in life. The songs, the music, that I have heard for thirty years and still listen to, now have no horizontal meaning for me. I know every nook and corner, every nuance--as far as the horizontal lines are concerned they have become almost irrelevant. And when I hear them, a strange thing happens: physically I almost fall asleep, but I continue to hear. And in this state, the words which have been heard thousands of times are no longer significant, but something deeper than the words starts opening up.

The song is not in the words: it is something around the word, between the words, between the lines, but never in the word itself. If it is authentic poetry then there will be a depth where words are lost: you dive into the meaning itself, the pure meaning. It is more sound and silence. The word is left far behind; the word becomes almost transparent.

In the East it was discovered thousands of years ago. In English you have one word for reading, "study." For "reading," in Sanskrit we have two words--*adhyayan*, which means study, and *path*, which is not translatable. Path means reading something again and again, not to understand what it means linguistically--that you can understand by reading one time, or two times; you need not read it thousands of times. And if you cannot understand it reading it five or ten times, then you are not capable of understanding it in reading it a thousand times either. You will still be you.

No, that is not the purpose of reading it a thousand times. The purpose is how to go farther than the word. The only way is to repeat the words so many times that they become absolutely meaningless, irrelevant. And when it becomes irrelevant, only then the vertical dimension opens; you start falling into its depth.

But that is possible only with authentic poetry or authentic music, not with ordinary music or ordinary poetry which is composed by the mind. That is nothing but a play with

words; there is nothing to be conveyed. The man has no experience, no juice to pour into those words so those words can become carriers of a message. He knows how to manage a certain rhythm in words, and he composes a song. It is a composition, it is not a creation.

But when a song is created, it means it is not composed by the mind but has arisen out of a certain experience of rhythm, harmony; and you try to express it through the words, because words can reach the other--the pure juice is not transferable....

So after my breakfast, for two or three hours I listen to my chosen songs. I know them perhaps more than the people who wrote them and the people who sang them. I am far more acquainted with them because I have heard them thousands of times. Every day I enter a new depth. It is almost a state of deep silence; and because of the silence, my body relaxes and goes to sleep--l am awake. With the body, the words are connected; with me, the meaning. But this too is another experience of juice.

Sometimes, very rarely, I listen to instrumental music. Many people have asked me, "If you are not interested in the words, then instrumental music should be more to your liking." But it is not the case. Instrumental music is beautiful, but because it has no words it has no dimensionality. The words give the song a horizontal dimension which makes it possible to dive vertically. The instrumental music is simple. It is horizontal, but because there are no words, the moment you drop the horizontal dimension you are in a desert without any oasis. It is beautiful, horizontally.

The songs are beautiful only when you enter the vertical dimension, but that is possible only by creating the polar opposite. The word is the polar opposite of silence. If words are not there, you cannot create silence. The instrumental music is sound, there is no silence. It is sound arranged in a harmonious way but it cannot have that polarity of word and wordlessness.

So after breakfast I enjoy something which is again juice, but not material, immaterial...as if you have a taste without eating anything. There is no physical counterpart to it--just taste without anything tasty on your taste buds.

At eleven I take my lunch. Vivek still cannot believe that I am excited, but what to do? Whether you believe it or not I *am* excited. I myself cannot believe it. So I can understand that nobody will be able to believe it when I myself cannot believe it. I know exactly what she is going to bring, everything is predictable; three small quantities of vegetables, boiled, without salt, without any kind of spices.

They have become experts in making everything tasteless. You cannot defeat them in that. And certainly they must be wondering: they go on giving this tasteless food to me, but I never complain. I have always appreciated it, because it has given me an opportunity which they don't know about. When you are eating delicious food, with spices and all kinds of things, made to be tasty, perfumed, you are losing something that

you don't know. You are destroying your taste buds. They are not meant for such strong things; they are very small, and very delicate.

I discovered the real taste of things only when I started following Devaraj's recipes. He has changed my dining room into a hospital. But I love it. Now you can put me into any hospital and they will not be able to do any harm to me.

Three vegetables, almost the same; four slices of bread just toasted and without any butter; and a cup of Indian sauce, chutney--that's all. But in my whole life I have never been so satisfied with my food as I am now. In India there are thousands of kinds of food. Perhaps there is no other country which has so many different varieties of food: each province has its own varieties. I have moved all over India, and I have eaten all kinds of foods. Every state has its own tremendous findings--perhaps it has taken thousands of years for them to develop certain delicacies--but all their food, howsoever tasty, is not good, healthwise.

My weight was good so I used to look very healthy. But I discovered it only late, that just to look healthy is not health. Now I am healthy--but my mother comes, and she says every time she comes.... I remind her, "You have told this to me every time you have come: 'What have you done to your health?'" and she thinks that I am wearing this long and loose robe just to *deceive* her.

I say, "I am not trying to deceive."

She says, "But I can see your hands on the video. You may be able to deceive others but you cannot deceive me. I have seen you from your very child]hood, and you had such a beautiful body." And I can see tears coming into her eyes looking at my food. I don't allow her...because she has been trying persistently for years to bring something, just a little.

I say, "No, nothing doing. My doctor does not allow it. I can take only what he prescribes, I cannot take anything else." But again and again--and I know why, because she saw me in 1960 when I was one hundred and ninety pounds, and I had a body....

But Devaraj has been of great help. He has dropped all milk products--milk, butter, ghee, everything--from my food, and I feel really clean. Of course, I have lost weight, but what purpose is weight? I don't look cut out of marble but there is no need to look cut out of marble--there are enough marble statues.

For the first time in my life I am feeling at ease with food. In India it was impossible because everybody was harassing me: "If you drop milk then there is nothing in the food. If you drop curd then there is nothing in the food. If you don't take butter then you will lose weight." But that weight was causing me all kinds of difficulties. Right now all of my difficulties have disappeared.

My breathing is no longer a trouble, and as my weight has been coming down my back has been getting better. Strangely, since the weight has come below one hundred and thirty pounds, my back is absolutely right. There is no strain at all; otherwise once in a while I used to feel the strain in a certain position. Now in no position am I feeling the strain....

After my lunch I go to sleep. This is something that I have followed my whole life. Two hours sleep in the middle of the day gives me two days out of one day, two mornings, two evenings; it doubles the joy of life. And sleep, according to Patanjali, is very close to samadhi. The only difference is that in samadhi your body is asleep but your consciousness is awake. Now to me, both sleep and samadhi are the same. My consciousness is awake twenty-four hours a day. Whether my body is awake or asleep makes no difference to my consciousness.

But to give the body a total relaxation--even sitting on a comfortable chair like this is not total relaxation for the body because of the gravitation....

So for two hours in the day I enjoy a small night, and I make my room completely dark. Many times I forget: when I get up at quarter to two it takes a little while for me to figure it out, whether it is morning or afternoon, and sometimes Vivek has to come to wake me because I have simply forgotten completely that it is afternoon. So I have told her, "You can wait up to quarter to two; longer than that you should not wait. That means I am not clear whether it is morning or evening...and people must be waiting for the drive-by, so you wake me."

Then again, a cup of tea--the same, because it is again morning. Then I go to see you all.

It is enough for me just to see you happy, dancing, singing, enjoying.

That's what I want the whole world to be:

Just always in a dancing and singing mood.

People who come just as spectators cannot believe it. The journalists cannot believe that people can be so happy, so joyful; they think that you are putting it on. And I cannot say that journalists are misrepresenting it knowingly. They have seen the whole world; there is no joy anywhere. How can they believe that so many people can be joyous, and for nothing, because what have we got?...

And just seeing you happy is all that I am here for.

Nothing else is expected from you.

No Master has ever expected less than I expect from you:

Just that you should be joyous, that you should treat miseries and sufferings as being below you.

The whole world is ready to be miserable and suffer without you. Do you think the world is going to miss your misery, suffering? Don't be worried about that.

You can enjoy, you can rejoice....

I see many times people standing in the line, spectators who come for drive-by. They don't look at me. I feel like stopping my car and opening my window, but I feel if they get hypnotized then I will be found a culprit, so it is better that I pass on and don't bother about them. They are looking somewhere else...and they have come to see *me*! What is happening?--I am seeing them, and they are avoiding me.

Coming back from the drive-by, which I enjoy immensely...because my attitude towards life is this: tomorrow perhaps I may not be able to see you dancing again, so every day I see it as if I am seeing it for the first time and the last time. Vivek looks a little puzzled: how can I go on enjoying every day the same people dancing and beating drums out of tune, and doing all kinds of things? How do I go on enjoying it every day? I don't look at her for the simple reason that she may feel awkward. I don't look at her, not even a single time: she may feel awkward because she is seeing me enjoying the same scene again every day.

But to me it is a question of tremendous importance. Perhaps tomorrow I may not be able to see you again; then the last time I see you, I should see you as fully as possible, as totally as possible. And because I never compare, the question does not arise that you are the same people singing the same song, playing on the same drums. And I know, I will make arrangements so that even when I am not there, my car will pass at the exact time for you to dance and sing and play. Wherever I am, I will enjoy it. It is a promise.

So you will not miss my car at least, even if I am not there. Vivek will be there; and people already think perhaps she is driving the car. Sheela had to clear up this rumor in front of the commune--that it is not so, because the rumor was coming again and again, and when it became too much....One day a radio reporter was following the car, giving a commentary to his radio station which was released immediately. He was giving the commentary like you listen to the commentary on a football match: "now Bhagwan has come, people are dancing, singing, jumping. There is all kinds of music, all kinds of tunes are being played...and now Bhagwan has even let go of the steering wheel--that too was in the commentary--"and He is beating time with the dancers and singers. Now it is a wonder how the car is...." Then Sheela came to me; she said, "this was the radio commentary. It was relayed all over America."

And then the rumor started coming to her: "Is it true that Bhagwan is not driving, Vivek is?" The pedals and gears are on Vivek's side, and only a pseudo-steering wheel is in front of me so I can let go of it and there is no problem! In fact, it can be arranged that way. My garage director, Avesh, is a great mechanic. He can manage it that way so that

Vivek will be sitting still on the passenger's seat with the gears and the pedals, and a certain small device for steering with the hand. And my steering wheel will remain free the way it is when I'm not holding it.

But I would like you still to enjoy drive-by the same way, to dance the same way, even more so, because when I am not there you have to "put it on"--even better!

Life is so simple and so beautiful.

If you can remember that tomorrow is not certain, then it is intense too.

Coming back I again listen to music. Then I again repeat the same routine: going to the bath, going to the swimming pool, going to the chilled shower. Then the supper, the same. Why you call it supper, I don't know, because it is the same as lunch. At least as far as I am concerned, a different word is not needed; it is just the same as lunch. And as far as dinner is concerned, I don't know the meaning of it because I have never had any dinner--just the same lunch, exactly the same.

My kitchen people have invented something new, a patty made out of dahl. It is really delicious, and perhaps my kitchen is the only place where it is made because it is not made in India. My kitchen has dozens of recipes for patties but I have chosen only two: one for the morning, and one for the evening. But I end up my lunch with a glass of juice the same as in the morning, because I will not allow anything to go beyond the juice. I end my supper, so-called supper, with a glass of juice and then I am excitedly waiting for Sheela to bring the questions.

You will not be as excited to meet me as I am to meet you. I don't know what I am going to say. That's why many things I go on missing. That's why I forgot yesterday after breakfast--I must have gone somewhere else, because it is not a prepared speech. I am simply speaking as if to myself--the way you think. I don't think, so there is no question of preparing: I simply start speaking. Speaking without thinking, it is bound to be a little bizarre....

After the discourse I do some work with Sheela, anything concerned with sannyasins' spiritual growth. And nearabout ten o'clock I take my last glass of juice and go into sleep or samadhi, which are both the same to me. Now you can see that I don't have anything beyond the juice.

The juice is the last and ultimate thing: Raso vai saha, that which is nothing but juice. In the Sanskrit sutra they do not use the pronoun "he"; instead they use "that." It is quite clear that they are referring to existence itself and not to a non-existent God. *person25*

At eleven in the night, all my life I have eaten a certain kind of Indian sweet that I eat and go to bed. Without eating my sweet I cannot sleep.

What kind of a sweet is it?

It is a Bengali sweet which is not known in the West, but is the best. It is made of milk. The cream is taken out. You heat the milk and just pour lemon juice into the boiling milk. It separates, and what is left is called *rasogulla.*

It is something that the West has not used. It is the lightest sweet. In Bengal, it is given to patients or to those who are recovering from a long sickness. It is very helpful and tremendously delicious. From eleven to six, I am again knocked out. And if existence wants me again tomorrow, I will be awakened; otherwise I am gone--gone with the wind. *last123*

I sleep with three pillows: one on each side and one under my head.... and I use very big pillows, perhaps the biggest size..."I cannot sleep without those two. Those two are absolutely part of my sleep. If somebody takes one of my pillows, then it is difficult for me to sleep. I will miss him the whole night." *unconc27*

I take one and a half hours in my bathroom, relaxing in my bath. I love my bathroom the best; it is my temple. They have made really beautiful, gorgeous bathrooms for me. And not only one, because I'm always for two of everything--not less than that--because if something goes wrong in one bathroom, I'm not going to miss my bath. A second bathroom has to be constantly alert and ready.

So for one and a half hours I enjoy in my bathroom. I have the best bubble baths. I'm allergic to perfumes, so I can take only herbal bubble baths. If you come to my bathroom you will be surprised to see what a treasure I have got there: the world's best shampoos, hair conditioners, liquid soaps without perfume--all kinds. Every day it is really difficult for me to choose. It takes me almost five minutes to figure out what this combination will do. *last123*

You don't go out driving anymore around here, is that correct?

Not every day now. When I was not speaking, when I was in silence, I wanted to see my sannyasins every day...that's why the driveby was invented. Now I am seeing them in the morning for two and a half hours every day, so there is no need. But we have four celebrations around the year. In each celebration--it will be a seven day celebration--they will have driveby also.

What do you experience inside your car when you drive past your disciples?

I love them. Just to see them is a great nourishment to me. to see them dance, to see them laugh. Perhaps I start feeling: I am certainly the Blessed One--so much love I don't think anybody has received ever. *last113*

Happiness attracts happiness.

Lovingness attracts more love.

Blissfulness attracts more bliss.

Giggle, and soon you will be laughing. Just try to move your hands and legs and soon you will be dancing--what else to do? I see it happen every day during the drive-by. First people just *try,* because it is so much against their upbringing. But then they see that others are also doing it; they look to both sides, people are doing it. Against themselves, reluctantly, they start moving a little bit--and soon they are dancing.

One old man is there: at first he used to just stand. I went on watching him, what happens. He is old, has a thick past, but by and by he started moving. One day I saw--he had brought a flute, but he was keeping the flute under his arm. Then he started playing the flute. Then he started dancing and playing on the flute, together.

And today he was just dancing with the flute above his head, in his hand; he had dropped everything. He had forgotten he is old; he forgot that he is not supposed to do such a thing--and he was so happy! Just to see his face...it was a beautiful moment. He again became a child, again the same innocence was in his eyes. *dark23*

I go for a drive--that I have always loved. And my sannyasins have made a beautiful road just for me. Perhaps I am the poorest and the richest man in the world: I don't possess anything, but everything that anybody can possess, I use. I don't think even the Queen of England has a private road going into the forest, in the hills, by the side of a lake. It is used only for one hour, and there is no traffic, so there is no question of following any stupid laws of being on the right or being on the left. Mostly I follow being in the middle, which is not allowed anywhere else in the world--that's why I enjoy it. *last123*

Who are the people who come close to you in your everyday life? Obviously, not five thousand or two thousand people can be around.

No. Just in the morning, everybody listens to me, the whole commune together. In the evening, my secretary, Sheela, comes if there is any problem for which she needs guidance from me. In the day, Vivek, another sannyasin, takes care of my food. She comes only when I give her a call to bring my food or my tea. Otherwise, I remain completely alone. *last102*

I need a certain kind of chair. I use only this chair, it has been made by my sannyasins exactly to give support to my back, because doctors said they cannot do anything....

They make everything for me: this chair, my shoes, my dresses, my hat, even my watch. Everything they make for me. And because they make with so much love, so much feeling, that I can feel the robe is not just the cloth. That's why I sad I am certainly a sensuous man. Wearing this robe I can feel my sannyasins, their love for me. Wearing this watch I can feel the person who worked hard on it.... *last210*

I know that any fashion-conscious people, particularly women, who've seen You would say, "Where does He get those magnificent clothes from?"

My women make them. They love to see me in fabulous clothes.

Are You fashion conscious?

I love everything that is beautiful. I will not say I am fashion conscious, because my robe is not a fashion.

Well, You may be starting a new fashion.

That is possible. I love everything that is beautiful, but I am not fashion conscious, otherwise I would be imitating somebody else who is fashionable. My people design my clothes. They enjoy, and they know that I love only the best of everything. So they do it, and try their best. And I am perfectly contented with my people. In fact, I adore them. Nobody has been so fortunate as I am. *last105*

Just look at my beard! I don't think any of my sannyasins would like my beard to be shaved. Perhaps many of my women sannyasins are here just because of my gray beard. And anyway, whether I am saved spiritually or not, I am not going to shave my beard! *dless04*

I never have used telephone in my whole life. *last302*

On my dining table I have a small statue somebody has sent to me. It is an ancient statue, it has existed in the East almost for seven thousand years. It is a statue which is half-man, half-woman. *bond36*

Basho's small haiku I have on the pond near my house. I love it so much, I wanted it to be there. So every time, coming and going.... One of the persons I have loved. Nothing much in it. "An ancient pond...." It is not an ordinary poetry. It is very pictorial. Just visualize: "An ancient pond. A frog jumps in...." You almost see the ancient pond! You almost hear the frog, the sound of its jump: "Plop." And then everything is silent. *last324*

I like everything that is beautiful, creative. It contributes to life, it makes life worth living. Only a few people have contributed to life's beauty; others are simply just a burden on the earth.

I would like everybody to know something of painting, something of music, something of dancing. Everybody...every educational institution, rather than simply teaching mathematics and physics and chemistry and geography and history, should pay a little more attention to dancing, to singing, to painting, to music, to sculpture, because those are the things which will make life more beautiful. *last213*

Do you do any art work?

My whole work is art! I don't do anything else except art work....

I don't paint on ordinary canvases and I don't write poems on paper, but on living beings. And each of my sannyasins is my poetry. And each of my sannyasins will carry my gestures, my attitudes, my approaches, and he will make it even richer because he is a living person. He may give it more polish, he may give it more beauty; he *has* to do it. That will be his gratitude towards the master, that will be his thankfulness.

So from morning 'til night I am continuously creating. But to see my creativity you need to be part of it. You cannot be just a spectator; you have to be insider, not an outsider, because it is so subtle and so delicate, so invisible, that unless you enter it with an open mind, without any prejudice, you will not be able to experience it. Just a little experience will open the door. *last209*

My house is made by my sannyasins themselves. No outside worker has been called for anything. They have made the roads, they have made the houses, they have made a house for me. They love me.

They have made a beautiful garden because they know I love trees and they feel sad that I have to live in a desert. They don't want me to see the desert. They have surrounded my whole house with so thick trees that I cannot see the desert at all from anywhere.

They have brought peacocks--three hundred peacocks in my garden. When they all dance, then it is really something worth seeing. Just they love me! And love needs no why. Whenever you ask why, that simply means you don't understand love. *last308*

Just the other morning Vivek showed me one of the white peacocks which always comes near my sitting room and sleeps on a treetop. That is his religious practice every night; it may be raining, it may be snowing--it doesn't matter. And the place where he sits seems to be so risky that he could fall any moment, but he is so relaxed, almost one with the tree. Now, after these ten hours, twelve hours of almost going to the very source of his life in sleep, if he starts dancing by the morning it is no wonder.

It has nothing to do with the sun or the flowers, it has something to do with his inner energy which is overflowing. The birds are chirping, chitchatting--it is simply aliveness. But remember, animals or birds cannot have a taste of happiness; that is man's prerogative. *person26*

In my garden...I used to think there were one hundred peacocks. Now Mukta has informed me, "You are continuously making a wrong statement. There are three hundred peacocks."

Six small kids have lost track of their mothers. And, of course, in peacocks you cannot find a Mother Teresa. Peacocks don't care about Nobel Prizes. So those six orphans hang out with each other. And they are growing! They have not bothered about the fact that the mother is lost, although it would have been easier for them to grow in the protection of the mother. *dless19*

I understand that you swim for your health.

I swim.

How often and where and what do you wear?

I don't wear anything. I used to swim twice, but for two months I had to stop it because my physicians became afraid. The water going into my ear was creating trouble, and my ear drums may get hurt or some trouble may arise. And it is possible because I have been swimming from my very childhood for hours. It may have damaged my ear drums.

So for two months I have not been swimming. My pool is there, Olympic size, just for me. That's how I live, in abundance! *last224*

What happened to your glasses?

That was just because of these lights. My eyes were feeling teary. Continuous exposure for two hours in the morning or two and a half hours, and two and a half hours in the evening, my eyes started feeling teary. That's why I used those glasses; I don't need them now that they have managed to put the lights a little farther away. I think they need still to adjust them because I can feel the strain on the eyes a little. Otherwise, my eyes...you just look at my eyes. *last120*

I am just a common-sense man. I am not a scientist I am not a religious prophet. I am just a common-sense man, but I have tried to sharpen my common sense to its utmost.

I have only one capacity, to see clearly; not in the sense of my eye doctor--he is sitting here. he is trying to force glasses on me. I am talking about his eyes. About my eyes I will listen to him.

I am very much a man of common sense. When it comes to my physical eyes, I listen to my eye doctor. When it comes to my body, I listen to Devaraj. When it comes to anything concerning the ordinary details of life, I listen to Vivek. Then I don't go into details about these things. If these people are doing the work, and if they are doing their homework properly, then it is perfectly okay.

When I say that I have only one capacity and that is of seeing clearly, I mean some insight.

And in my insight, religion and science are two names of one phenomenon. *dark11*

I am a lazy man, bone lazy. My physician, Doctor Devaraj, wants to give me Vitamin D because I am bone lazy. Calcium is missing he thinks--perhaps! But it has been tremendous; it is good that it was missing. *person13*

Jesus goes on saying, "Repent! Repent!" For what? Because Adam and Eve ate an apple? And we have to repent for it? Now, my doctor, Devaraj, does not allow me, otherwise my whole life I have been eating apples--not one, at least six per day. That was my main diet. If anybody has committed the original sin, I am here. That poor Adam and Eve...just one apple. *unconc29*

Ice cream I used to love. To tell you the truth I still love it, although there is no way to find it anywhere. *person28*

How is Your own sex life? Are You still active?

My sex life?

You were active before in Poona?

I have been active all my life. But now it is enough. I'm finished with it. I enjoyed it before my enlightenment, and I enjoyed it more after my enlightenment. And I proved one traditional idea wrong: that an enlightened man cannot enjoy sex. It is something of historical importance. But now I am completely satisfied. Too much! *last102*

Are you celibate?

No. Why should I be? I am just natural, why should I be unnatural? If you want to meet celibates you go to a Catholic monastery, and you will meet celibates doing nothing but masturbating. I don't see that anybody can be naturally celibate. He is bound to become a pervert, some way or other.

And I am a simple, natural man. I follow my natural instincts in every way. I have loved many women--perhaps no man may have loved so many women. In the beginning I used to keep a count; then I dropped it, because what is the point? *last103*

Right now I am celibate, but if my health gets better I am not going to be celibate. I have never been celibate. I do not do anything against nature. Right now I am celibate not because celibacy has any value, but just because I am sick. I don't have any energy to make love to a woman and do all the gymnastics, no. I have enough energy to talk to my people, to talk to you. If I get healthy again, I promise you, I will not be celibate. *last105*

No celibacy is needed before enlightenment. After enlightenment sex disappears, giving place to love--a far more delicate phenomenon. You can have as much fun as you like, in no way can it disturb your enlightenment. It is something bodily, chemical, physiological. How can it affect your consciousness?

The enlightened man can make love, and while he is making love he is still centered in his being. He is just a witness, he is seeing himself and the woman making love; he is a third party. And this is what I mean when I say the enlightened man transcends sex,

because he becomes a third party. He can see his own body and the body of his woman completely as a witness. His witnessing is not disturbed by anything. *dless05*

When I said that I am not celibate because I am not unnatural, a few sannyasins were shocked. They started writing letters to me, and I informed them that they cannot have any expectations about me. I can do anything I want. We don't have any contract that I will follow your expectations or you will follow mine.

I have no contract of any kind....

I have no contract with my people. I have not promised them that I should be this or that, so they can never question my behavior. I remain individual; and that's what I want them to remain, individual.

Now, the persons who were shocked when I said I am not celibate had carried the idea for centuries that a religious person should be celibate--and particularly nobody has heard that an enlightened man had made love to any woman after his enlightenment. Naturally they were shocked.

It is up to them. They can think that perhaps I am not enlightened. Perhaps it is time for them to leave this place. Perhaps they have come to a wrong person. But as far as I am concerned, I am going to be totally free, absolutely frank, no secrecy, no privacy.

I know for certain that celibacy is unnatural unless you are impotent; and I don't think any impotent person has ever become enlightened. No, there is no mention of it. In fact, just the opposite is the case. The people who became enlightened were really too much sexual, that's why I call them Zorbas; they were really too much sexual--so much that finally they understood that there is nothing much in it. They experienced it through and through and found nothing in it. And that was the point from where they started searching for something else. That led them towards Buddhahood, enlightenment.

But once they had become enlightened--they were fulfilling people's expectations because they wanted to be great enlightened Masters, prophets, messiahs--they could go on fooling with women. Buddha would not even look at a woman. What cowardliness! Buddha would not allow any woman close to him, she had to remain eight feet away.

Is this enlightenment? so afraid, so shaky that even a woman coming close and you become afraid? This is repression, this is not enlightenment.

I want to declare to the whole world that unenlightened people can have only sexual relationships, which they call love. This is not right. They should stop calling it making love; they are simply making sex. Only an enlightened person can make love, because it is no more his need. He can be without it for years and not even for a single moment will he feel its need. But he can enjoy it as fun.

I can play cards; it is not a need. I can drink once in a while; it does not disturb my enlightenment. I can make love. I don't see...but it can disturb people's *idea* of enlightenment. That is their business. My enlightenment is not made of such fragile matter. It cannot be disturbed by anything. In fact, they have been asking whether enlightened people transcend sex, and I have sent the answer to them that the enlightened person finally transcends enlightenment, too.

And I have transcended enlightenment, too. Now I am again the same old ordinary man I was before all this round trip jet journey. I am back home.

I have passed through everything, all meditation, all enlightenment, and come back home, with new eyes, new clarity, new vision. It is almost like living continuously on LSD. *last119*

Of course, my ways of chasing (women) are very subtle. I chase them sitting in my chair. I don't have to do all kinds of gymnastics. I don't have to take them to the cafe, to the restaurant, to the movie; I am simply sitting in my chair. But even if I look in their eyes, that is enough: cafes and restaurants and movies are nothing before it. Just waving my hand...and I see the woman becoming so happy. It makes me happy in return. And I have not done anything--just waved my hand!

When I see you laughing, it is a nourishment to me. When I see you singing and dancing with me, I become healthier. What medicines cannot do for me, my people, rejoicing, do. *false27*

People think they get hypnotized...I don't know. Journalists avoid looking into the eyes that perhaps they may get hypnotized. And for me it is such a simple job that I don't need to exert too much energy--just a little smile towards a woman is enough! I don't have to chase her and go through all the dramas and traumas; there is no need. In my whole life I have never met a single woman who was not ready the moment I looked into her eyes. Where else was she going to find such a simple man who has not even asked her name, who has not asked her address? And on the next railway station I get down and we shall never meet again. The introduction has not happened, but I have made love to the woman. I am not British--they will not do anything without an introduction!

But to me everything is love. Talking to my people is making love to them. My words reaching into their hearts create orgasmic reactions in their being. Just coming and going, dancing with my people...just for a second stopping to dance with someone, and that's enough. That woman is not going to sleep the whole night. You can ask the woman--she is going to dream continuously of the dance.

I have already made love. To me love is nothing in particular to do with sex. There are a thousand and one ways of making love. Sex is the lowest, the animal heritage. And I would like my people to rise above biology. Only then will they be really free. Then you can find thousands of ways of making love. Just sitting silently together, doing nothing, but full of love for each other, and there is a certain meeting which is happening between

the two energies. So I am continuously making love to my people in every possible kind of way.

Don't be worried about my energy. And don't be worried about my eyes--they are perfectly okay. And I am a non-serious man, so I have the freedom to say anything that comes to my mind without ever bothering about the consequences. My whole life's experience is such that nothing has ever gone wrong, so I have become absolutely certain that nothing ever goes wrong. You just have to trust existence, and whatever happens is right.

Meet my people and ask them...everybody will say I have made love to them. Talking is a way of making love, dancing is a way of making love--but these are higher qualities of love. Animals cannot understand it; you can go on playing the flute and the buffalo will go on chewing the grass. She will not even stop to look at what you are doing. The flute makes no sense to her. But play the flute to the lover and something immediately starts transmitting from your song and showering on your beloved.

And my people are searching all possibilities, finding all possibilities of being in love. Sex is only one of them, and the very lowest of the kind. In fact, everybody should have a film of himself making love and see it once in a while. Then he will see what kind of gymnastics and what happens to the woman's face--distortions...and you call it orgasm? She is having a fit. And the man is trying so hard, huffing, puffing!

Everybody should have a film of his own lovemaking just to see it whenever the desire arises. Just see the film and that will be enough. That is the very lowest type of thing that is available to all animals. Man can manage to have many other dimensions, many other levels. And the higher you reach towards enlightenment, new dimensions open up.

For a man who has passed through the door to the other side, everything is love. My whole day, twenty-four hours a day, I am making love to existence in different ways. If I am taking a shower I enjoy it as much as making love to a woman. So what is the difference? I am contacting existence through water. It is not necessary that I should make the contact with existence through a feminine body.

Eating I am making love, because I eat with such joy. And I don't see any difference: my joy is the same. So twenty-four hours a day I am in love; it does not matter what I am doing. That you can take as a criterion of the man who has gone beyond enlightenment: whatever he does is love, whatever he says is love. If he does nothing, that is love. If he remains silent, that is love.

Now, should we start dancing? *last120*

Have you ever wanted to have a child yourself?

No, for the simple reason that I don't want to burden this earth. It is already burdened too much. There is no religious reason why my sannyasins are not giving birth to children. In

the four years we have been here, not a single baby has been born. And nowhere is so much love being made as is made here. *last112*

In place of the namaste before and after speaking, Osho now dances, inviting friends to dance with him.

You danced with Your sannyasins. When You look into their eyes, what do You see on their faces?

Just love and nothing else. Great love and great gratitude. I don't think anybody has been loved so much as I have been loved. Jesus had only twelve disciples, I have one million; and out of one million, ninety percent are women. *(laughter)* So it is really groovy. *last128*

The way you dance is absolutely unique and outrageous. What is the secret behind the Osho Shake?

I have never thought in my life that there is going to be someday the Osho Shake!

I don't know dancing, so it is going to be outrageous.

And the secret is very simple:

It is your love.

I don't think any man in the whole history has been loved so much by so many intelligent people.

Your love makes me dance.

The secret is with *you.*

I cannot believe it, because I don't deserve any love even from a single human being. But one million sannyasins around the earth--it surprises me!

And you are showering so much love that what else can I do? I can do a little Osho Shake! *dless33*

All my dreams feel fulfilled. My master is dancing. My heart has wings. How can there be anything more after this? Osho, thank you.

There is much more. There is no end to it! Soon your master will be drinking wine with you. Soon your master will be dancing in the disco. You have got a very unreliable man here. I can do anything--and I am going to! *dless01*

Yes, while dancing with me you must have experienced something that you cannot experience with anybody else--because it is not a dance of two bodies, not a dance but a deep, very deep meeting.

Don't listen to my words.

Trust what you feel with me.

That dance has given you the right dimension which I cannot give you with words. Words are ordinary, but the silence, the beautiful dance--mingling, meeting, merging into each other, forgetting who you are...the dance is drinking from the very source of my being.

You have tasted something of me.

I have to create so many devices for you so that you can be taken out of your imprisonment.

You would never have thought that one day you would be dancing with me. Your mind simply stopped. Your heart started functioning with great energy. Looking into my eyes, looking into my gestures, slowly slowly there is a synchronicity. Then there are not two persons dancing, there is only dance. And that is the state of the divine drunkard.

You are blessed. But don't make it a mind thing; otherwise you will be back to the same old miserable state.

What you have experienced in the dance, let it become your life now.

And it is not that you have to dance only with me. I only give you the key; then, dance with the wind, dance with the sun, dance with the trees, and everywhere you will find me dancing with you. That's a promise.

Ordinarily, I never give promises. *dless12*

My mother came to me yesterday; she was a little worried. She said, "It is beautiful to see you dancing, but now you have started dancing with girls!" She was concerned that if people in India see this, in the pictures, on the video, they will be very much shocked. I said, "So far, so good."

But I am free--more free than Gautam Buddha, more free than Mahavira. Gautam Buddha did not have the guts to dance with a girl.

I can dance because I don't see any problem. There is no hindrance, no boundary to me; I can do anything.

Just the other night, Vivek was asking me, "Should we go to the disco?"

I said, "I am going to the disco one day, but right now it is too late."

My discos, my restaurants are called Zorba the Buddha. First I am a Zorba, and then I am a Buddha. And remember, if I have to choose between the two, I will choose Zorba, not Buddha...because the Zorba can always become the Buddha, but the Buddha becomes confined to his own holiness. He cannot go to the disco and become the Zorba. And to me, freedom is the highest value; there is nothing greater, more precious, than freedom.

My enlightenment has freed me from everything, including enlightenment.

Now will be the crucial point. Those who trust me will trust me even when I am drinking champagne, because there was no condition. You had not told me, "I will trust you only until you start drinking champagne." The trust is unconditional.

The heart knows different ways of seeing. The mind is linear, it looks only towards one line. The heart is multi-dimensional. And the more I feel my people's trust, the more dimensions of my being I can reveal to them.

I would like you to know me in my total freedom, because that is what I want you to be--totally free, no strings attached.

Blessed is the sannyasin who can trust me without bothering about my statements or my actions. His is the kingdom of God right now! *dless03*

I went to the disco yesterday. I enjoyed it! *last120*

I went just to shock my people! But it was not much of a disco, because as I went there everything stopped and the whole commune gathered in the disco and around the disco, so I had just to go in and come out. I did not see anything there except people--the same people I see everywhere!

I wanted to know what the hell this disco is, but they did not allow me! I don't go anywhere. And entertainment is needed because you are not blissful with yourself. Something is missing in you. Some worry, some tension is there that you want to forget. Entertainment helps you, for the time being.

To me there is no point at all in going to any entertainment. I am not against it--I can go. If people feel happy by my going there, I can go anywhere, hell included! But as far as I am concerned, I don't need any entertainment. I am so full of blissfulness in myself. *last220*

I don't know whether you perspire or not. But when I came to your disco I was really surprised. The smoke of the cigarettes...I never feel it here. And, my God, the way you perspire! I was thinking that my disciples had stopped perspiring!

Of course, I myself rarely perspire, because moving from one air-conditioned place to another air-conditioned place in an air-conditioned limousine, there is no chance for me to perspire. But once in a while the electricity fails, the compressor in the car stops

functioning--then I know certainly that I am not a prophet. I perspire just like you, and I am fortunate that I perspire just like every human being, because I don't want to be made of plastic. My skin is as real as yours. If Mahavira did not perspire, the only possibility is that he had a plastic body without any pores. Perspiration is absolutely natural. *dless05*

Is there anybody in the world that You have great admiration for?

I admired one man, J. Krishnamurti.*

That's it?

One man I used to admire who is dead was P. D. Ouspensky, an Russian who was living in London, a mathematician. I admired another man, George Gurdjieff, who was a Caucasian living in France, died in '50.

Other then these three men, there was one man from Babylon, Michael Naimy, whom I had admired because of his book, The Book of Mirdad, has been my the most loved book. He shows tremendous insight, which only a mystic is capable of.

But very few people--only one is alive: J. Krishnamurti.

I admire him but that does not mean that I agree with him. I criticize him as much as possible. He criticizes me as much as possible. So there is only one agreement between us, that we disagree. But I admire the man just the way he admires me. *last304*

*Note: Osho named a newly constructed dam after Gurdjieff, and the lake after Krishnamurti. The welcome centre at the entrance to Rajneeshpuram is named Mirdad

It is a strange coincidence that just for the first time today I have seen J. Krishnamurti on the television screen....

Just today I saw a B.B.C. interview with Krishnamurti--that was my first acquaintance with how he looks--and I was simply shattered! Again, it was the same story I was telling you yesterday--the same story. He has no charisma at all, no impact. I was sorry to see the interview. I know he is enlightened, but it would have been better if I had not seen his face, his gestures, his eyes, because you cannot find in anything even a shadow of enlightenment. The luggage has reached--the passenger has got lost somewhere on the way.

I still say he is enlightened because I have read thousands of enlightened people's words--Krishnamurti's words are far more accurate in describing the experience. *person07*

A few days ago I was talking to you about J. Krishnamurti--that I saw him on a television interview, and I felt very sorry for him. Vivek thought that perhaps--because he was sitting on a straight--backed wooden chair with his hands underneath him, she thought perhaps he suffers from a certain disease in which your hands start trembling. So Vivek thought that he was afraid to show his hands, and that was why he was sitting on them.

That is not the case. You should have looked at the chair. You can't find a more uncomfortable chair than he has found: a straight-backed wooden chair, with no armrests. He was trying the lotus posture on the chair, because in England to sit in a lotus posture will not look right--and he is very fussy about being right, mannerly. *person25*

Vivek was asking me, "You go on criticizing J. Krishnamurti; Krishnamurti goes on saying things about you. You must both be giggling inside." I said, As far as I am concerned, I am certainly giggling. About Krishnamurti I cannot say that. He is incapable of giggling, absolutely incapable. He has forgotten to laugh; he is too serious, and as he is becoming older he goes on becoming more and more serious, I can understand, and I could have been of immense help to him, but he cannot even tolerate seeing one of my sannyasins; otherwise I can give him one whole commune of mine.

Krishnamurti has been looking for people who can understand him and do what he wants them to do. Now I have so many communes around the world, I can give one whole commune to him. It will be a joy to me if he can get a little satisfaction in the last years, perhaps the last days of his life.

He is ninety, any time he will pop off. Before he pops off I offer him any commune. If he wants this commune he can take this commune--I will withdraw. If he can manage my people...

As far as I am concerned I am willing: he can take any of my communes. If he wants people who can risk everything, then I have got the people."

But he cannot tolerate, he cannot risk being among my people. He is so enraged because what he wanted to do he has not been able to do, and I have managed to do it without much doing.

I don't do anything.

I have told you, I am just a lazybones.

And that's how I have been my whole life:

I don't do anything.

But if there is something in me that attracts people who do--and for no reward except that they are with me, except that they can bathe, be showered, in my presence, in my love.... What other remuneration have they got? And they are risking their whole life.

I can give him the people he has not been able to find because he moved wrongly. He missed the train; but I am in the train and I can pull the emergency lever. If he wants me to get down I can get down and be in his place and he can take my place; there is no problem in it. But that will be a great problem to him because this world that I have created around me can be managed only by a non-existent manager like me....

So I said to Vivek, "I can giggle because to me he is not a problem; to me nobody is a problem." But to him, somehow my existence hurts because *this* is what he wanted. *person14*

One song I have with me, sung by some Nirmala Devi. All my life, around India, I have been inquiring about the woman because I want her other songs too. But I have not been able to find who the woman is, where she disappeared. And I have no memory either of who sent me this tape. People go on sending me tapes; whenever I have time, I listen. This song remained with me in Poona for seven years but I never listened to it. I had never heard of the name, so whenever I came across the name and the tape I simply put it away; someday I would.... Nirmala Devi--nobody had ever heard the name.

Here, one day, I thought, "The woman has waited too long, and perhaps she has something. There is no harm--let me listen." Her singing is something tremendously beautiful. Since then I have not missed a single day of listening to it. And each time I listen there is something more to it, a new layer, a new meaning--not only in the words but in the voice, its subtle nuances.

The song is simple but profound, immensely profound. She is singing a song which means, "Just let me get ready...." She is talking to death. It is understood, it is not said in the song, but she is saying to death, "Just wait a little. Let me sing my last song."

This very idea, to say to death, "Just wait a little, and let me sing my last song....I have lived in sadness and sorrow so long. Let me dance a little before I join you. I have been crying and weeping; my whole sari is soaked with my tears. Just wait a little. Let me at least dry my sari, let me at least regain, remember, recall my smile. Just a little...so that I can get ready. I would not like to go with you in this sad miserable condition. I would like to go with you dancing, smiling, singing." A simple song, but her voice, the ups and downs of her voice, the beautiful turnings of her voice give it so much beauty, color and depth. *misery06*

In India we call these people kavis, poets. But don't go to see them, because the poet will be a very ordinary person. Just the other day--it has happened so many times I feel it almost a rule to be followed. Just the other day I saw for the first time a film of an Urdu singer, Gulam Ali. He is one of the topmost Urdu singers in the East, he has his own way and style. There are many singers, but Gulam Ali stands far above any of them. But I had always heard Gulam Ali on records, I had never seen him; it had never happened.

We were both moving around the same country but by chance it never happened that we were in the same city. He wanted to meet me. His disciples.... In India a great musician, a great singer, is called *ustad*, maestro. He has disciples just as spiritual masters have disciples, because Eastern music needs a long discipline. It is not like jazz music that any idiot can start jumping and shouting and it becomes music; it is not the music of the Beatles. It takes twenty or thirty years of training, eight hours or ten hours a day. It is a whole life's work.

Gulam Ali has worked hard and still works hard. It is said that if you don't practice Eastern music for three days, people will recognize something is missing. If you don't practice for two days, only your disciples will recognize something is missing. And if you don't practice for one day, only you are certain to feel that it was not the same thing. Not even a single day has to be missed.

But just the other day somebody from Pakistan sent me a video film of Gulam Ali. And what I was expecting, happened. His personality is so poor that to connect that beautiful voice with this man who looks like a clerk in some post office, or a ticket collector in some railway company, or a conductor in some bus, that type of man....

I had to keep my eyes closed because his face, his eyes, his hands, his gestures--everything was disturbing. I thought that I should send him a suggestion, "You should sing behind a curtain. You are not worth presenting, you destroy your music. The music is almost divine, then you see, standing behind, a donkey--you cannot connect them."

The same happened a few days before. I have never seen Mehdi Hasan--another great singer, far more modern than Gulam Ali. Gulam Ali is very orthodox, his training is orthodox. But Mehdi Hasan has a very innovative genius. He is trained in orthodox music but he has not kept himself confined to it. He has improvised new ways, new styles, and he is really a creative man. Gulam Ali is not a creative man; he recites those songs exactly as they have been recited for thousands of years. Listening to him you are listening to thousands of years, the whole tradition behind him.

These singers all have what is called *gharanas*--gharana means family. They don't belong to the family of their father and mother, they belong to the family of the master from whom they have learned. That is their gharana. They are known by the name of their master, their master is known by his master. Their gharanas are thousands of years old, and each generation teaches to the next generation exactly the same tone, the same wavelength.

But Mehdi Hasan is ultra-modern, and he has a creative genius which is far more significant. I have loved him because he has brought a new light, new ways of singing the same old songs. He is so creative that the whole song seems almost new, reborn, fresh, like a just-opened flower with the dewdrops still on it.

But what a misery to see him. He is far worse than Gulam Ali! Gulam Ali at least seems to be a conductor on a bus, but Mehdi Hasan is not even worthy to be conductor. While Gulam Ali does not fit with what he is singing, Mehdi Hasan is exactly *contradicting* what he is singing. Strange that the two persons I have seen on the screen, I have not met. This has been my general practice my whole life in India. I have read poets, heard poets on the radio, but I have not met them because my early experiences of meeting poets were just shipwrecked. *person05*

You like movies, isn't that right?

Once in a while, if my people suggest them to me.

What are some of the movies you have seen lately on video?

Perhaps one or two which I liked. One was *The Brothers Karamazov.* That is Dostoevsky's novel that I have always loved, and I consider it more valuable than the holy bible. Another was *Anna Karenina* by Leo Tolstoy. That is a masterpiece of genius. So once in a while, if somebody sees something beautiful that they would like my time to be wasted on, they bring it.

I read somewhere that you liked Patton and The Ten Commandments.

Ten Commandments I liked, as a film.

You didn't like the book!

No. `Commandment'--the very word--is not for me.

Do you spend much time looking at videos?

No.

And you're not reading anything any more?

No, for five years I have not read anything, but before five years I have read as much as people will read in five lives. *last130*

I understand you like Zorba the Greek. What are your other favourite films?

Nobody is comparable to Zorba.

Have you met Anthony Quinn?

No. But he seems to be a beautiful man. I have seen his other films also. In Barabbas also he has done tremendously beautiful acting.

But to me Zorba represents the materialist West and Buddha, to me, represents the spiritualist. I want them to meet and be one. I don't see there is any antagonism or contradiction.

So I am Zorba the Buddha, not Zorba the Greek. *last230*

Osho's Rolls Royces

Why do you like your Rolls Royces so much?

I have tried all kinds of cars; and even Rolls Royce has many types and I have tried them too. Their best is the Corniche, but it doesn't suit me. It is a question of my back. I need a certain kind of chair--I use only this chair. It has been made by my sannyasins exactly to give support to my back, because doctors have said that they cannot do anything more.

Experts from England were called to India. They tried hard, and they said, "It is impossible. You will have to live with it." It was just a coincidence that one of the models of Rolls Royce, Silver Spur, suited me. The driver's seat in that car fits perfectly, gives me no trouble. Naturally, my people love....

They don't belong to me, those cars--nothing belongs to me. I am the poorest man in the whole world, living the richest life possible. My people love me; they want to do something for me. All those cars belong to the commune. They have made them available to me for one hour each day. I don't know which car they are bringing, but one thing is certain, that I can be comfortable only in a Silver Spur. And they love me so much that they are trying to have three hundred and sixty-five Rolls Royces, one for every day. And I say, "Why not? A great idea!"...

They have arranged ninety Rolls Royces, and I know they will be able to manage three hundred and sixty-five. *last210*

People are very much interested in your Rolls Royces. What do You want to prove with this, so many cars and so much luxury around You?

Why are people concerned? Then certainly they need it; then more Rolls Royces will be here. Until they stop asking me, more and more Rolls Royces are going to be here. Now it has to be seen that it is a challenge: the day nobody asks me about Rolls Royces, they will not be coming.

People's interest in Rolls Royces shows their mind. They are not interested what is happening here. They don't ask about meditation, they don't ask about sannyas, they don't ask about people's life, love, the laughter that happens in this desert. They only ask about Rolls Royces. That means I have touched some painful nerve. And I will go on pressing it till they stop asking.

I am not a worshipper of poverty. That's what those Rolls Royces prove. I respect wealth. Nobody before me had the guts to say it. The pope cannot say that he respects wealth, although he is the wealthiest man on the earth.

I am not a hypocrite. I am the poorest man on the earth. I don't have a single cent with me. But I want to show these people what attracts their mind. If there were no Rolls Royces here, perhaps there would be nothing for the whole world ask about me, about you, about meditation, about initiation into sannyas, about love, about anything. It is for those idiots that I am keeping all those Rolls Royces, because they cannot move their

eyes away from those Rolls Royces. And meanwhile I will go on pouring other things in their minds. Without those Rolls Royces they would not have asked a single question.

Those Rolls Royces are doing their work. Every idiot around the world is interested in them. And I want them to be somehow interested--in anything in Rajneeshpuram. Then we will manage about other things.

So tell those people--when anybody asks, tell them that "These Rolls Royces are for you idiots. Otherwise you are not interested in anything." Once they stop asking about Rolls Royces, then I will have to think of something else, whether to have rockets which are going to the moon.... I will have to think of something else. *last403*

I received a letter from a bishop of Wasco County, who had been for almost five years condemning my Rolls Royces. In every Sunday sermon he was not preaching Jesus Christ, he was preaching me and my Rolls Royces. The day I was leaving he wrote a letter to me, "Now you are leaving, it will be great kindness on your part if you can donate one Rolls Royce to this church." Now, this shows the man....

I informed him, "Would you like all ninety-three, or only one?"

And a letter came, "If you can give all ninety-three, that is just the right thing. You are really great. I'm very sorry that I condemned you for five years. You are a man to be worshiped."

It is a very strange world if you understand people: whatever they are saying shows more about them than it shows about the person they are talking about. *pilgr12*

Just the other day Anando was showing me one book published against me in Australia by a couple who have been sannyasins for three years and have been in the commune. But just looking at their ideas, it seems they have never seen me. They are saying that they were working, working hard, and with their work I was purchasing Rolls Royces. You can see the absurdity: their work was not bringing any money. Their work was making their own houses to live in, the roads--which were needing money, not producing money. But in their mind--and for all those three years also--they must have been resentful.

Those Rolls Royces were *not* produced by the commune. They were presents from outside, from all over the world. And I was not their owner--I had given them to the commune. They were commune property, and I have not brought any of them with me; I have left them with the commune. Everything that I had has been left with the commune. I never owned anything. But there must have been the idea that they are earning money, and I am wasting money. That is their resentment.

What money were you earning? In fact you needed money to make houses, to make roads, to make a dam--a dam needed two and a half million dollars to make. You were contributing your labor, but we were not creating money out of it so that I could purchase

Rolls Royces, so that I could purchase anything. I have not purchased anything from the money produced by the commune because the commune never produced any money. The commune was absorbing money.

In fact all my royalties, all my books, all their profits were going to the commune. The situation is just the opposite--that I had given everything to the commune. Now, four hundred books in different languages were bringing millions of dollars in royalties, and those royalties were going to the commune.

If I had wanted to purchase Roll Royces, I could have purchased my own Rolls Royces, as many as I wanted, just out of my royalties.

But the resentment, the anger, is blind. In the commune we invested two hundred million dollars. Those sannyasins perhaps think they had brought two hundred million dollars there! Without me and the people who love me around the world, those two hundred million dollars would not have been possible. *psycho24*

About the Communes around the world

Osho answers questions about the Commune in Rajneeshpuram and around the world:

You are the head of a very rich worldwide organisation...

I am not the head of a worldwide organization. I am not even a sannyasin. Nothing is in my hands; it is my sannyasins' business. I am simply a guest. *last112*

Many politicians have asked if You are running this place.

No. Never. Who wants to fall back in all that bullshit? It was so difficult to get out of it. It took many lives for me to get out of it all--and you are asking me again to take a dive into the bullshit? No. Absolutely no! *last103*

Was this commune your sannyasins' idea or your idea?

It is my vision, and their love for my vision, but the idea to materialize it is theirs. I am a dreamer: I can give you beautiful dreams, and I give for free--I don't charge for them. But then if you get caught up in the dream and you start trying to materialize it, that is your responsibility. I simply watch from the outside.

Are you not suggesting to them what to do?

No. Not at all. I never talk to them about these things. I never talk about the commune, about any mundane things. They are intelligent enough that they can manage themselves. And they are doing so well that it cannot be improved. *last117*

This commune is being run by the people themselves. I'm not even a member of the commune. I have never gone to their commune meetings. I don't know where their offices are. Anybody who comes for a few hours will know more about the commune than I have known in four years, because I never go out of my room....

I am explaining to them what I have experienced in my life, and leaving it up to them. And I never inquire whether anybody is following my ideas or not. I'm not interested in that at all. My whole interest is that my people should be intelligent, and then their intelligence will take care; then whatsoever they do is right, even if it goes against me, but it should not go against their intelligence.

I respect individuals, I respect their intelligence, I respect their sensitivity--so much that I will be the last person in any way to give them beliefs, dogmas, creeds. *last205*

What do you view as the development of this valley for the people with you?

I'm not concerned with it. My concern is with people and their growth. The city is *their* concern, not my concern. And I have so many intelligent people here, architects, engineers, doctors, professors--from all the professions, daring, adventurous people have come to me. Now it is up to them, a mundane affair, I don't care about it. I trust them, they will be able to manage, and they are managing. And they will be able to develop it technologically, but it is not my concern at all.

What is your concern?

My concern is their spiritual growth. Their intelligence should come to its highest peak. They should be deprogrammed from all past, rotten and dead, meaningless and harmful....

My work is not to create the city, but to create the man, and then the man will take care of the city and the houses. That is a totally different matter. I don't bother about it.

But my basic concern is the individual. The individual is to me the highest value in life. And all the religions of the world have repressed the individual. *last118*

In America, when I reached for the first time to the desert that we had purchased, there was not a single bird. It was a strange place, like some modern paintings which give you such a strange feeling. There was not a single bird in over one hundred twenty-six square miles, and only one kind of tree which is called the camel of the desert, the juniper tree. It is really a great tree; no other tree can remain alive in that desert, but the juniper remains. But they were small: the growth was difficult--they were not green, not lush green.

But in five years' time, as thousands of sannyasins gathered there--as we made lakes, as we started cultivating--strangely enough I saw those juniper trees growing thicker, greener, becoming more beautiful.

Birds started coming, waterbirds started coming, and so many deer that in the night it was impossible to move your car on the roads because they were standing, and they would not move; they didn't care about your horn. One thing is certain: they knew that these people were harmless, that they are not going to hurt them. Otherwise, deer immediately run away as they see a man coming, particularly in America where they are continually hunting the deer, killing the deer. Perhaps in the whole history of America, these five years in the commune were the only years when deer were protected.

We had to fight a lawsuit against the government. The people who used to hunt deer filed a suit against us because we didn't allow them to enter and we didn't allow shooting. And we had to convince the court: "We are vegetarians and we will not allow *anybody* to kill on our ground. They can do anything they want on their own grounds, but these one hundred twenty-six square miles are sacred; they belong to us, and they belong to the deer too. We are newcomers, they are ancient owners of the land. We will be gone, they will remain. We are *their* guests, and we cannot be so ugly as to kill the host."

The magistrate could not believe what we were talking about! But the deer understood--so from all the surrounding lands they started gathering in thousands, in the mountains, in the forest of the commune.

Suddenly, within five years, a desert which had *always* been a desert became an oasis. And I was watching the synchronicity of life: when there are people, when there are trees, the birds will come. When there are birds, people, trees, the animals will come.

We had swans, we had ducks. We had three hundred peacocks. It was a dream come true. Peacocks were dancing and human beings were dancing too, and there was a certain affinity, a friendship. The peacocks were not allowed in the houses because they would make the houses dirty, but they would come to the windows and look inside to see what was going on--the same curiosity, the same consciousness, just the body is different; the same sensitivity, the same desire to relate in some way, to be friendly. *upan10*

Our people in four years changed the desert into the oasis. For fifty years it was lying dead, nobody was ready to purchase it at any price. What you will do with a desert? We purchased it, knowingly that it is going to be a great challenge. But to accept challenges has been one of my loves. We accepted the challenge, and jumped into the unknown. Our people worked as hard as people may never have worked anywhere--twelve hours, fourteen hours, sometimes sixteen hours. We poured as much money as our people could manage--two hundred million dollars in the desert.

But, nobody was asked to do it. People simply loved that they are creating something out of their own joy. They were ready to sacrifice anything for it. And within four years, something was accomplished that may take hundred years for others to accomplish.

In four years we were a full-fledged city, with five thousand people living there, with all modern facilities, with all beautiful houses, roads, gardens, lawns. The whole city was centrally air-conditioned; perhaps that was the only city in the whole world. And people were starting their life in the morning with meditation, then they were listening to me, then they were going to work, and in the evening they had still energy enough to dance and to sing late into the night. One never knows how much energy you have, unless you allow it expression.

Even after this much work people were asking me, "Can we do something by the side--painting, poetry, sculpture." People were so much aflame with a creative urge, possessed by creativity. Those four years we made a dream come real....

Because in the commune there was nobody poor, nobody rich.

Karl Marx had to write his whole life about communism, Soviet Russia has been for seventy years trying to bring it--it does not come. The country is still poor; and I managed it by a simple thing. I simply stopped money circulation in the commune. There is no need to destroy the rich; there is no need to bring a dictatorship of the proletariat. We simply stopped money circulation in the commune. And if money circulation is stopped, you may have millions of dollars and I may have none; but if the money is not used, who is rich and who is poor?

And everything that you need will be given by the commune; and we had everything--the hospital, the school, the university. We made the desert yield enough crops for five thousand people--vegetables, fruits, milk products. And for the first time I tried an experiment. Vegetarians in India will be very much against it. Vegetarian food lacks few proteins which are absolutely necessary for the growth of intelligence. That's why vegetarians have never produced geniuses. In India, Jainas are the vegetarians, for thousands of years they have not produced anything worthwhile. They had not received a single Nobel prize. The three Nobel prizes that were received in India were received by non-vegetarians; they were not vegetarians. So it keeps the mind retarded.

I added something to it; the non-fertilized egg, which is vegetable because it has no life. And if you add the non-fertilized egg in the vegetarian food it becomes perfect. It gives all the proteins needed for intellectual growth. *last428*

We have a medical center, we have enough medical people. You cannot find, in such a small commune anywhere else, all the professions--and the topmost people of the professions. We have four hundred legal experts--the biggest law firm in the whole world. And these four hundred people are going to fight for every single inch. We have doctors, all qualified--highly qualified. We have surgeons--one of the best plastic surgeons in the world, one of the best heart surgeons in the United States. We have nurses...we have everything that is needed. And in our other communes we have more people if we need any help.

We have one million sannyasins around the world--in every profession. And because only the very intelligent people become interested in me, this is bound to be so. None of my people are uneducated, almost all are graduates from the universities; most of them have masters degrees, many are Ph.Ds. We are perfectly balanced in every way, and that's why I say the commune is the way for the future, because nobody needs to be paid, but all his needs are taken care of.

I don't believe in austerity. I am against it--it is masochistic, a psychological disease. All your saints have suffered from it. Everything that my people need is made available. They themselves make it available. They have pooled all their energies into one pool, and things have become so simple.

For example, five thousand cars are not needed, only one thousand cars will do. Anybody can take a car, there is no problem, there is no question. So everybody has the facility of a car. We have one hundred buses. If you want to go in an air-conditioned bus and don't want to go in a car and drive and unnecessarily take risk, you go in an air-conditioned bus. We have five airplanes, which are perfectly sufficient for our people. Anybody, in any emergency, can use the airplanes. We have our own pilots, we have our own engineers. We have our own garages, we have our own mechanics. *last215*

Five thousand people eating in one restaurant. It is cheaper, economical, happier, joyous, because all your friends are there; and if somebody has the idea he is playing his guitar, somebody is dancing if he wants to dance. And five thousand people enjoying food together. In ordinary society there would have been at least twenty-five hundred kitchens. Now twenty-five hundred kitchens are reduced in one kitchen. Twenty-five hundred women are freed to do something else, something creative, something productive. And all women are not good cooks. In fact, all the literature on the science of cookery, is written by men, not a single book by a women. The best cooks are men.

The woman is caged in cooking, whether she likes it or not. She may like to learn dancing, she may like to create painting, she may like to cultivate the garden. But there is no possibility. Her whole life is the kitchen. And this life you call life? This is imprisonment. And if the woman becomes angry, it is not a wonder.

So we had the best cooks chosen, who had a natural tendency to cook, who wanted to cook, who loved to cook. So our food was delicious, and very few people are needed to cook. Not twenty-five hundred women. Much can be done by machines. Only few people have to look after them. And everything should be done by the best, and others should be released and free to do their best. So the ultimate outcome of a commune is that everything is the best.

And we can create everything. Just a little understanding, a little intelligence, and anything can be done.

In the commune we were creating our own food, our vegetables, our fruits, our milk products; and it was a joy, because the people who wanted to do it, they were doing it. It

was not something like enforced labor, enslaved labor. So it was not labor, it was love. And when you can create more, you can sell it to the society; and in exchange you can have things which you are not producing.

And we were on the point to start industries. We had made a special tent, a winterized tent, which had never been in existence. You can use it in winter, in snow, anywhere, in rains. And it has been made in such a way it can be heated. It can be air-conditioned. It can have an attached bathroom. Even the American air force had become interested. They wanted that we should produce in large numbers, so they can buy....

We had many ideas, we had many scientific minds in the commune who had many ideas which can be materialized and sold to the outside world. And in exchange you can get anything that the commune needs. And slowly slowly the commune can produce everything that it needs. And every commune can be totally self-sufficient, and can have a feeling of freedom, self-respect, and nobody is lower, nobody is higher, nobody is poor, nobody is rich. *last429*

We abandoned money in the society, in the commune. Money should not be used in the commune. You use whatever commune can supply, and commune will try to give you as much as you need. If you want to give money, you give money to the commune. But you cannot purchase anything in the commune for money.

And by simply removing money from the commune, there was nobody rich, nobody poor. Sometimes, small measurements can create great revolutions. All that is needed is that money should not be used. Then how you can make somebody poor and somebody rich? It is the money. Once there is no money, all are alike. And the commune supplies to everybody whatever is his need. *last429*

Your commune in America Oregon, has been described as both, as an experiment of an alternative society and as an experiment of a real communist. Would you agree?

Yes, I agree. I agree totally...

It was an experiment for both an alternative society and as a higher quality of communism.

The old society has some basic things on which it depends. There have been many critics of the old society but none of them has succeeded to hit the very roots. They have been just pruning the leaves.

So the critics have been criticizing and the old society goes on and on. Their criticism has not made any difference to it.

The roots of the old society are hidden like all roots of all the trees. They are not available unless you dig deep.

For example, the family is the basic unit of the old society.

Marriage is the basic unit of the old society.

Money as the means of exchange--is very fundamental to the old society.

Religious orientation--whatever the religion may be; but the old society needs a certain religion. It is the opium that keeps the people asleep and drugged.

In my commune we were destroying the very roots. We were destroying the family, we were dissolving the family into the commune.

The children were not going to belong to the parents: they could love them, they could meet them, they could invite them, but they cannot possess them. They have been only vehicles of bringing those children to the world. The children are not their property. The commune will take care of the children.

Hence, marriage loses its relevance.

You can be together with a woman or a man as long as you love. Except love, there is no other reason to be together. There should not be any other reason to be together. Because any other reason is going to be wrong reason.

No law, no logic, no convenience, no respectability...the moment you see the love has disappeared it is time to depart in deep gratitude, friendship, remembering all the beautiful moments that you have given to each other. Not spoiling it by fighting, quarreling, going to a court for a divorce--it is absolutely ugly.

When there is no marriage there is no question of divorce.

When there is no marriage prostitution disappears automatically.

Prostitution is the shadow of marriage. It is the marriage in which love has died that creates the prostitute--the ugliest institution in existence.

The old society forces the woman to sell her body for money.

This is a crime which cannot be forgiven and strange is the fact that all the old societies are against prostitution and they are the causes to create it; and they can't see the simple logic that when a man cannot feel love for his wife and cannot enjoy her...she is no more an ecstasy to him--he tries to find, perhaps he can buy ecstasy, he can buy love, he can buy happiness...a desperate effort of a miserable man....

And we had managed in our small commune of five thousand people for four years, the highest quality of communism that has ever existed on the earth. It was an alternative society because it dissolved the family, it dissolved the marriage, it dissolved divorce, it

dissolved the whole of possessiveness of the parents over children. It dissolved money. It made a classless society. It dissolved any need of a ruling class and the ruled. It created a functional structure.

So the president was not more prestigious than the plumber. He was doing his work; the plumber was doing his work. It was possible that the plumber was doing a better work as a plumber than the president was doing his work. Then the plumber has to be honored and respected.

Yes, our commune was an alternative society and a higher form of communism.

And we have proved that it is possible. We were not only theoreticians; we have practically proved it, against all odds... We managed to create an oasis in a world of misery.

People rejoicing and dancing. People feeling completely unburdened of the whole past and unconcerned of the future.

Those four years we had managed to give reality to a dream which man has been dreaming for millenia. *last529*

Khajuraho is incomparable. There are thousands of temples in the world, but nothing like Khajuraho. I am trying to create a living Khajuraho in this ashram. Not stone statues, but real people who are capable of love, who are really alive, so alive that they are infectious, that just to touch them is enough to feel a current in you, an electric shock! *glimps04*

My communes are universities to learn the ways of a rich life, of love, beauty, warmth, compassion, humanity.

We are not gathered here in search of some dodo God who always sits on the roof--I don't know why; can't he come down a little bit so people can see him?...

My people hugging are not two skeletons rattling their rib-bones with each other. My people are flesh, blood, everything that is real. And they know the secret: radiate warmth and love around you, and you will be getting more and more from existence.

Existence understands only the language of reality. The moment you are real, you are in a communion with existence.

It is not only a question of hugging, it is a question of accepting your body as a beautiful phenomenon. It is the most complex, delicate thing in the whole of existence....

I want only raw men, raw women--natural, unpolished, free from the mind. And if you can live that way, everything in your life will become a rejoicing. And everything in your life will make you richer. *dless10*

Slavery is always mutual. Freedom is always mutual.

So I don't make any distinction between women's liberation and men's liberation. These are two sides of the same coin. If the woman is liberated, man's liberation follows automatically. *false33*

The sannyasins I have met have a seemingly inner peace. What would You say is the reason for this?

It is not just that my people are seemingly at peace, they are peaceful; and once you are freed from your past and its garbage, you can also be immediately in the world of peace, serenity, and blessedness. It is a natural phenomenon which your culture, society, religion, civilization, educational system all have conspired to destroy--because a peaceful individual cannot be enslaved by the vested interests, neither can he be oppressed and exploited. *last100*

Here, we are not creating a theology, a dogma.

We are creating an opportunity for the evolution of consciousness.

And it is happening!

My sannyasins are certainly more conscious than anybody else, more alert, more loving, more joyous than anybody else.

And this is my argument--and my proof. *dless36*

One university has done research in my commune. Sixty percent of people are graduates from some university. Twenty percent have postgraduate degrees--one M.A., two M.A.'s, three M.A.'s. Ten percent of people have Ph.D.'s--one Ph.D., two Ph.D.'s, three Ph.D.'s. Three percent of people have D.Litt.'s, B Sc.'s, Doctor of Education, LL.D.'s. *unconc07*

This is the function of the commune, where so many people are just happy for no reason at all, where life is just fun, every moment of it. We can radiate from this commune for miles around.

New people coming from some other country outside America have reported to me that the moment they enter Rancho Rajneesh something in the air changes. Suddenly they feel as if they have come home, and they have never been here before. Perhaps never in their millions of lives--I don't think they have been born in the Big Muddy Ranch, but suddenly they feel at home, as they have never felt even in their own home. And as they come closer to the commune, a great joy starts arising in them for no visible reason.

We have not only created an oasis in the desert, we have created an oasis of consciousness, too, which is far deeper, far more powerful, far more significant. And soon, as our other communes in the world will be becoming more mature....

My idea is to make a belt of energy around the world, so in fact we become one commune as far as the energy belt is concerned. So all the communes may be far away from each other in space, but in the inner world they are all together. You don't have only five thousand people's strength, you have the strength of one million sannyasins, wherever they may be. And each commune has one million sannyasins' support. So if we have two hundred communes, the inner logic and arithmetic is that we have already 200,000 sannyasins--that much energy, the quality, the quantity. And that is going to transform the world.

Never before has any experiment of this kind been made, so ordinarily nothing is known about it. But I have been experimenting on small scales until I have become absolutely certain of something. I have not tried to make any effort for expansion. We are in perfectly good shape--it could not be better--to do the job that we have chosen.

We can be so full of bliss that we can fill the whole universe with our bliss, our rejoicing our dance, our laughter. And to me, this is revolution, an absolute psychological change in the atmosphere of the world. *last217*

And when I say "this commune" I mean all the communes around the world--it is one commune. I want to create a circle of energy around the world of meditative people, so that anybody who wants to have some taste of meditation can have it. And it is very addictive! *bond35*

You have this beautiful and very efficient settlement here in Oregon. Could it be everywhere in the world or only America?

It could be everywhere in the world. I would like it everywhere. Already we have communes around the world, and they are increasing every day. And I do not believe in countries--America or Germany or India. That is nonsense. Humanity is one, and it is time we should declare that all these maps are creations of stupid politicians.

The earth is undivided, and we are all one. I would like that everybody burns his passport, his green card, and everybody declares that, "This whole earth is mine." *last213*

You ask: *Something is happening in my heart. It pounds when you are near. It is happening to many of us. What is happening?*

This is the happening for which I am here, you are here. It has no name. Call it just "happening." It is immensely beautiful. When your heart starts pounding, that means your heart is close to my heart.

It is a sign to you that the mind is left far behind, that you are no longer thinking but feeling, that you are no longer doing anything; it is *happening.* In the beginning you may get scared because it is so new. You may think something is going wrong--why is my heart pounding?--but only in the beginning. Just allow it, don't try to stop it. Enjoy it, rejoice in it. This is communion, heart to heart.

There comes a moment when your heart pounds, beats in exactly the same rhythm, in the same frequency as my heart. Immediately there is a meeting. And that meeting brings transformation.

The master cannot do anything. He can only create certain devices in which the happening becomes possible. This commune is a device; otherwise there was no need for it. You were living somewhere, everybody was doing something. To take you out of your houses, your families, your cities--what is the purpose? The purpose is that if so many hearts start beating in the same rhythm and frequency, others whose hearts are not beating but whose heads are circling may catch the fire. It simply jumps like wildfire from one tree to another tree.

I know a few people are in tune with me. That makes it easier for others to be tuned in with me. All these hearts together become a tremendous force. If five thousand people can be in one rhythm, in one frequency, they may create such great energy that it will start spreading around the world.

That's why I have created communes in so many countries. I want all those communes to be exactly like this place, because I will not be there. The governments are making it impossible for me to go anywhere. *false13*

You ask: *You have about four hundred thousand sannyasins around the world. Nobody ever reached that many people before. Is there any limit to the number of your disciples?*

First, correct your numbers. I don't have four hundred thousand sannyasins. I have almost double that number: eight hundred thousand sannyasins. And there is no limit--we are going to take the whole earth! There is no limit. And this takeover is not political. Politicians should not be worried about it. This takeover is far deeper, far more significant; it is spiritual.

The reason why nobody before me in his lifetime has been able to reach so many people is simple: he was not open to all. He had a certain prejudice, a certain ideology, a certain program that he wanted to impose upon you. He could reach only those people who were ready for that kind of program.

I don't have any program. I am available to all. Whether you are a Jew, or a Hindu, or a Mohammedan, or a Christian, or a communist does not make any difference, because I don't have any program to enforce upon you. My work is just the opposite: I am deprogramming you.

So if you are a communist, my work is the same--I deprogram the communist, he is no longer communist. If you are a Jew, I deprogram the Jew--the process is the same, you are no longer a Jew. If you are a German, I deprogram you. It is a little hard, but on the other hand, when the deprogramming succeeds, the German proves to be the most reliable. He takes a little time, resists, but when he gives way he gives way totally.

Whoever comes to me, I don't give him any discipline that he has to live by: don't smoke cigarettes, don't drink alcohol, don't look at somebody else's wife with desire.

I don't know...how can you look at a beautiful woman without desire? It is insulting to the woman, it is against her human dignity. A woman, a beautiful woman, should be desired. The more she is desired, the more people look at her with desire, the more beautiful she becomes, the more contented she becomes.

I don't see that anything that all old, stupid religions have been telling you will prevent you from reaching God. In the first place there is no God to reach, so don't be worried about it. You are not going anywhere--to any God, to any paradise.

Secondly, I have not experienced that anything--alcohol, cigars, gambling, love affairs--anything that all the religions have been prohibiting can prevent your becoming enlightened. You can perfectly become enlightened, there is no need to sit under a bo tree.

You can become enlightened with a Havana cigar, resting in your chair by the side of Patanjali lake, naked--there is no problem in it. How can a Havana cigar prevent enlightenment? I don't see the arithmetic of it. It may perhaps help, but it cannot prevent.

It may help you to relax. It may help you just to be in the moment--naked, by the side of Patanjali Lake, enjoying the fresh air. A little champagne, may help you to be more meditative, because it will help you to get rid of other worries: that you have a wife, a nagging wife, that you have a husband who is just an idiot. Just a little champagne will take you away from all these ideas.

That's why I have been able to reach eight hundred thousand people around the world. And these are the sannyasins. There are millions more who are just on the borderline; any moment they can become sannyasins. There are many more who may never become sannyasins, but feel that they are cowards, feel that this is the right thing to do. Perhaps in their next life they may become sannyasins.

We are going to take over the world in a spiritual sense. We are not interested in taking over governments, nations. We are interested in destroying nations, governments--there is no need of all this paraphernalia! What is the need of a president? Yes, if there are nations, then presidents are needed, premiers are needed, commanders in chief are needed, an army is needed, nuclear weapons are needed.

I don't see that these things are needed to make humanity happier, more comfortable, more lovable, more dignified, more free. I don't see how these things can help; they have not helped for thousands of years. It is time that we take over the whole world spiritually, and dissolve all kinds of nonsense that have been torturing man, stopping his growth.

The world can live in so much peace, serenity.... My effort, in short, is not to take you to paradise, but to bring the paradise to you on *this* earth. It can be done, because I have done it for myself. *false25*

Why do you not visit your communes around the world?

Just my health does not allow. And when I can manage from sitting here, giving an interview to you and to all kinds of media, there is no need. They are seeing me every day, morning discourse, evening interview. Tomorrow you will be all over the world, seen by my commune people.

Your newspaper may be late but my video will be there tomorrow!

Immediately. They get everything that they need.

So there is no reason for it. I have asked my scientists--I have scientists, psychologists, professors, doctors, every kind of people in the commune--I have asked them that the video should be three-dimensional. Why it should be flat? And they should work upon it to make it three-dimensional, then it is exactly as if I am visiting the commune and any moment I may come out of the screen. *last312*

Conspiracy to destroy Rajneeshpuram

In June 1985, Rajneesh Foundation International (RFI) files a class-action lawsuit against U.S. government, U.S. Attorney Edwin Meese, U.S. Secretary of State George Schultz, and INS, accusing them of federal conspiracy to convene a grand jury to arrest Osho and Sheela during the festival. A second conspiracy lawsuit claims Oregon state and county officials conspired to destroy commune

The conspiracies, taking place over the five years, are very complex, and best summed up as follows: at national level through the INS, and fundamentalist Christians in Reagan's government who have an anti-cult policy. At Oregon state level, Governor Vic Atiyeh and Attorney General Dave Frohnmayer, supported by land-use agencies, spearhead an anti-Rajneeshpuram campaign to win votes. At Wasco County level officials use land-use issues to deny building permits and extort exorbitant fines. Residents in the nearby ghost town of Antelope join with local people to harass sannyasins.

Osho is not directly involved in this but is asked to comment on it. He recommends using the law courts. The commune wins most of the cases, but it takes many years.

I was in America for five years, fighting in all the courts. In the end my visa had expired long before, I had no visa, no entry permit--but they had not the guts even to come into the commune. They surrounded the whole commune--the commune had one hundred and twenty-six square miles--they surrounded the whole commune with the National Guard with machine guns, but they did not dare to enter into the commune.

And we had nothing--just thirty semi-automatic guns, which are available in America to any citizen. These belonged to the police force of the commune, which was paid by the American government because the police force was part of the American police force, even though all the people were sannyasins who had taken the police training. So they were afraid that "Although the police force is ours, it is going to fight for the commune, not for us."

The greatest power in the world was afraid of thirty semiautomatic guns. They were planning for years and years how to arrest me--and I don't have even a paperknife!

To arrest me is so easy.... There was no need to handcuff me, there was no need to put chains on me. You could just have told me, "You are invited to the presidential guesthouse--the jail," and I would have gone with them. There was no question about it.

But you will be surprised.... They asked the FBI to arrest me, and the head laughed. He said, "A single individual who has not committed any crime, and you ask us to arrest him? We will not." Even the head of the army was asked. He simply laughed: "Have you gone mad? Has the army ever been called to arrest a single individual who has nothing in his hands with which to fight? You will make us a laughingstock all over the world." He refused.

All the government agencies refused to arrest me, for the simple reason that they could not show any reason why I should be arrested. They could not say that I didn't have a visa, although my visa had expired long before. They could not say it because I had applied for renewing the visa, and they had not answered. They were afraid that if they said no, I was going to take them to the court, up to the Supreme Court, and it would take twenty years at least to decide the matter. So "No" they could not say; "Yes" they would not say.

So they did not tell the army or the government agencies that "The only reason to arrest him is that he has been living in America without any visa." It was their fault, not mine. I had asked them again and again that "Either you say no, or you say yes"--but they could not say either.

They could not say yes because the Christian church was pressuring them that I should be thrown out of the country; once I am thrown out of the country, the commune will disperse. The commune had gathered out of love and gratitude around me, otherwise there was no reason to be in that desert.

We transformed the desert into a garden. It was for sale for forty years, and nobody was ready to purchase it--at *any* price. What will you do with that desert? But our creative people made houses, made dams, created small rivers. We had enough water in our reservoirs so that even if for five years there was no rain, we had reserves of water. We had planted so many trees that it was not going to be long before the trees would attract the clouds.

We were cultivating in the desert enough food for the commune. Five years more and the commune would have been absolutely independent. We had our own cows for milk, we had our own hens laying eggs for people's breakfast. We had our own fields, we had our own greenhouses--because in the desert the sun is so hot, and unless you make a greenhouse...We had our own greenhouses for vegetables, for fruits. And this all was happening while we were fighting with the government in every court. They were putting imaginary cases...but once they put a case against you, you have to fight it.

We had the greatest law firm in the whole world. Two of the attorneys are here: Anando, Sangeet, and I think Niren was here just a few days before--perhaps he may be here. We had four hundred people in the law firm, four hundred people continuously working on every aspect of American law and the Constitution.

If they had depended simply on law, there would have been no way to destroy the commune. But they dropped all law, all Constitution, they were simply mad! And that madness is not part of a cultured religion. It is not civilization. *christ06*

My attorney, Swami Prem Niren, is sitting here. He is now doing deep research into what was going on behind the screen when I was in America. And such hilarious facts are coming out! One cannot figure out whether this world is sane or a big madhouse.

The politicians and the church leaders were trying to force the supreme court of Oregon to arrest me, send me to jail, or at least deport me. But it was difficult for them to find any legal, constitutional reason. They knew perfectly well that it was not going to be a small thing. So first, a preparation was needed. And you will not believe--just to arrest me, they wasted five and a half million dollars in research work to find something that I might have committed so that my arrest could be valid. They were at a loss, because I am such a lazy man--to commit a crime is such an impossibility. I have not even prepared a cup of tea for myself in my whole life. Most of the time I am asleep. The few hours I am awake, I am talking to you.

After five years of research, wasting five and a half million dollars in the research...and the pressure was increasing. But this is strange...A man cannot just be deported, because then you are afraid that he will fight up to the Supreme Court. On what grounds are you deporting him? And neither can you allow him to live there--not because he is doing any harm to anybody, but you cannot allow him to *be,* because he is hitting your very roots.

I don't have to go anywhere to hit the roots. I can hit those roots from here.

The Christian fundamentalists were angry because I said that Jesus Christ, to me, is not a man of enlightenment. He may be good entertainment, but he is not...And to crucify a man who has not done anything except making statements which are simply stupid--"I am the only begotten son of God."

Now anybody you meet in the street who says to you, "Listen, I am the only begotten son of God," do you think it is right to crucify him? At the most you can say, "It is perfectly

good." What is criminal in it? If he was saying, "I am the one who can save the whole world"...so who is preventing you? Save! But I don't think that he is worthy of a cross. And when I said this, that the more I look into Jesus and his psychology, I see only a crackpot and nothing else....

If there is no God, and Jesus Christ is a crackpot, then what is the pope? Just a representative of a crackpot.... *mani23*

But I am disillusioned with America because I thought it is a new country, just three hundred years old, well educated, economically sound, one of the most powerful nations that has ever existed. And I hope that there is a possibility for democracy to exist. That possibility was the reason of my disillusionment--it is not there, it is in the same boat with other countries, with a mask of democracy. But inside the same fascist attitude.

The government was trying to destroy us. The Christianity was trying to destroy us and they both joined together.

President Ronald Reagan is a fundamentalist Christian. Christianity is one of the worst religions in the world and the fundamentalist Christian is the worst Christian amongst other Christian sects. It is the most fanatic sect.

The Christians were afraid because all the people that have gathered around me were Christians, Jews. I have never told anybody to drop his religion; there is no need. I simply explain to you how your mind can be more silent, more clear and automatically your conditionings go on disappearing. And with those conditionings your religion and your sect and your God and your heaven and hell, they all disappear.

The Christians were afraid that I am changing Christians. They were forcing the government, the government was afraid that I am creating a kind of communism. *last510*

Where our commune was situated in Oregon, three magistrates had to decide whether to give Rajneeshpuram the status of a city or not. One of them was a Mormon, and he was the most influential of the three. One was against; the other was just wavering, but because of the Mormon he voted for the city.

The Mormon judge used to come to the commune, and he loved the place. And he himself told my secretary, "You should be alert and aware, because what has happened to our leader...We were not doing any harm to anyone, but our leader was shot. And the man you are following is saying such outrageous things that the danger is always there."

And what happened? Because of this Mormon judge the city was recognized. For two years the city was on the map of America, in geography books. The federal government was giving money to it, as to any city; the state government was giving money to it. They managed a very tricky thing. They persuaded the president of the Mormons to send a message to the judge, "You have been chosen by God to go to Nigeria for missionary work."

I wrote a letter to him, saying, "It is very strange that in the whole world God has chosen you to go to Nigeria. I suspect there is politics behind it--Ronald Reagan wants you to be removed from the place. The only way to remove you is a direct order from God."

And actually what I had visualized happened. The moment he was removed another person was appointed and the three judges decided that the city was no longer a city. That's what Ronald Reagan and his government wanted: first take away the recognition, then it is easy to destroy it. And they destroyed it. I had sent a message to the magistrate, saying, "You will be responsible for the destruction. You don't understand that it is a political strategy."

After one year, when he came back, he recognized that something strange had happened. The people who destroyed the commune were also angry with the magistrate who had recognized it. *hari05*

In October 1983 Oregon Attorney General Dave Frohnmayer declares Rajneeshpuram illegal because it violates church/state constitution. Oregon Land Conservation and Development Commission create new rules retroactive against Rajneeshpuram. Wasco County then bans further development and issues 32 citations for alledged building violations.

Just the other day some information came to me: the attorney general of Oregon has declared Rajneeshpuram illegal. The reason that he has given is that here in Rajneeshpuram, religion and state are mixed. *person28*

Because Rajneeshpuram is a unique city, an illegal city, a library cannot be made here. The permission...the city does not exist at all, so from whom to get the permission in a city which does not exist? There are one hundred and fifty thousand books lying in the warehouses here, rare books. But strange are the ways of politicians.

Just a few days ago I heard the federal government of America wrote a letter saying that the city had been given federal funds, but now it has been informed by the state of Oregon that the city does not exist, "so you please return the federal funds."

I enquired how much federal funds they had given. Two hundred and fifty dollars! Great America!

If the city does not exist, who is going to return the funds? And to whom are you addressing the letter? And in the first place who informed you that it is a city? The state must have informed you that this city. is incorporated; that is why you started giving the funds. Now the same state informs you that the city does not exist. You ask for the money from the state. And great federal funds, two hundred and fifty dollars, have disappeared!

And this is just the opinion of the attorney general of Oregon, that the city is illegal--just the opinion of a single individual which is under consideration in the court. Until the court decides whether his opinion is right or wrong, everything should remain as it was till the litigation is over...

The attorney general is spreading his opinion that the city does not exist to other agencies, federal and state. He was pressuring the police department, saying, "Cut Rajneeshpuram's police from the state police. The city does not exist, so what is the need for a police force there?"

It is only his opinion. Unless the court decides that it is not constituted, not incorporated legally.... It has been incorporated legally by the court; it has remained for two years a legal city. The government has been giving it funds for two years, and the same attorney general was there for two years. It took him two years to decide whether the city is legal or illegal? And he allowed his own government to give funds; he allowed the federal government to give funds. He allowed the police force to make the Rajneeshpuram police force part of it.

Now, just because he wants to become the next governor, he wants all the Oregonian voters in his favor--my sannyasins are doing a great deal of good to many people.... Now this is the only fact about Oregon which is decisive: if anybody is in favor of us, he is going to lose the election. Anybody who is against this commune and doing anything legal, illegal, moral, immoral, to harm us--the whole of Oregon is for him.

Now this man has nothing against sannyasins. He has not even the guts to come here and see whether the city exists or not. He should come and see with his own eyes. He has not the guts. He has not even the guts to appear on the same television program with Sheela. Such cowards!

But that's how the political mind works. The attorney general is making arrangements for the election for governor that is coming in one and a half years. At least for one and a half years he is going to be continuously harassing the city, saying that "You are not legal"--although it does not make any difference. Who wants to be legal? Only illegal people want to be legal, constitutional. When you are not a criminal you don't think of the law at all; only criminals think of law.

I have never thought in my whole life what it is to be legal because I was never doing any illegal thing.

The attorney general knows perfectly well that he will be defeated, but all he wants is the case to be postponed, prolonged till the governorship happens; then he knows he will withdraw the case. He should not be allowed to withdraw so easily. But that's the politician's mind: just to go on prolonging, postponing; and that's what he is doing. The date goes on being postponed; he has to go on postponing it. *person27*

We are so happy with ourselves, we don't care at all. We are so utterly contented that it does not matter. A few cases here and there we can fight. And we *are* going to win, because the constitution is in our favor and the law is in our favor. So they will be simply proving themselves utter fools.

Just a few days before it happened: we had the annual festival--fifteen thousand people were here from all over the world. The tents we had made were special tents. We made them ourselves, and we had made them so that they can be used in the winter. So they were not ordinary tents, but they were still tents. And we have applied for a patent for the tents, that we have invented a tent which can be used in snow, which can be used in winter without any trouble, without any problem. The attorney general immediately imposed a fine. *(aside)* How much fine did he impose?

One point four million dollars.

One point four million. We asked them to "come and see before you impose a fine. They are not permanent structures, so they don't need any permission. And you have not seen them--none of your officers have seen them. You have taken it for granted that they are permanent structures just because they're winterized."

But nobody came. And I told my people, "You just take one tent into the courtroom. Open the bag, put up the tent--it takes ten minutes; and then unfold it--it takes ten minutes--and ask the judge, "Can a permanent building be made in ten minutes and taken down again in ten minutes? So this is a tent."

The judge simply dismissed the case and said, "This is absurd. Nobody can make a permanent building in ten minutes."

Now, if this attorney general has any dignity he should have jumped into the ocean! He must be a buffoon: you fine somebody one point four million dollars without any grounds, without even looking at what you are punishing them for.... *All* their cases are like this, and we are going to prove in each case that they are being behaving in a stupid way.

It is better for them that they should come. We have no antagonism against them. We have no political aspirations, we have no political parties, we are not concerned at all; just leave us alone.... But they cannot leave us alone! *last225*

As early as 1982 Oregon Governor, Vic Atiyeh puts 300 national guard and several helicopters on call during the July Festival 'to protect local Oregonians'

Strange. We are such a small minority, and the governor keeps the army alert, that any moment they are ordered, within three hours they have to be able to reach Rajneeshpuram. I cannot believe that you can choose such idiots as governors. What has the army to do here? If they want their army to learn meditation, we can invite them. There is no need to keep them alert--we can make them alert twenty-four hours a day! They should ask us. And they can go on sending one battalion after another and we will destroy their whole army by making them alert. Because an alert person cannot kill; only sleeping people can destroy. *last207*

In September 1984, Oregon Attorney General, Dave Frohnmayer, calls a secret meeting with National Guard, FBI, INS, IRS, state police and state agencies.

Before the last election in America, the governor of Oregon had a secret meeting of all the top officials of his government. The attorney general was there, Norma Paulus was there, and everybody who means anything in the government. They did not allow the journalists inside.... And still you go on calling this a democratic country?

They were deciding about my people, but they did not allow any of my people to be present there. And the governor came out and gave a press conference in which he lied completely. What happened inside and what he said outside are completely contradictory. In the press conference he said, "Things are normal. There is no need to be afraid, everything is in control. We are trying to calm down the Rajneeshees."

I don't know how he was trying to calm us down. He never came here, he never sent a message to us, but he was calming us down. Does he think he is a magician? And he said he was trying to keep the opposing people from getting too hot.

Inside, everything was different. Now the confidential record of the meeting has been found--he was thinking it had been burned. But in this world impossible things also happen. Now we know what happened inside the meeting; there was no question of calming anyone down, no question of creating peace. On the contrary, they were deciding how much time it would take their army to reach Rajneeshpuram to destroy it completely. They had decided to put the army on alert so any moment, within three hours, they could destroy my people.

Of course, in a way it is calming us down. If you are not here, there will be calm. It has been calm here in this place for many decades, but that calmness was death. There was only one house, and there was only one family to look after this big place. It is one hundred and twenty-six square miles--three times bigger than New York. Of course it was calm. There were no birds to sing, there were no trees to blossom. It was a dead place; we made it alive.

Now birds have started coming. Nature has a tremendous harmony when there are so many people loving, singing, dancing. Birds have started coming to this place, flowers have started blossoming.

But it is not noisy, it is not "hot" in the governor's sense. You cannot find a cooler place in the whole world. Of course the sun is hot--that is not our fault. But the place is cool, calm, there is no disturbance. In these four years there has not been a single fight. But they want to destroy this calmness. They would love to have a dead place, the serenity of a cemetery.

There is serenity in a garden too. Do you think birds singing, flowers moving in the air, disturb anything? They make the silence deeper, meaningful. Silence in itself is meaningless unless it has the potential for a song, unless it has something in it to blossom, something to grow.

In the meeting they decided that the army should be put on alert, and the army *was* put on alert. And they were ready, in three hours, to destroy this place, these people. Of course we would have died singing and dancing. We would have made history.

But these people make me sad--and they are in power, and they go on lying. Now what do you call it--is it not a conspiracy, to tell the people that everything is normal? Then why is the army on alert? And what crime have *we* committed that we have to be destroyed? *false05*

Do you think it...one day it might lead to bloodshed?

It is all in their hands, because the governor is keeping the army on the alert. It looks so stupid! We have invited him that, "You should come and see that these peaceful people, they don't go out...." The nearest neighbor is twenty miles away; we have nothing to do with anybody. We are living like a separate island and we don't have to depend on anybody else. We have everything that we need--you just come and see. And if you see that this is a place where you have to bring an army, you just tell us why, what is the reason.

But no, they don't have the guts to come and see. And the day they had this secret meeting of all the government agencies' chiefs, where they decided that the army should be kept on the alert so that within three hours they should be able to reach Rajneeshpuram--the attorney general did not allow any of our representatives. "You were discussing us, you wanted to take some decision about us--at least you should listen to our story too!" He did not allow that. He did not allow the press either.

The press were not allowed, and he said, "I will talk to the press after the meeting." And whatever he talked was an absolute lie. Whatever had happened in the meeting, he did not mention a single thing to the press, and whatsoever he mentioned to the press was not discussed inside the meeting. Just by chance one journalist managed to get the secret file, and it was shown on the television. Now we have got a copy from that journalist of a document in which they are preparing for a war!

It seems so idiotic....

Has the governor visited here at all?--state governor.

No. None of these people who have been deciding there, in that meeting, none of them has been here. And every day we are in the news, every day on the television, in every magazine, every newspaper--it is not that anything is hidden here. They can come--and we invited them as our guests!

But, no--they don't want to come.

I welcome visitors, because that's the only way the world to become acquainted with us. *last220*

Just a few days ago was the president's election here. What I heard was, that before the election on the sixth of November, on the night of the fifth of November, before the Wasco County Court, all the Christian congregations gathered. All the priests--who are enemies of each other, continually fighting, arguing about who is right, who is wrong and who is closer to Christ and God and who is not closer, and who is really orthodox and who has just gone astray--they all gathered there together. All the priests, with all their congregations, before the county courthouse...for what? To pray against the Antichrist, to save Wasco County.

Now who is the Antichrist in Wasco County? And Wasco County needs to be saved from the Antichrist? I really enjoyed it, that they are all praying for me--because I don't think there is anybody else who can claim to be the Antichrist. But I am a little crazy. They say I am anti-Christ, anti-Buddha, anti-Mahavira, anti-Krishna, anti-semite.... Anything--just put "anti" before it and it refers to me. And in reality I am just for myself and not against anybody. I don't care a bit about Christ, so why should I be anti-Christ? I don't care about anybody! They never cared about me, why should I care about them?

These people go on.... The journalists asked the priests, "Who is the Antichrist?" and they were not even courageous enough to utter my name. They just went round and round answering, "We are just praying so that the county is saved from evil forces." But why only Wasco County? Are all the evil forces gathered here in Wasco County? They should have gone to the White House in Washington and prayed there. because if all the evil forces are gathered anywhere, there are two places: the Kremlin and the White House. And if the world is going to suffer, it is going to suffer from these two places: the Kremlin and the White House. *ignor04*

Offices have been rented in the nearby 'ghost' town of Antelope, mainly for the use of telephones, as there is only one line into the ranch. Antelope residents create obstacles for sannyasins. Sannyasins are elected to the city council, and the name is changed to City of Rajneesh.

There has been a great deal of controversy about sannyasins living in Antelope and being elected to the city council. The people in Antelope are hostile to you, so what is the point of sannyasins living there.

In fact, you bring me to something in which I have no interest. Just not to be impolite to you, I am answering it....

When we came here we needed our people to stay in Antelope, because there were no houses here. Before we made houses and roads and restaurants and eating places, they had to remain in Antelope. The population of Antelope was less than my sannyasins. And the Antelope population started behaving with great hostility: they wouldn't allow any permit, they wouldn't allow them to purchase any land, they wouldn't allow change of zone--small things. My people told them, "We don't want your city or your government. We are simply here for the time being, and we will be moving to our own city. But we have to create the city, and before we create it we have to be here. This is the nearest place."

And because they wouldn't listen, and they tried in every possible way to hinder, naturally my people thought that the best way was to take over the government. What is the need of asking permission from these people when we have the government and we give the permission?--so they took over, there was no problem in it.

If you had come four years ago and seen Antelope, you would not have believed it....

They are trying to collect 84,000 signatures so that in the next election they can ask the governor to dissolve Antelope into Wasco County.

They certainly know they cannot win, because only eight or ten old Antelopians are there and one hundred sannyasins are there. They cannot win democratically, and this is absolutely unconstitutional. If it is done, then we are going to fight up to the Supreme Court.

Was it constitutional to take it over in the first place?

Taking over is not the problem. They are the majority; the majority should rule. It is not a question of taking over.

Is it an important enough question though, now that your city is established?

Not yet. They are not allowing it to be established yet. Our city is under litigation. And we have been telling them that if you allow us whatever we need, if you help--and we are creating a beautiful place for you in a desert--we can leave Antelope. That was our basic proposal to them. *last118*

There are increasing pressures and law-suits from government agencies to destroy Rajneeshpuram, and rumours of a Grand Jury investigation, causing the Commune legal department to file the conspiracy law-suits.

In one case they were trying to find twelve jurors who were unprejudiced to me and to the commune. They interviewed at least fifty people, and putting their hand on the *Bible* they became afraid and they said, "We are prejudiced." So they were rejected as jurors; otherwise, they were going to sit as a jury.

Now these people were rejected--because we insisted that their interview should be taken and their oath. It was so difficult that even the judge said, "Your cases should be decided outside of the state of Oregon because in Oregon you cannot get justice. Everybody is prejudiced." *transm37*

There are so many cases going in the courts against me--false, utter lies. And we are defeating all those cases, because they are against their own laws, against their own constitution. *last224*

We fight the government, the government agencies. But we follow their rules because we are playing their game. And we can play the game better than they are playing. In four

years we have proved to them how stupid they are. Laws are made by them, rules are made by them, but we can find loopholes in their laws and loopholes in their rules. And we are going to be here, and are going to fight to the ultimate end.

So we are not against their laws. But their laws are made by mediocre politicians, and we have far more intelligent people to fight them. We have the biggest law firm in the whole world--four hundred legal experts continuously getting ready for more and more fights on more and more grounds.

And your governments--the state government, the federal government--are all doing many things illegally, against the constitution. It is their constitution, it is their law, but they are doing things against it, going against it. We will be in favor of the constitution and we will go against them. We will be in favor of the laws and prove to these people that they are acting illegally. So our way of fighting is not to disobey; our way is to prove that we are obeying the laws and you are disobeying your own laws. The laws are yours, made by you, and you have committed so many stupidities in them that we are perfectly capable of fighting with you. *last128*

Security at the ranch increases

Following a bomb explosion in the commune-owned Hotel Rajneesh in Portland, security at the ranch increases.

I was told that I would see armed guards patrolling the streets--I haven't seen any since I've been here. Do you have armed guards?

I have, because every day we receive phone calls that they are going to bring a crowd, to create a disturbance; they are going to burn our houses, they are going to create fire, and every day threats that they are going to kill me. We go on sending those reports to the government saying that, "You should inquire and see who the illegal people are! We have not threatened anybody...."

Those guards are police; they are part of the state of Oregon. And they are just there so nobody can create any nuisance.

Preventive rather than...?

Absolutely preventive, because for four years they have not done any harm to anybody.

But they are sannyasins--the policemen are sannyasins?

They are sannyasins. They have taken the training of the police. And the sannyasins have topped in every training, in every field, and they have proved their guts there too, and

made it clear that it is not going to be a easy thing, to anything if you are planning to do against.

We are harmless, we don't want to do harm to anybody; but we will not let anybody harm us either, because that too is supporting violence. *last220*

Just a few days ago, one Swedish magazine has published a big article against me, the commune, and has almost tried to prove that this is a military organization. And in the editorial note it says that nothing like this has been seen since Adolf Hitler. And all that they have done--they have taken pictures of sannyasins holding guns, enlarged those pictures, filled the whole article with guns--looking at the magazine one would think that there must be thousands of soldiers marching with guns.

The journalist was here but he did not ask for an interview. Now I call this immensely cowardly. He just took photographs and only of what he wanted: people holding guns--that is his main theme--and just spread them, double page spreads of guns, and small notes like, "This is the most dangerous place that is growing here. Sooner or later it will become a problem to the whole world."

And I was giving interviews to journalists. He was here, he could have asked, he should have asked for an interview. Before he published anything, he should have inquired of me, but in fact he completely avoided inquiring of anybody. He simply had come with a prejudice, and with that prejudice he took the pictures...and he has made a full article.

Now anybody reading that article cannot imagine that all this is false. And in a way it is true, because those pictures are not wrong, just the presentation is cunning. The presentation is prejudicial. *last219*

International reaction to Osho

and the Communes

Just two days ago one of our Australian communes tried to purchase a holiday resort there. It has a huge building, and they wanted to make it a school for sannyasin children--it could manage at least one hundred and fifty children--and the resort could become a beautiful commune. The commune is in the city but they wanted to move out and to spread.

The fear went all over Australia. The whole media--television, the newspapers--was full of the same fear. Just as we have heard here that we are going to take over Wasco County.... I am sitting here, and they are saying in Australia that I am planning to come to Australia and we will try to take over. Already there are posters in Australia: Better dead

than red. Strange, that red color seems to have become the monopoly of the communists. *dark29*

The German government is doing everything so that I cannot enter Germany. That is enough indication that the paranoia and fear have already reached into the hearts of those who are holding the power.

They have put a few cases against me. I have never been in Germany--I was really amazed. How can I commit any crime?--I have never been there. But they have put cases against me for two reasons. They can refuse entry to a man who is under litigation. Or they can let you enter and then imprison you because so many cases are against you; you cannot leave the country until all the litigations are over.

I rejoice at their fear. Whenever a government becomes afraid of me, it brings great joy to my heart. That means my work is happening. The governors, the presidents are somehow trembling within. To hide that trembling they will do all kinds of things.

But whatever you do, your edifice is crumbling. The fear is not coming because of me, the fear is in you....

In Germany we have many communes, and those are the only places where you will see people laughing, enjoying, dancing, singing. Every day, thousands of non-sannyasins are coming to our German discos. It became a problem to accommodate so many people. People are waiting outside the discos in line, so when the first group leaves they can enter.

No church can claim that there is a line outside waiting! Naturally the church is afraid, the government is afraid. What is going to happen to these people? And they cannot understand either your way of life or your freedom, or your thoughts, or your spontaneity. You are the strangest people they have come across.

Yes, Germans are one of the biggest groups among my sannyasins, and every day more and more Germans are turning towards me. I can give you the guarantee that Germany cannot remain anything other than a land of sannyasins--and that will be the absolutely certain prevention of any other Adolf Hitler happening. *dless05*

In fact, in Germany we have won a case just now, because the minister concerned had stopped the opening of one of our discos on the grounds that these discos are strategies to attract young people and then convert them into sannyasins.

We went to the court--and it was absolutely absurd, we have never tried to convert anybody. But if people want to be converted, then to refuse is not gentlemanly either....

We won the case. It was so simple--not a single piece of evidence that we have converted anybody. We are not missionaries; the word "missionary" is a four-letter word. We don't interfere in anybody's life, we don't interfere in anybody's freedom; but if somebody feels

at home with us, he is welcome. He is coming on his own decision--and if he wants to leave, nobody prevents him.

We won the case, and in *The Rajneesh Times* German edition, our legal expert who had fought in the courts against the minister wrote about the case and called the minister a "supra-fascist", a high-class fascist, so sophisticated that you would not be able to think that he is a fascist.

The minister filed a case of defamation against Sadhu and *The Rajneesh Times* but we proved that he *is* a "supra-fascist." His fascism is sophisticated, subtle. We exposed him from his statements, speeches; we gathered all the material and just placed it before the court.

The court must have been in a difficulty. It took six or eight months for them to make a decision, but they had to make it, because they know my people--that if they go against the truth, the case will move to the higher court. It must have been a shock to the minister that the court accepted that he *is* a "supra-fascist," and that we have not defamed him, we have simply stated a factuality.

Now, if that minister had any sense of shame, he would jump in the ocean and disappear forever. A court decision about him, and he is still clinging to his post, seems simply--the man is shameless! *dless38*

Just the other day I had the message that one of our centers (in Germany) has been attacked. All the windows were broken in a crowd attack. People took away whatsoever they wanted. And just after that a whole center has been burned.

Now, my people have not harmed anybody; they were just meeting there, meditating there. Even the policemen made the statement, "It is strange, because for two years we have been observing these people, and they are utterly innocent. They are neither political nor in any ideology--they just enjoy themselves. Why their houses should be burned is unexplainable." The police may not find the explanation, because the explanation is here... *glimps18*

And I have opened a new area of sannyasins, that is, underground sannyasins--a special concession for communist countries, Mohammedan countries, the Middle East.

To me, wearing red clothes and a mala does not mean anything. To persuade you, I may give great explanations, esoteric, supernatural meanings of the color and everything. But in fact, it is just to give you an identity and the courage to stand in society alone.

It will make you strong, because everybody will be hostile. And it will give you a chance also to spread my word, because people will start asking you, "What has happened to you? Have you gone crazy? nuts? or what? Why do you go on wearing red clothes and a mala and the picture of this madman?"

They don't mean anything, but they are useful instruments for shocking people outside. If somebody is shocked, that means that is the beginning of his sannyas! His heart has already received its first shock, now many more will be coming.

But in communist countries they will simply imprison people, persecute them, kill them. In Mohammedan countries, they will simply kill them. Then it is pointless.

There, my sannyasins are underground sannyasins. They don't wear red, they don't wear the mala. Still they are being persecuted, still the government is trying to find out who are the people in connection with me.

People are being called by the KGB in Russia to be interviewed continuously every week, tortured with the same questions.

I have received the message, "Should we say who we are?"

I said, "There is no need to tell those idiots. It is enough that you know who you are."

But underground or overground, the moment your heart opens towards me, I am with you wherever you are. *dless35*

Somebody has said, "In America, the government sources think that you are planted here by the Soviet Union." And in the Soviet Union my books are banned! I have a few sannyasins there, of course underground; but they meet, and one woman got caught because she was the messenger taking books, magazines and other things. And they harassed her in every possible way.

They wanted her to confess that I am an American agent preparing people and sending them into communist countries to sabotage. She said, "But this is absolutely absurd!" She informed me, "This is strange. In America they thing you are from the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union people think that you are an American agent!" *misery25*

You say: *I was born in South Korea. I left that country in 1984, and took sannyas in 1985. When I was staying in Rajneeshpuram in 1985, the South Korean Government arrested a lot of my friends and denounced them and me as communist revolutionaries. One of them was killed before the court date, and two of them were sentenced to death; the rest of them are all in jail now, and I have been suffering from this horrible calamity.*

Your lovers in South Korea try to make their country free from U.S. imperialism, and to search for the path of truth simultaneously. Is it possible to do this?--to search for the path of truth and free one's own country from tyranny? Please comment for me and your lovers in Korea.

Prem Seung, there is no conflict between your search for truth, for your spiritual freedom, and your struggle against political tyranny--although matters become a little more complicated.

The priority should be your attainment of spiritual freedom, because political tyrannies come and go. And you cannot be absolutely sure that when you have overthrown one political tyranny, it will not be replaced by another. You can fight with the United States and its ugly attempt to keep South Korea under its power--to destroy people and their freedom.

Now they are killing your people, calling them communist. Tomorrow...it is going to happen out of necessity, because history moves like the pendulum of a clock. From one extreme to another extreme; that's the way of history and time. Because they are condemning you as communists--killing you, forcing you into jails, sentencing you to death--it will create the opposite movement, a movement towards communism....

It is a very complex game. You should not give it priority; the priority should remain your own growth. Whether the tyranny is of America, or the tyranny is of China, or the tyranny is of the Soviet Union, it does not matter. Tyranny is simply tyranny; it is murderous, it is criminal.

So rather than waiting for a beautiful future, when America is gone out of South Korea and South Koreans themselves are in power...don't trust it too much. History teaches something else; the people will remain in the same ugly situation, under the same horrors. Only the butchers have changed, but the murder remains the same.

I am not against fighting for freedom for your nation, but don't give it a priority. The priority should be for your spiritual freedom, which cannot be taken away either by America, by Russia, by China, or by anybody else. If you can manage, without any disturbance, to fight against tyranny also, then I am absolutely in support of it. But I don't think it is easy--it is very difficult. The moment you start fighting with governments, you get so much involved in that fight, you forget yourself completely....

Now it can be accepted as a rule: the revolutionary talks of great things, promises paradises, and when he comes into power, he proves a greater tyrant than the previous ones.

My hope is no longer in the promises of the revolutionaries; my hope is in the birth of the rebel. And a rebel's basic necessity--the essential transformation--is freedom of your individuality from your own past, from your own religion, from your own nation. Meditation will help to make you an individual; and only a commune of individuals who are all spiritually free, who have broken all the bridges that go towards the past, will have eyes that are fixed on faraway stars.

They are all, in a way, poets, dreamers, mystics and meditators. And unless we fill the world with these people, this world is going to change from one tyranny to another. It will be an exercise of utter futility.

Prem Seung, *you* are the priority. Get to your roots, find your self, become a rebel, and create as many rebels as possible. That's the only way you can help the future mankind in creating a Golden Future. *rebel19*

You are asking me: if my people are going to be persecuted, who is going to be responsible--I or they? My whole effort is that whatsoever I am doing I am responsible for. If I am persecuted and assassinated, I am responsible for it. But if you are persecuted and assassinated, remember, it is your responsibility, not mine. Why in the first place did you join me? I will not allow you to shirk away from your responsibility. I will not take your responsibility on myself.

I am responsible for whatsoever I am doing, and whatsoever happens to me. You are responsible individually--because I don't believe in any collectivity. Every individual has to accept his responsibility for whatsoever he is doing, whatsoever happens to him.

I had started alone. Then people started coming by and by, and my caravan started becoming bigger and bigger, and now it is all around the earth. But those people I respect. They have joined me on their own decision; I have not persuaded anybody.

I have not given you any promises of a holy land. I have not given you any incentives after death. I have not given you any guarantee that if you are with me, soon you will be with God. I don't give you promissory notes, and I don't take any responsibility on your behalf, because I respect you. If I take the responsibility on myself, then you are slaves; then I am the leader and you are the led.

No, I am not the leader, and you are not the led. We are fellow travelers. You are not behind me but by my side--just together with me. I am not higher than you, I am just one amongst you. I don't claim any superiority, extraordinary power, and all kinds of nonsense which Jesus, Moses, Mohammed, Krishna, Buddha, Mahavira, all are to be condemned for. Do you see the point? To make you responsible for your life is to give you freedom.

A few of the sannyasins--for trivia, absurd reasons--have left the caravan. I am not at all angry with them. They had joined; it was their responsibility. They have left; it is their responsibility. If they want to come back, it will be their responsibility.

Every single sannyasin is responsible, remember. You cannot dump your responsibility on me. I am simply taking my own doings, sayings, happenings on myself. If you feel that because of me you are persecuted, drop sannyas. Why should you be persecuted for me? Who am I?

But if your sannyas is your love affair with me, then take the responsibility: be persecuted. And persecution cannot do any harm to you, for the simple reason that we are not fanatics, we are not dogmatic. My people are open, vulnerable, available.... *false23*

Do you choose to come at this time in history. Is there something about this time that makes it a right wrong time for you?

No, I have not chosen anything. Whenever and wherever I had been, it would have been both a wrong time and a right time. It will be a little difficult to understand *wrong,* because wherever, whenever, in whatever century I would have been, I would have had to face the same hostility, the same antagonism, the same anger of the masses. That way it would be the wrong time.

But it depends on *me* to change the wrong time into the right time. The hostility of the people, the anger of the people, the enmity of the people are symbolic. I am unable to do anything only if people remain absolutely inattentive towards me. If they can ignore me, then I cannot do anything. That will be simply the wrong time; then it cannot be changed into the right time.

But if people are angry, they have given the indication that they are already emotionally attracted towards me. Their anger is because of their fear. They are angry because they are afraid: "This man is dangerous. Coming close to him, perhaps you will not have any way to escape." They are creating the hostility and anger and enmity just to protect themselves.

But when somebody has started protecting himself, that simply means he is already influenced. He already smells the truth, and he is not capable of *facing* it. That's why he is creating walls of hostility--so he does not need to face it. But he has already become interested in me, he has already shown some kind of emotions towards me. It does not matter that the emotions of anger and hate and hostility are not favorable. It is very simple to change them. Once a person is emotionally attracted towards me, his hate can be changed into love very easily, because hate and love are not very different things, just two sides of the same coin.

The only person who is difficult to change is one who has no emotional idea about you--neither of love nor of hate--who simply passes by your side as if you are not there. But it is difficult as far as I am concerned. It is difficult to ignore me. I will not allow anybody to ignore me. They will have to take notice, and they will have to take a certain stand, for or against. That is the beginning of my work.

Those who are for are already with me. Those who are against are getting ready, sooner or later, to be with me. Their very hatred is symbolic.

It is symbolic that they cannot ignore me. It is symbolic because their hate simply shows that they are afraid that if they don't hate, they will fall in love. But how long they can do this to themselves? Hate is not a very good space. They are not harming me, they are poisoning themselves. How long can they remain in this poisoning state? Seeing others with me dancing, singing joyously, living a life in its intensity and totality, they are burning with hate and creating poison in themselves.

What is the point? Just a little intelligence is enough to see that I am not harmed by your hate. You are harming yourself. Those who love me are immensely helped by their love.

Once this becomes clear to people, they start moving from one camp to another. It takes just a little patience. *last218*

Osho's secretary, Sheela leaves,

and information about crimes

On 14 September 1985, Sheela and twenty sannyasins who have been working closely with her leave the ranch. Ma Prem Hasya now becomes Osho's personal secretary.

On 16, 17 and 18 September 1985, Osho holds press conferences in the mandir, to which world press and all sannyasins are invited. Osho states information has come to light that Sheela committed several crimes against both sannyasins and non-sannyasins.

Isabel, who liaises with the press says: Osho, I have told the press You will give a statement before they ask questions.

This is a moment of great rejoicing for my commune. I have been silent for three and a half years. The people who were in power took advantage of my silence. Because I was not in contact with the sannyasins, I was not aware what is being done to them. As I started speaking again, a strange thing happened. Sheela became very sad. She was the president of the Rajneesh Foundation International and my personal secretary. Everybody in the commune was immensely ecstatic that I am speaking again except Sheela. This was strange. But just within few days it became clear what is the reason. While I was in isolation and in silence, she has become a celebrity. Through the news media she has become famous all over the world. She was representing me. Because I started speaking again, she found that her ego is shrinking, her image from the television screen is disappearing. It was bound to be so. If I am speaking myself, then there is no need for any mediator, any messenger, any representative. She started going more and more to Australia, to India, to Europe, for any small excuse. Finally when she came back she wrote a letter to me that, "I don't find the same excitement as I used to find before. But I am happy in Europe, happy in Japan, happy in Australia." I replied to her that, "If you want to know the real reason of your happiness, I can come to Europe, to Australia, to Japan, wherever you want to check what is the real reason of your happiness. You have become addicted to be famous, and this is a far worse drug than any drug in existence." And my sannyasins are not power-oriented. They are not political people. They are absolutely apolitical.

The world has suffered too much from politics. At least let few intelligent people decide to be dropouts from all dirty politics--and there is no other kind.

And then suddenly one day, just one day before, Sheela and all her gang simply left America, without even giving any cause why they are leaving. It was strange. And the moment they left, other sannyasins started informing things which are ugly, sad, but I have to say them to you because I don't want to happen such things again in this commune or anywhere else. The moment their airplane left, immediately people started coming, saying so many things that they have done while I was in silence, that it seemed, listening to them, that instead of being a meditation commune they had turned it into a fascist concentration camp.

First they tried to kill three people, three people who were very close to me: my physician, my dentist and my caretaker. Because these were the three people who had the opportunity to meet me except Sheela. She wanted nobody to meet me, for the simple reason because they may inform me what is going on in the commune and what she is doing there. So finally they decided that these three people have to be given slow poison. Now there are witnesses who participated in their meetings, but they were afraid that if these people can kill my physician, they can kill anybody. One woman who has reported that she was in the meeting and left in the middle, disgusted, feeling sick, that what kind of people are these? And the innocent sannyasins trusted them absolutely. But she herself became so much afraid that for six months she has not eaten the food in the commune's restaurant. She was getting food from outside.

And it really happened. My caretaker once went into Jesus Grove where Sheela and her gang was living. She took a cup of tea and fell immediately sick. And the sickness was absolutely strange. She is healthy, young, there was no reason for it. Doctors could not find any reason why her heart is beating so fast. For three hours the heart was going just crazy. All their medicines were of not much help. But nobody thought about it, that she has taken a cup of tea and somebody could have poisoned her.

But it happened to Devaraj, my physician. After few days he took a cup of coffee in Jesus Grove and came from there. Because he is a doctor, has the highest qualifications from England, he immediately suspected that he has been poisoned. He was entered into the nursing home here, and there too he was injected poison again. And now many people have come, that Sheela was researching for some poison which can in slow doses kill a person in a long period of time, so nobody will suspect.

Third time, here in this meditation hall Devaraj was injected again. He immediately showed to people around him, pulled his pants and showed blood where the injection has been put. They delayed the ambulance to come here. All these informations have come within two days. The ambulance people have informed that they were told to delay as much as possible, then take him as slowly--because he refused to go to the medical center here. He was to be taken to Bend. So "Take him slowly to the airport." And the pilots were informed that there is no hurry: "Go as slow as possible."

And these were the poisons which are not detectable. He remained sick, became okay. Hasya was his wife, was looking after him. The doctors in Bend told Hasya there was no disease, it seems to be simply a case of certain poisoning which cannot be detected.

They said exactly the same has happened one year before to the attorney of Jefferson County, Sullivan. He was poisoned in the same way. Nobody knows, perhaps the same people who had poisoned Devaraj were poisoning Sullivan, because this commune's land is divided half in Wasco County, half in Jefferson County, and it has much to do with the attorney of Jefferson County.

Many more things have surfaced. We are reporting to the police, to the government, because the whole bunch has immediately disappeared and they must have been planning for months. One information has come that at the election time last year, Sheela and her group of six, seven people tried to put chemicals in all the vehicles of police and officers in Dalles, so the vehicles could not move. And they were successful. Not only that, what I cannot even conceive, they tried to poison the water system in Dalles. They did not succeed in it, but they made every attempt.

Now, these people are absolutely criminals, inhuman, brutal, fascist in their outlook. Here in the commune they were sorting out anybody who had any independent mind. And my whole teaching is to have independent mind! Don't believe anything unless you know it. Be skeptical. But because I was silent, they were doing just the other. They were saying, "Believe, and surrender. And all these instructions are coming from Osho." They were making their instructions, people were writing letters to me, they were never reaching to me. They had created a small fascist state here, so many people left just because of them who wanted to be here with me, who have come from long away, who have sold their everything just to be here with me. With tears in their eyes they had to leave, because they could not surrender to any stupid kind of thing. For example, if you tell somebody that, "Go and poison" or "Inject poison to somebody," they could not believe that this can be my instruction. And they have come here for me, not for Sheela.

I have been teaching my whole life that my people have to be absolutely nonpolitical, but in three and a half years Sheela was functioning just like a politician, third-grade politician. It was ugly to take over Antelope. We are here, just guests of Oregonians. To take those poor old people's house does not seem right. I would like the Oregonians and the people of Antelope, if they can buy the properties which Foundation owns, we will vacate Antelope. They can have their place. That is their town. It belongs to them. And we have no hostility against anybody. In fact, we are part of Oregon to them. And we have no hostility against anybody. In fact, we are part of Oregon now. It does not matter that you have been hundred years here and we have been only four years. Years don't make any difference. Now this earth is ours, this sky is ours. And we have done everything to change this desert into an oasis. And we want to change this whole place in such a lush green holiday resort that it becomes the best tourist center in America.

We need all support from Oregonians, from Americans, from everybody. Ours hands are stretched and waiting for their hands....

We can understand, human nature is always suspicious of strangers. We are strangers. If they are suspicious of us, there is nothing to be disappointed. Just we have to make them aware of our way of life, our creativity, our joy, our celebration. Just we have to welcome them as guests, just to have a feel that we are human beings. Red clothes don't make any difference. Everybody behind the clothes is naked, red or blue or black does not make any sense.

I have called you media people here especially to inform you a glad news, that this commune is free from a fascist regime. Adolf Hitler has died again. And now we would like in every possible way to be an intrinsic part of Oregon, to contribute whatsoever we can contribute, and expect your friendship, your love, your hospitality. And you will never repent that we came here. We will make this place so beautiful that Oregon will be proud of it. When we had come just four years before, there was only one house, and one hundred twenty-six square mile desert For fifty years there was nobody to purchase it. It was for sale for fifty years. Who is going to purchase a desert? But when I heard that it is a desert, I said, "It is a good challenge. Let us try to make it an oasis." And we have immensely succeeded. But that success goes to my sannyasins, not to that fascist gang. These people have been working twelve hours, fourteen hours a day. And those people were trying to kill our own sannyasins. They were going to kill whole Dalles. And just because I was absent, uninformed, they have taken in their hands whatsoever they wanted to do.

You will be surprised to know that they far transcended Nixon. They bugged houses, they bugged every place where they thought somebody may be not in favor of them. But strangest thing is my own bedroom, my own sitting room, was bugged. And to me they were saying, "We love You, Osho. We have never loved anybody so much." Of course. If you had not loved me, why you should bug my bedroom, where I am alone? Perhaps once in a while in sleep I may deliver a speech. But what else is there to be bugged? It seems these people could have even killed me. Because my silence was favorable to them, my absence would have been more favorable. And if I was dead, they could have worshiped my dead body, made a beautiful marble memorial, and be in full power to do whatsoever they want to do.

I came to know only late that they are bringing street people for a program here. They had already planned, people had gone to pick up, buses had moved. And I asked, "What is the reason?" Because I am not much interested in uneducated, illiterate, street beggars. I am not much interested. My interest is in intelligentsia. All my people are university graduates with masters' degrees or doctors' degrees. I don't want to lower the standard of the commune.

But they said, "It is only for three months, and we are having it because we have surplus money out of the festival, two and half million dollars we have more, so we can share in some humanitarian work." And this was a lie. They were even lying to me, because today I inquired and found that we are fifty-five million in debt. They wasted almost three million dollars and created unnecessary hostility, created some ugly publicity. We are not interested in publicity. We are certainly interested that whatever is the truth about us

should be known by everyone, so nobody lives in deceptions, gossips. But we are not interested in publicity. We really want that we forget the whole world and the world forgets us and forgives us, so we can live here silently and peacefully and do our thing.

And then they made in Antelope a housing complex, and never told me exactly what are their intentions about it. I thought it must be for festival purposes, when more sannyasins are there. Only at the last date, next day they were going to have a press conference, and they had to inform me because I was going to be in the press conference. If I had been silent there was no need even to inform me. They informed me that they want to make that housing complex, which can accommodate five hundred people, and they have wasted almost two million dollars on it, they want to make it a AIDS home. I said, "It is good that you are feeling so compassionate about people who are having AIDS, but you should think also of all the people around Antelope whose life will be in danger. You can put the whole life of Oregon in danger, because AIDS spreads not only by sex contact,it can spread, just by kissing. It can spread even by somebody's tear. It can spread, somebody eating with a spoon is not sterilized and you use it. Saliva is a carrier." I said, "This is not right. You are not only putting whole Oregon's people in great danger, you are putting our own commune in danger. Our doctors will have to look after them. Our nurses will have to look after them. And the same doctor and the same nurses will be looking after the commune." I had to stop it. That's why the great press conference that was going to happen did not happen. Instead, this great press conference is happening. That press conference would have been a curse. This is a blessing.

I would like the media people to spread the news to the farthest corner of the world, because I have my sannyasins around the world, almost more than one million. And these seven people have gone to Europe, and they can do harm to other sannyasins, other communes. They are expert in lying. So please let the message go throughout the world that a group of criminals has reached in Switzerland. Sheela and Puja are the leaders of the group, and they should be avoided more than AIDS!

Now you can ask any question if you have. *press01*

When did you know that she had left?

I knew when I came back from my ride.

Every day I go at two o'clock for a ride in the forest, in the mountains. When I came back then I came to know that she has left, and I was informed that she has left forever. *last302*

But knowing they were criminals, why didn't you stop them?

There was no solid proof. It was just rumors. Only when they left people started opening their mouth, because they were afraid that these people can kill them. They have already killed. They have already burned houses. They have already poisoned people. So everybody was afraid to open his mouth. And if anybody disobeyed them, they simply

sent the person to another commune far away in Europe. So people were simply keeping quiet.

The moment she left, immediately--almost like an explosion--people started coming with all kinds of stories.

Now there is a office here for FBI, state police, Wasco County police, city police, who are taking their statements. I have given it to the government that they should look into the whole matter. *last310*

Sheela has done much good, ninety-nine percent good. The whole credit of keeping all the commune together, of creating houses for five thousand people with all the modern facilities, with central airconditioning--I don't think any city is totally air-conditioned as you are--of giving you the best food possible.... She has done immense good to you, and you should be grateful for it. The credit goes to her. Only one percent she missed, and that seems to be natural to human nature, particularly for people like Sheela.

Sheela had no spiritual aspirations. Seeing that she has no potential, at least in this life.... And this was my impression on the very first day she entered my room in 1970--that she was utterly materialistic, but very practical, very pragmatic, strong-willed, could be used in the beginning days of the commune...because the people who are spiritually-oriented are stargazers....

Sheela was not a stargazer. The reason I had appointed her my secretary was basically this: she was not interested in meditation, she was interested in making roads, houses--which meditators would need. And she did her job well. Just one percent she took advantage of the opportunity, because I was not available to you.

Five thousand people she could manipulate in my name, by saying, "This is what our Beloved Master wants." Now I have come to know things from sannyasins that I had no knowledge of. But each thing that she wanted, she said was wanted in my name. For example, if you were told to make a ditch for electric wires, you made it. You have nothing to do with the crime, although the ditch was made to bug the houses. But how can you know the difference, if you are not an electrician or an electronics engineer--that the wires are not for electricity but for bugging? You saw the wires, you have made the ditch; still you are innocent.

Only the group of twenty people who have fled with her knew perfectly well what was happening. They had made the whole system of bugging. This is just the fear of any person who becomes ambitious for power. He is always afraid.

Out of fear she drove away all the people who could have been rebellious, who could have doubted--because they have lived with me longer than Sheela, they knew my ideology. They could not believe that I was creating a religion, that she was the high priestess of the religion. She threw them out, harassed them in such a way that they had to leave.

Only the group of twenty people that she had chosen--they were all new, they had not known me before. They were not aware of my ideology, my approach, my respect for everybody. They were simply gullible. And because Sheela made them heads of corporations, naturally they were happy. They were not expecting--new people getting all the power.... And she made them commit crimes--all of them. This is a simple strategy. If all those people have committed crimes, then nobody is going to open his mouth, because he will be caught too.

She tried to kill three of the people who were intimate to me, for the simple reason that she was afraid these three people had the opportunity to approach me without her permission: my physician, my dentist, and my caretaker. They were living with me in the same house, but they were not aware of anything until she started poisoning them. *bond18*

As far as the future is concerned of anybody, one thing has to be understood, that it is not determined. Somebody may be absolutely loving this moment and next moment he may murder someone.

You cannot decide what is going to happen in the next moment. And this is one of the man's privilege, that his future is not determined--that means his future is free and he has a freedom to move. The sinner can become a saint, the saint can become a sinner....

So I had no idea that Sheela--who has never done anything like that--will turn into a criminal. But she alone is not responsible for it. The politicians forced her; the Oregonians, their hostility forced her. She must have some instinct in her unconscious that became conscious, took advantage of the situation. But she was not alone. The hostility outside, the constant threat of those people--that they will kill her, they will kill me, they will come and bulldoze the whole commune--by and by she started functioning actually like those people. It is almost human and understandable. *last317*

If you are an enlightened man, how could it be that for so long Sheela and her gang were able to carry on their business here?

Enlightenment has nothing to do with it. There is no contradiction. To be enlightened simply means I know myself. That does not mean that I know everybody. That does not mean that I know the future, tomorrow. It simply means that I know my consciousness is fully awakened, twenty-four hours. I know my inner light; I know my eternity, my deathlessness. It has nothing to do.... In fact, if I was not enlightened, perhaps Sheela may not have been able to do what she was able to do, because then I would have been just as cunning, as political, as suspicious as everybody else.

My enlightenment makes me loving without any condition, trusting without any condition. It brings my childhood back to me, my innocence. And I still trust and love those people who have deceived. That is their problem, that they deceived; it does not change my attitude. If they can change my attitude they become my masters.

Nobody, by doing anything, can change my attitude. If I love you, even if you assassinate me, I will still continue to love you. Your assassination makes no difference. You can assassinate me but you cannot assassinate my love. *last230*

In fact Sheela had managed that my house is almost outside the city. And she has managed that the commune and my house are almost separate entities. My doctor...she gave good excuses, good explanations: that my doctor has not to go to the hospital because he checks me, looks after me, he can bring any infection from the hospital, so he need not go there. He should remain in the house, do some editing work. My dentist should not go out, he should do some edition, editor's work. And my caretaker certainly has no time to go out; from 6:00 early in the morning late 11:00 when I go to sleep, she is continuously running for everything for me.

So they had managed that these people don't come in contact with commune, and the people who were committing crimes, they have specifically told them--now they are coming out--that never say anything to Osho's place, whoever lives there, don't say anything to those people. They have completely isolated my house in the excuse that I need silence, isolation, so nobody should go there. And nobody should come out from there. She did it perfectly well. She had good excuses.

So as these people slowly became aware from friends or somebody phoned, their phones were bugged, taped. Their rooms were bugged. These are now available. *last228*

Slowly I came to know that this small gang is demolishing all the small centers and making big communes in Europe. They demolished hundreds of small centers and forced people to move to six big communes so that they can be controlled centrally.

They completely destroyed the English commune, which was a flourishing commune. Four hundred sannyasins were in the commune and almost two thousand sannyasins used to come for festivals. It was a beautiful place. And they were looking for a bigger place because they could not manage more than four hundred people.

But these people simply shifted all the people from the English commune to European communes and sold the property, closed the small centers and told the sannyasins that they have to go to European communes. They collected all the children from everywhere and they were trying to put them in Holland in a separate commune for children so they can be controlled.

The whole idea was to centralize everything, particularly finances. And they made their center in Germany, in Cologne, so from there they would control the whole of Europe.

These people were doing exactly the same as all the religions have done. They have destroyed the individuals, they have destroyed their freedom, they have destroyed their joy of doing something on their own. *last403*

I had to come out of silence because I started becoming aware from my people...because three people were able to approach me--my physician, my dentist and my caretaker--and Sheela and her gang tried to poison all the three people and to kill them....

So from these three people I became of aware what is going on: "Your commune has become almost a concentration camp. Everybody who is intelligent is being thrown out, in some way or other pressurized, forced, humiliated. The vice-chancellor of our university left, the chancellor of our university left, a few very good therapists left, a few people who have been with me for almost a decade, utterly in love, had to leave, and with tears in their eyes, because Sheela did not want anybody who could rebel against her.

The moment I became aware of the situation, I declared that from tomorrow I am going to speak. *last228*

How are You going to see that such a fascist regime can never happen again in your commune?

At least in my lifetime it won't happen, because I am not going into silence again--just so that nothing like this happens--and I am making every possible arrangement that even if I am not here, it will not happen. For example, I am decentralizing the power. Sheela had all the power in her hands.

Now I am distributing it into ten corporations so ten people will be equally powerful and they will all will be chosen from their corporations.

Secondly, I am making it that the people should not remain long time in power. At the most, one year, six month to one year should be the longest term, then they should rotate. So nobody takes it for granted that it is his power.

So decentralization and rotation of the people, so many more people have the chances to show their ability, their potentiality, capacity, and nobody becomes addicted that it is something that is *his*, nobody else can have it. *last317*

I have chosen Prem Hasya as the President, because of her very creative mind. She, with her husband, has created one of the best movies, *Godfather*, and she came close to me because she wanted to make a movie on me, on the sannyasins and my whole way of life. So she was working on it, that's why she had come. And I saw in her intelligence, creativity, a very loving heart, and no desire for power.

I have given again places to women.... The commune president is now Anuradha who has been with me almost for ten years, doing any kind of work, comes from one of the richest families in England--so there is no question of that money can become important to her--and is ready to do anything. She was very friendly to Sheela, but Sheela could not take her into her group for the simple reason because her love towards me and to the commune is so much that she will not do any such thing that goes against my ideology, so she was left out.

Just one woman cannot destroy my respect for womanhood. I will go on giving chances again and again, for the simple reason: for thousands of years women have not been given chance.

So it is possible that when they get the chance--it is just like a hungry man who has been hungry for many days is bound to eat too much and is bound to become sick by eating. That's what happened to Sheela: she had never seen so big money, she had never seen so much power, in my name she had ten thousand people who could have died or done anything.... She was just a waitress in a hotel...and the mind has not changed! *last317*

On 18 September during a press conference, Osho reveals Sheela fled because of grand jury indictments

In fact, just now I have been informed, before I reached you, that the day she left with her group she had received some information from a friend who is in contact with the U.S. Supreme Court chief justice in Oregon and she had received the message that grand jury is to convene soon. That is the reason that she suddenly packed and escaped because these are the twenty people who have escaped, who have done every kind of crime. She knew it, that these will be indicted.

But I will say to her, this is no way to face reality. Come back and face the grand jury and if you have committed any crime, then accept it. There is no need to hide. This will give you respect of the whole community. *press03*

Is this being investigated now by the authorities?`

Yes; FBI and State Police and other agencies--county police. They are all having a office here and people are going and revealing everything that they know.

You're cooperating with that?

Absolutely. I am absolutely against crime, and I am all for law. *last302*

Do you plan to talk to the FBI yourself and give a deposition about Sheela?

If they ask me. My power of attorney is with my secretary....

We will see. If they want to interview me, I am perfectly happy. To me, it makes no difference whether it is a journalist or an FBI officer. *last228*

You refer to jail as a university for criminals. But by calling in the law enforcement agencies and giving them evidence against Sheela and her gang, if they are convicted, they will be put in jail.

We will fight for them if they come back. We will not support their criminality, we will not support that whatever they have done is wrong. But we will fight that whatever they have done simply signifies that they are psychologically sick people and they should be

given to a psychiatric hospital. Or you can give them back to us; we can treat them in our own university. Or if you think it will be better to send them to another psychiatric place, then send them there.

But putting them in jail is simply barbarous. We will fight that up to the Supreme Court for all those people.

In other words, you're turning them in, turning evidence in against them, and yet....

I am, yes. This is the situation. I am giving every evidence against them and yet I will try to save their humanity, their dignity, their future, if they come back. If they don't come back, then it is beyond our hands.

They need not have escaped. They should have simply told me that, "This is what we have done," and we would have made them confess to the court clearly, and we would have fought for them. Not that they are not guilty; they are accepting that they are guilty, we are accepting they are guilty. But our fight is that the guilty should not be punished, he should be treated. It would have been an unprecedented case, and may have opened a new door for all criminals in the future. *last230*

I have heard that many people are very much disturbed with a few coordinators who have been in with Sheela and her gang. Certainly you feel resentful, but that is not right. These people have not left. They revolted against Sheela and the criminal group--you should think of it--and you resent them.

Sheela and the people with her will hate them, and you resent them. They don't have any shelter anywhere. They understand that they belonged to a wrong group, but they were as innocent as you are. They also thought, "This is what the master wants us to do."

And the proof is that they revolted. Even the secretary of Sheela revolted against her, which was really courageous. She proved to be a real jewel. Sheela was very much afraid of her because she knew everything; she was Sheela's secretary, so every paper had passed through her. She knows all that they have done. Sheela wanted to take her with her. She even tried to poison the poor girl. If she cannot take her, then it is better to kill her. It seems killing people became to them just a very simple thing.

But Geeta has remained, and she will be of immense help. She is, because most of the stories that have come to exposure are because of Geeta, because she knows the right person who will tell the story. If you feel resentful towards Geeta that will not be in any way nice. That will not show your love, your heart. That will simply show a very stupid reaction.

Hasya was asking me, "Should we remove all these people?--Geeta, Padma, Ava, and others?"

I said, "No. They have revolted against Sheela. They should be rewarded, not punished. And they will be of immense help to you, because this thing is going to become a bigger Watergate than Nixon could manage."

Don't feel resentful. I can understand your mind. Seeing the same faces in the same places, you feel angry. But you should be a little more understanding. I want them to be in the same places, because in the same places they can be of help to you. *bond06*

Ava has turned back from Seattle. She had also gone with the group, because she was also afraid.

She was engaged in all criminal activities: arson, burning the planning office in the Wasco County, poisoning. All the Homes-Share program people, street people, keeping them under poison, drugged, so that on the election day they can do whatsoever Sheela wants them to do just like zombies.

They did not purchase the drugs in America because they needed gallons of drugs. To purchase them they would have to satisfy the pharmacist, they will have to satisfy the government for what reason so much drugs are being purchased. But for three thousand people, to keep them for twenty-one days completely drugged, certainly she needed. So they were imported from out of America.

And one man was over-drugged and died. And they simply threw him out of Rancho Rajneesh. His body was found, but the police could not manage to figure out...he was a street person. Nobody knew from where he had come. Nobody knew how he has died.

All these things Ava knew: all the persons who have been injected poison--my physician, my caretaker. So she had gone out of fear, that she will be left alone. But she must have a better quality of humanity. From Seattle she came back. She said, "I am going to confess everything, and I am going to remain in the commune. The people love me. I love them. And whatever we have done, we have to face it."

Today she had given her testimony to the FBI. Her testimony is enough, because she is one of the chief in the Sheela's gang. And whatever she says is supported by hundreds of sannyasins.

Now it is up to the government to catch hold of these people. *last312*

She was the woman to take two sannyasins to the planning office. They burned the office and she was the sannyasin who drove them back. So nobody can be a better eyewitness than her. And she was present in all these meetings in which Shanti Bhadra was told to inject my physician in the meeting, and she was the one, when Shanti Bhadra did it--she was with Sheela in her room--and Shanti Bhadra came running, greatly joyous and saying "I did it, I did it!"

She could not understand what she has done. Only later on she could find that the plan that was arranged last night, to inject Devaraj, Shanti Bhadra has fulfilled it. *last317*

Further information about crimes

Further information is received about crimes committed by Sheela:

You talked about them poisoning or trying to poison other people. Wasco County Judge Bill Hulse was sickened after a visit here.

Yes, that too I just heard today, that he felt also that he was poisoned here....It is possible. The same group can do that too. *press01*

There was an outbreak of salmonella last year in The Dalles. Do You believe that these sannyasins had anything to do with that?

Yes.

Do You have any evidence of that?

Evidence police will have to find, but my sannyasins have much information about it. *press01*

Just the other night we have discovered suddenly five hundred beautiful fish died in Patanjali Lake. That means that before leaving, that group has dumped poison into Patanjali Lake. It is fortunate that we are not taking Patanjali Lake's water for your use. It is being used for irrigation; otherwise you would be, many of you, with those dead fish. *bond09*

Just today my mother came to see me....

And this is the ugliest thing of all. She has done many ugly things. Laxmi had operations, major operations, in which her ovaries are removed, and some other parts of the stomach are removed. And she was sick few days before. She was hospitalized. Since then she started getting better. She came back to her place, and she was feeling very good and recovering.

Last day, when Sheela left, just one hour before, Prateeksha, Sheela's sister, came with a glass of juice. And she had never come, all this time Laxmi has been here, Prateeksha had never come even to see her. And she drank the juice, and immediately became badly sick. And she is already in a dying position.

Now to poison her? They must have thought that to leave Laxmi alive is dangerous, because as far as coming from India is concerned, they have committed many crimes. But they thought because they are never coming back, so who cares? Just once they are out of the country, and governments and bureaucracies take time to find out... But Laxmi knows everything, so she may be dangerous. It is better to finish her.

It seems killing became to them just an ordinary thing. Nothing even to think about. Very casually. *last322*

When Sheela left, in her room, we found--the police has taken all the evidences--books on poison. Now what she has to do with books on poison? How to murder people, how to make bombs.... And they have found chemicals and other elements which are needed to make bombs. And the book on the poisons has all kinds of poisons described, and only one poison is underlined--that is the poison that my physician was continuously telling that that is the only poison that is undetectable--and it is in the description of the poison, that it is undetectable. It will not kill the person, but it will go on weakening him.

You go on giving...within six months, the person will die a natural death. You cannot be caught because the poison is undetectable. And the person will not die immediately--suddenly--so nobody can suspect; he will simply go on becoming weaker and one day he will die. You have just to go on giving at certain periods. And it can be given in food, it can be given in tea, in coffee, it can be injected, it can be given in water.... *last317*

In her room, when the new president and my secretary, Hasya, moved, they found a underground room which nobody was aware of, with a tunnel going out. The house is fenced all around, the tunnel goes out of the fence. Even if the police is surrounding the house, it will be inside the wirings, the tunnel goes out of the wirings, reaches exactly to the airport. An airplane can wait there and you can immediately escape.

Doing all those things will make anybody paranoid. If you kill people, if you poison people... *last324*

Two persons Sheela placed in Desiderata declaring that they had positive AIDS tests, for the simple reason that they were not willing to do something that she wanted them to do. This was a punishment--you cannot find a better punishment. Their blood was either mixed with the AIDS virus, or changed, so the test came back from outside as positive. And after she left, their blood was checked again--they have no AIDS.

Do you see the criminality of the mind? Putting two people who don't have AIDS with eight other people who have AIDS is putting them in great danger. And they cannot say anything, because the report is coming from outside. But the blood that was sent must have been taken from the people who have AIDS.

Sheela's intimate, her assistant in crime, was Puja, who was trying to create the AIDS virus. I don't understand what is the need of creating the AIDS virus, of culturing the

AIDS virus. Perhaps that would have been their next step: anybody who does not listen to them goes to Desiderata. Without killing him, they have killed him. *last312*

About six months ago there was a fire, apparently arson, at the Planning Department office in The Dalles. Do you know if Sheela and her gang are responsible for that?

Thank you for reminding me of it, because the same group was involved in that. *press01*

She asked one of our pilots that, "Put bombs in a big airplane and other explosives and crash the plane against the Wasco County office. And before crashing it, you jump in a parachute so you can save yourself."

He said, "But so many bombs and so much explosives, they will not only destroy the Wasco County office, they will destroy half the town. The fire will be almost uncontrollable. I am not going to do such a thing."

He was immediately sent away to Germany, that, "You are needed there very urgently." Because they were afraid that.... He was not within the twenty-one.

Those twenty, they did not have a pilot amongst them. That was the trouble. So they had to ask a pilot who was outside the gang. He refused. He said, "Osho cannot say anything like that. He will not think even of killing an ant. And to destroy the office, kill all the people and kill many innocent people by the side of the office.... I cannot believe that Osho has said it."

And she told him that, "It is from Osho."

But he said, "Whatever you say, I know Him longer than you have known Him."

He was immediately sent. He was not allowed even few minutes to stay here, so that he cannot convey the message to anybody that it reaches to me. And where he was sent to Germany there was no airport in the commune, no airplane in the commune. And he wondered what urgent purpose is there for him.

It was simply punishment.

For six months he was there. He asked many times to come back. He was refused.

The day she left he immediately phoned. And I called him and asked, "What is the matter? Why you were sent?" And he said, "This is the story."

Now he is testifying. He has testified before the FBI. Now he will be testifying before the court. *last327*

You will be surprised and shocked, that even my room, my sitting room, my bedroom--they were all bugged. On the surface they were all saying that they love me and they are

ready to die for me. What could be the reason to bug my room? And Vivek suspected it, because her room was also bugged. Hasya's house was bugged, and every telephone call was taped. Now, my people are not talking politics on telephones--perhaps with a friend, with a lover.

And when I suspected this, I asked her. She said, "No. We are simply tapping the phones of people whom we suspect are planted by the government."

I said, "In four years, how much information have you got? You show me."

They had not a single piece of information. So I said, "What is the point? For four years those thirty people were not phoning at all?"

And this is simply an excuse to listen to other people's conversations. And it is ugly, inhuman, undemocratic. It is a crime. It is interference in people's privacy.

I was not aware that they were even bugging my room. It will be difficult for you to believe--yesterday we discovered and disconnected a bugging device.

She was continuously insisting that my room should have a buzzer, an emergency buzzer, so that the guards know immediately if anything is wrong.

I said, "From inside what can be wrong? Guards are outside. If anything wrong is going to happen to me, it will come from outside. They should have a buzzer to inform me. I am living isolated. Nobody can even see me from the outside, and I cannot see anybody outside. The buzzer is pointless."

What she insisted was: in some emergency it may be needed. I said, "Okay, if you are so intent, it does me no harm." But the point was--just yesterday we came to know--when the buzzer was removed, there was a microphone. It was a bugging device.

I was seeing a few people once in a while. She never wanted for me to see anybody. But I said, "This is not possible. I have a certain message for somebody, certain instruction for somebody. And I don't think you are capable of doing it. So the person has to be called."

So that was the reason for bugging my room--what am I saying to people whom I have called?

She had created almost a fascist state. It was ugly. It was criminal. And the whole bunch has escaped. Knowing that once Sheela and the main people are gone, the others will be in trouble because soon these things will be discovered....

But we are not going to leave these criminals in the world. They will destroy other communes, other people. I am going to inform the government; I am going to inform the international police force; I am going to inform all the communes; I am going to inform the press media. These people should be treated as criminals. *bond02*

What gave me the idea that the room is bugged was that I will say something to Devaraj, who had just come to check me, and next day when Sheela will come to see me, the conversation with Devaraj was bound to come up.

And she was really stupid in that way, that she will say, that "I had a dream last night that you are talking with Devaraj, and this conversation happened. And not only I had the dream, Vidya also had the same dream, Savita had also the same dream."

I told Sheela, "You don't know about dreams at all. Three persons having the same dream has never been heard in the whole history. You are just ignorant. You don't know about dreaming anything. It would have been enough that you had dreamed. There is no need for two more evidences. Those two more evidences make your dream suspicious.

"And do you think I can accept that you all are--all the three--intuitive? That you have some super-sensory powers? Then you will have to give a proof.

"I can open a book, and you are sitting there, you just tell me what page is open and that will prove everything, whether you have any intuitive grasp of things. Or I can mark it and keep it here on my table, and you all three dream tonight, and tomorrow you report me what page. Otherwise, this room is bugged. You tell me exactly right. It will be easier."

And she flatly denied. "No, how we can do this thing to you?!" And she started crying, and...

I said, "This crying, et cetera, will not help. You simply say whether the room is bugged or not. I can forgive you, but you have to tell the truth."

That was the last time I saw her. Then she started avoiding me. *last322*

And the whole commune was unaware. The things that they did were such that they could manage within those twenty people. One was a medical expert, one was an electronics expert, one was an electrician, one was a finance expert. So they could manage everything within themselves.

For example, if sannyasins were told to dig ditches for telephone wires, they had no idea that within the telephone wires there are also wires which are going to bug hundreds of houses.

One hundred forty-five rooms of the hotel were bugged. Even my room was bugged. Many other houses, wherever they felt there may be people of independent mind, of free thinking, their houses were bugged.

The sannyasins who managed to work had no idea except those two experts, which were within the group. So the whole commune remained completely unaware of what they are doing.

They were taping all the telephones. They had a very sophisticated mechanism which could tape all the telephone calls from Rajneeshpuram simultaneously. Even the FBI people were simply surprised. They had never seen such a sophisticated mechanism. And when they found bugging, they said that these people have far exceeded Nixon.

For one bugging the punishment is five years of imprisonment. And these people have bugged so many houses that one thousand years of imprisonment will not be enough. This is from FBI experts. I am simply quoting.

But these things were such that the sannyasins will not be aware. They saw the wires being stretched but they could not think that they are bugging the houses. They thought it is electricity or telephone. *last327*

Is it to be assumed that she in fact wanted to replace you?

Certainly it seems so, if she wanted to kill me, or poison me slowly so I remain sick and cannot start being again amongst my people. Certainly that was the desire....

She tried to put guards *on top of* my residence. The excuse was that they are to protect me, but the reality was different. Since she has left, those guards have coming crying and weeping that they have been put to pay attention to everybody who comes to the house and the people who live in the house with me: be alert of them. And just now, as I was coming here, somebody informed me that the guards were told not to have any contact with the people who live with me, not even to smile at them, not even to wave at them, not even to recognize that they are there.

One girl was in love with one of the guards. The guard was told, "You stop all connections with the girl, because it is possible that one day you may have to shoot all the people of this house."

So they were not only ready to kill me, they were ready to kill all the people who are very close to me: my seamstresses who make my dresses; my shoemaker, my doctors, my dentist, my nurse, my caretaker, my kitchen people, the cleaners--everybody who lives with me in the house, they all have to be shot.

And then she insisted on having a lock on my room from the outside, and the key will be with her. But I said, "What is the need of that?" She said it was just in case of emergency, and any time, if the guards phone her that there is some emergency, she can immediately come.

I said, "You live at least ten minutes away from my house. The guards can just phone inside the house and everything can be arranged before you arrive." But she insisted, so I said, "Okay, you can put it. I have no fear of death or anything--you can put it. If it is your enjoyment and if you feel that the security requires it, put it."

But the people of my house, my caretaker, did not feel at ease with the idea, so she put another lock on the inside.

Then she said that, "Because you have only one bathroom and sometimes something goes wrong with the plumbing, with the water system, it is better to have another bathroom so that your routine is not disturbed."

I said, "You can make another bathroom."

She made another bathroom, and just now we have discovered it is bulletproof. Why? For what does a bathroom need to be bulletproof? And it has a door from the outside of the house for the cleaner, but she must have another key for that door. And from that door anybody can enter and shoot me lying or sitting down, and escape without entering the house. And you can even manage to shoot the person who has assassinated me--the bathroom is bulletproof, so no bullet can enter the bathroom. She, or anybody in her place, has just to shoot me and enter the bathroom, that's all. And from the bathroom she can go out without anybody in the house knowing about it. *last230*

Now the guards have come crying to inform me, "We were seeing it every day: Julian continually coming to change the tape"--the tape was in the bathroom of the guards. "We could not open our mouths because Sheela convinced us that it was for the master's safety: 'If anybody enters the room--he sits with closed eyes--if something happens in the room, you will immediately know.'" *bond12*

My own milk was being poisoned slowly every day. And only now the poor sannyasin who looks after the cows has opened his mouth, that "Every night Puja used to come to mix something. I was not aware that this is poison. I thought it is something herbal, must be for your health." Certainly it was for my health! *press04*

Just yesterday one of the doctors informed us that she was poisoned in Sheela's house. Perhaps they were only experimenting, because the poison was such that only her tongue became paralyzed. She could not speak for twenty-four hours.

Perhaps that was their experiment for me.

If I can be poisoned and I cannot speak, that will be great. I am living--that will help them. I cannot speak--that will help them. *last229*

Sheela has stolen forty-three million dollars on the way, which were coming here.

In my silent period she had whole and sole (power of attorney). So any money that was coming from European communes, particularly Germany, she started accumulating slowly parts of that money into Swiss bank in her own name.

Two hundred million dollars we have put in making this desert an oasis, and it needs more because it is a big desert. To make it all lush green, one hundred twenty-six square miles, immense money will be needed. It will be coming.

So she has not stolen from here, she has stolen from German communes. The money that was to come here never reached here. So you cannot find here anything missing in the books. It never reached to the books. Forty-three million she has accumulated in some bank. Last day her second person in charge, who looked after the finances, she told me that, "Yes, we have a bank account. It is for you."

Everything was for me--poison to protect me, how to kill people to protect me, burning offices to protect me, trying to kill my own physician to protect me. This too was to protect me, that, "We have saved money in Switzerland in case You have to leave America."

I said, "There is no question of my leaving America. And without asking me, you have some nerve to accumulate money for me. In whose name it is?"

It is in the name of Sheela and Savita. Savita was the second.

I asked, "What is the bank? And what is the account number? And how much money you have got there?"

She said, "I don't remember."

Nobody forgets forty-three million dollars.

And she said, "Tomorrow morning I will be bringing the whole detail." And she promised to President Prem Hasya that she will give every detail and authorization, because the money belongs to the commune, but next day morning she escaped without giving any information. So we don't know the bank, we don't know the number.

All that we know is from Sheela's old secretary, who is dying from cancer in California. And it almost always happens, when a person is dying he wants to unburden anything that is heavy on the heart. She wrote a letter that Sheela has forty-three million dollars and she is trying to reach here before she dies to give us all the details that she can remember: what is the bank and what is the number and how much money exactly is there.

There can be more money because she has not been Sheela's secretary for long. If in her time it was forty-three millions, now it must be double the amount.

We have informed, and once she comes she can give her affidavit to the police. Now it is their work. We don't want to take law into our own hands. It is their work to find out and inquire. *last310*

Sheela has done that kind of thing before, too. While I was in India she managed three hundred thousand dollars through her brother, Bipin, to swallow it, but in such a way that the whole blame went on Bipin. And Bipin was in America, and we could not do anything about it. And, very strangely, while she was... He had never been here, but the day she left here he was here. Before she left, for two days he was here, perhaps making arrangements. In fact, purchasing this land Bipin was also the part. The owner was the friend of Bipin. Nobody was purchasing this land. Highest price that was offered was three and a half million. And Bipin managed through Sheela to purchase in seven million. Now I suspect that they both must have got at least two million out of seven million. *press01*

You will be surprised what they did. They had committed all kinds of crimes. They moved all the literature from India that was the cost price, ten million dollars, they sold it to Chidvilas, the center in New Jersey.

According to Reserve Bank of India, those ten million dollars had to come back within six month; that is their limit. They never came back. That was not their intention, that they should come back.

And things like that. Many things they did, which were not right--false papers they produced.

And what they have done now? Here, they poisoned Laxmi, and from Switzerland, they informed the Indian government of all the crimes that they have done by the Rajneesh Foundation of India. They were just going to give it again the tax exempt status, within two days, and they phoned that "Stop that, because all these crimes have been committed by the Foundation trustees."

And they were clever enough--Savita, Sheela, Vidya--nobody was a trustee. All the work they were doing, but they were not trustees. So now five trustees who had nothing to do with it have received arrest warrant. And Jayantibhai had to put seven hundred thousand rupees for some guarantee, and the tax exempt status has been stopped.

Everything was ready. Papers were ready. Papers were signed by the Finance Minister, but everything has been stopped. And all the crimes were done by these people, but now all those crimes are on the head of those innocent people who had no knowledge of it. *last322*

I had sent Sheela to India to look for a location in the Himalayas, because I had told her one year before that if this continuous government fight is going to be there...I had told her that sooner or later they will take a drastic step to finish the commune at whatever cost. And that's what they did. So I had sent her one year before to look for a location where I wanted to start this new phase of work....

Rather than looking for the place, for seven days she remained in Delhi, informing us from there, "Because of Punjab and India's central government, and Indira's

assassination"--that was the time--"it is very dangerous to move in the Himalayan areas, so I am stuck in Delhi. If you say so I will go, but it is dangerous."

So I said, "You come back. Don't take an unnecessary risk; after a few months you can go again."

She was not aware of the fact that one sannyasin she had asked, who must have been close to her in Poona, meanwhile got married to the daughter of one of my brothers. She asked the sannyasin--not knowing that he had got married to one of my brother's daughters--she asked him, "You have an approach to the government"--he lives in Delhi--"so try to create something so that Osho cannot re-enter India."

I had sent her to find a place where I could move in case the government becomes absolutely mad--and that was going to happen. Instead of finding a place, she was trying to create a situation so that I could not enter India.

So the question was with me continuously that if I say "No" to the people who are in power, then they start being destructive. If I say "Yes" to them, then I go through a deep suffering that they cannot understand. Any one of my sannyasins, anywhere, unnecessarily harassed is a torture to me. So now I don't want anybody to be on top of any sannyasin. *light12*

And, by the way, it reminds me one thing more. Sheela was married to one American sannyasin, Jayananda. But because she wanted to escape from here before all these things explode, either from internal sources or from government agencies, if all these things are exposed, then she had to make some place where to go. So she married one Swiss sannyasin. Just one month before, she went to Mexico. She never told me that she is going to marry. And this was bigamy, she was already married to Jayananda and she married a Swiss sannyasin just to get a Swiss residence. Only later on, legal people suggested her, that this is bigamy, and you have committed a crime. So she rushed to Nepal getting a divorce predated; in poor countries you can get, just a little bribe. So she got a divorce in Nepal which is false. She has committed bigamy. Poor Jayananda was not yet aware, because he is in Australia. She sent him to Australia so that he does not create any trouble and does not make any fuss. *press01*

But the third husband is in the jail. He is in the jail because he also tried, on Sheela's instructions, to take the money out of the bank. It is not those forty-three million, it is another account of the Zurich commune. The money belongs to the Zurich commune. Dipo was one of the trustees and he has taken the money for his personal use, the whole money, and closed the account. I don't know right now exactly how much money he has taken, but from all over the world news is reaching.

One woman from Geneva who had been my sannyasin long before Sheela came into my contact. She has informed that Sheela's whole business was selling drugs, particular heroin. And while she was going to Europe the excuse was visiting the communes, but the reality was heroin. She has been doing the business in selling gold also. I have called

that sannyasin to come here, because she will be an eye witness, because Sheela and she were both very close friends. She knows every detail, that how much money she has got out of drugs, how much money out of gold, how much money she has taken out of the communes. *press04*

Osho exposes travesty of

FBI and police agencies' investigation

On 20 September 1985, FBI, state police, county police, The Dalles police and the Rajneeshpuram Peace Force set up an office in Rajneeshpuram to investigate crimes by Sheela. They cancel all interviews with Osho. More than 70 subpoenas are issued to sannyasins to attend state and federal grand juries, 7 search warrants are issued to raid offices in commune. Osho's attorney Swami Prem Niren warns of arrest warrants issued for Osho and sannyasins on INS fraud. Osho accuses government agencies trying to destroy commune instead of investigating crimes, and on 24 September 1985, calls a press conference to expose them.

The press conference is introduced by Isabel: "Osho, I have told the press that you will first make a statement and then they could ask questions."

I welcome you all. I had to give you the trouble to come here because there has been FBI people, State Police officers, Wasco county police, Attorney General's office people, to investigate the case against Sheela and her fascist gang. I offered them my own interview, four times they gave the appointment, and all the four times they canceled it. There seem to be a certain conspiracy going on. I want to make that conspiracy open and available to the public.

We were cooperating fully. Our police, our sannyasins, were going and revealing facts concerning all kinds of crime that have been committed while I was in isolation and silence. It was really strange that they should not take my interview. They should have taken my interview first. I represent the heart of my whole commune. I live for these people and I will die for these people. Rather than asking me for an interview, they went on postponing and canceling appointments. And the reason was that they were trying to protect the criminals. They were not taking any step against the criminals.

And they were trying to persuade people to betray the commune. They were giving as a bribe, that "We will give you immunity." We were supported them, we were revealing everything on our own accord. We wanted the criminals to be punished. But behind the screen was Attorney General and he was trying a totally different thing. I have known dirty politicians, but not so dirty as this man.

All kinds of crimes have been committed, murder, attempts to murder many other people...

We were trying to help FBI and all these other agencies. Why they were afraid to take my interview? The reason was, they wanted to find few people who can protect the criminals and can indicate false names, innocent people, that these are the real criminals, so that the community can by destroyed. One of the FBI person was being heard by sannyasins, he was saying, that "We are going at least to imprison five hundred sannyasins." All those sannyasins who are very essential for the life of the commune, to cripple it. They were not interested at all about the crimes....

Just now people are coming, because the fear, the terror of Sheela and her gang is finished, they know now they can say the truth. I wanted to cooperate with the government, with the law, but the government has its own designs. Its design is to use the excuse of Sheela's crime who has already gone out of country with twenty colleagues. A good chance for them in the name of those twenty people who are out of country-- just blame innocent people and force them into jail.

Not taking my interview was essential to do this, because I was going to reveal everything. First they said, "You cannot record it." I insisted that "It has to be recorded, because in the court you may change." It was a strange situation, as if I was the interrogator and they were the criminals. You cannot take a video tape of it. I insisted.

I said, "We will not release it to the public, we can give you the guarantee, written, but the video will be taken, because we know that you are not worthy of any trust. This video will be a proof that things are totally different and you are presenting before the court different people."...

I wanted to say all these things to FBI and all other state government agencies and wanted them to ask me, interrogate me, so I can go into details. But they are not interested in the criminals. Their interest is that somehow the criminals has escaped, it is good. Now find people who have done small things, for example, this girl who has driven two people who burned the planning office, now give her immunity and make her say that who were those two people, any two people they choose.

That's what they are trying to do with K.D. (Krishna Deva, Mayor of Rajneeshpuram) K.D. has not gone with Sheela's group, he is hiding in California and trying to make a deal. He is a politician. He is trying to make a deal with the Attorney General, that "If you give me immunity, then whatever you say, I will say."

I would like the press to support this small minority against the whole dirty political regime. Help so that real criminals can be caught and should not be protected and make it sure that no innocent people are harassed. That is the desire of the Attorney General. That's why they never wanted to interview me. I wanted them first to interview me before the press so the whole public knows. What is the fear? I should be afraid. Why you should be afraid? They refused that, they refused video, they refused taking a tape and finally, they refused that they don't want to take my interview at all. And all this time they were continuously enquiring the Attorney General on the phone, for everything. To cancel the interview or not, to let them have it on the video or not.

It is your duty and responsibility to expose this dirty state of affairs. We are ready to support the law and the constitution and we are ready to help them catch all those twenty people, because we are keeping an eye on them, we know where they are. We have sannyasins all over the world. When they were in Zurich, Zurich sannyasins were looking after them. When they went into Germany, German sannyasins were looking after them, watching. Now they are in France. Wherever they will go, my people are there. But FBI does not seem to be interested even to inform the Interpol that these people have committed crimes, they should be brought to America.

Perhaps if Sheela comes back...or perhaps FBI people are already making deals with those criminals there, that they are not criminals. They are capable of making deals and can give them immunity and then any innocent person can be imprisoned, for ten years, for twenty years, for his whole life.

I have called the press just to make it clear to the people that it should not be allowed to happen. And when we are helping and cooperating, they don't want our cooperation. Just now I have heard that because I have called the press conference and I am exposing them, they are packing their suitcases and they will escape. Strange, you belong to the federal intelligence department, you belong to the state police, you belong to the county police, such cowards. You cannot face a press conference. Rather than packing their suits they should have been here, because they have been here for seven days. And we have been their hosts and we have been helping them in every way. We gave them our hospitality and they are giving us their criminality.

It is somehow a psychological fact that the criminals and the people who belong to the police are not very different kind of people. Just criminals employed by the government become FBI, KGB, and criminals who are unemployed, those poor people serve in jails or electrocuted or given death sentences, but I think both belong to the same category of mind.

If you have any questions, you can ask. *press04*

Would you rather the investigators who've been invited go away now, would you help them pack their bags and have them go? Have you given up on the system?

First they have to take my interview before the press. Now that is an absolute condition on which there will be no compromise. Before I was ready to give the interview in privacy and keep the video private till the case is over. But now, no. *press04*

Do you suspect any government hand behind Ma Anand Sheela's falling apart from you?

There is a possibility that American government may have done this, because I was in silence for three and a half years, and in isolation. Sheela and her group was taking care of the commune. It is possible that the government may have bribed them to leave the commune, so it falls apart, because they were the people who were taking care of everything. They left, but the commune continued. Their leaving did not make any

difference, because people were intelligent enough. Fortunately only intelligent people are interested in me. So everything was perfectly okay.

Looking backwards, it seems that there is a possibility, because Sheela stopped purchasing even food, or other necessary things which are needed to store for the winter--clothes and other things--she stopped before she left. The day she left there was no food at all. It seems pre-planned to create a havoc, a chaos. Clothes are not there, food is not there. She left the commune in great debt; perhaps twenty million dollars. And her secretary says that she has a bank account in Switzerland of twenty million dollars.

So there is a possibility that they somehow managed that if the management, and the whole management, twenty people, with Sheela escaped, without giving any reason why they are going, without even seeing me for the last time to say goodbye. The government may have hoped that this way the commune may fall apart. But it didn't happen. People managed it, and managed it far more beautifully. That was even more troublesome to them; they had failed in that attempt. *last420*

Reaction in the Commune, and the end of Rajneeshism, orange clothes and malas

Osho now addresses the reaction of sannyasins in the commune. On 26 September 1985, Osho announces the end of Rajneeshism, and withdraws orange clothes and malas:

First, you should all forgive me for being twenty minutes late. This has happened because of you. You do not understand the meaning of the word "responsibility."

And if you do not understand the meaning of that word, you are going to create another Sheela, another fascist regime again. And this time I will not be against it.

People are not turning up to their worship*. They are not doing their work as well as they were doing before. They leave their work earlier--as if they needed some dictatorship to do the necessary work.

Responsibility means that you do your best, so that there is no need for anybody to dictate to you.

Everybody wants to decide what should be done and what should not be done. If five thousand people decide that way, do you think anything can be done?

Poor Hasya is continuously pestered by many of you, that the work should be done this way, or it should be done that way. To whom is she going to listen?

People are approaching her, that about everything votes should be taken. Do you want the whole time--day in, day out--for each and every thing, voting? Is it a voting club?...

From the morning till twelve o'clock in the night, I am engaged in unnecessary things. That's why I am twenty minutes late. You are responsible for it. I have never been twenty minutes late, ever.

But if you don't allow me to sleep, you don't give me a chance to rest, then it is going to happen. So before I start answering the question, the question of questions is: From today, can you start working on your own, as fully, as totally, as intensively as possible?

You have to prove to Sheela and all those who think in fascist terms, that a loving commune can be more creative, can be more productive, can be a more joyous phenomenon.

If you cannot prove that, then Sheela is right. Perhaps you drove her into being a dictator.

Samya was there last night, tired. I have never seen her so tired before--she is always laughing, joyous--because the whole day you have been torturing her. One sannyasin will not leave her office, because he wants to see all the books--what has happened, what is going to happen. He wants to give his opinion on every matter.

Do you think this man is behaving in any other way than dictatorial? He has been persuaded three times to leave, and he will come back again--he will not leave unless all his answers are being accepted, and all his questions are being answered.

Is this the way of love?...

Samya and Hasya are trying in every possible way to reduce your work hours, but not the quality of the work, not the outcome of the work.

You were listening to me only on alternate days, and you were happy. Hasya immediately changed that, and you are listening to me every day. You have not thanked her.

Your complaint has been that your letters were not reaching to me--that's true--that you were not certain whether my answers were my answers or Sheela's own inventions. That is also true.

She has done every criminal act. You will be surprised: even in my videotapes--in the originals she has changed everything that will go against her. There was no way for me to know what they were doing. The editors would get the edited version of my lecture. The videotapes around the world were reaching, not as I had delivered them; they have taken out sentences, passages. And you were perfectly happy with Sheela.

Now I have made an arrangement that all the heads of the corporations, whenever they want, can come to me when Hasya comes to see me. So it is not only Hasya who listens to what I say, other people will also be present there. They will be witnesses to whether Hasya has brought all your letters or not.

But remember, your letters are ninety-nine percent bullshit, and I don't want to be drowned in bullshit. So write only that which you feel is absolutely meaningful, essential, and write it in as small a way as possible, because I don't want to hear your opinions for five hours a day, every day. I am already crazy; what do you want? So you have to be careful. Your letters will reach, your response will be given to you; but you also have to learn something.

I receive files of letters which are not possible for me to go through. Don't make it impossible. Then naturally I have to leave it to Hasya to look through those letters, and mark only the important passages, and bring only the important letters.

So just your writing is not enough that it should reach to me. You have to make it significant enough, carrying some meaning, for it to reach to me. But everything will reach, so you need not be afraid and worried.

And whatever people are now in place of the old fascist regime, they have been chosen by different councils on my advice. They will take care that no democratic value is destroyed. Finally they are just servants of the commune.

And you have to learn to behave in a democratic way too. Democracy cannot exist only because a few people are in power who are democratic. If you are accustomed to being dictated to, ordered, then the whole commune will fall apart.

You have to learn that if they advise you to do something, do it. Do it to your best. And now I am available, and I am going to speak to my very last breath. But don't become a burden. You have to make the people who are managing unburdened, light, joyous, so they can feel happy with you. Don't torture them.

There have been sannyasins at my house, and they were forcing their way against the guards. Now, if five thousand people come to see me every day, I will have to escape from this place. I am accustomed to living in isolation and silence. I don't want you to disturb me. Everything that is a problem to you should come through the proper people. I don't hold any post. I cannot do anything right away, immediately. I have no power.

Even if you reach me with a demand, the demand has to go to Hasya, Anuradha, John--the people who will be running the commune. So why bother me? Why should you not take your demand directly to them? And your demand has to be rational, legitimate. *bond06*

*Note: Sheela called commune departments 'temples', and work 'worship'

Hasya has removed the bodyguards, and she was thinking slowly to remove the guns from the commune. They don't fit with our approach to life. We don't want to harm anybody. We want to create a loving atmosphere.

But just one day after she had removed the bodyguards, one idiot immediately jumped up. Now she has to put the bodyguards back again. And now the security will be more strict. *bond09*

Now a few people are angry at me. Why did I not stop it?...But I am not omniscient; I didn't know what was happening. I don't know even what is happening in the other room. I can just hear the noise; what is cooking, I don't know. Something must be cooking. But I don't pretend to be an omniscient father; neither am I a peeping tom, that I should go on looking into everybody's bathroom keyhole watching what is happening, who is doing what. I never go out of my own room.

They are angry. The reason is that they must have been unconsciously projecting the father figure on me. Please, don't make me a curtain to project anything you want. I am nobody's curtain. I am not a screen, that you can project any idea on me and then feel angry because I am not behaving according to you. When had I said to you that I will behave according to you? I don't expect you to behave according to me, neither do I want you to expect me to behave according to you. Here we are agreed only on one point, and that is the independence of everybody; there is no other agreement. *last301*

I don't have any power. I don't hold any position. The commune has several corporations, so power is divided. Every corporation has its own work afield. I don't take any active part.

My only active part is to answer my sannyasins' questions about their personal growth, about their problems, about the commune if they feel there is some difficulty.

If I am available then there is no question. And this time I will do everything.

For example, I am withdrawing the book, *Rajneeshism.* It is not my book. Sheela managed to compile it according to her ideas. She has taken my sentences from other books, but the idea and the whole pattern is like a catechism of a Catholic. I am withdrawing it. *last304*

I have been always against all isms because they all become prisons sooner or later. I wanted my people to be free from any ism, individuals not cogs in a wheel, not part of any organization but just lovingly living together not because they are ideologically believe in the same God, in the same philosophy, no, but simply because they are all seekers of truth. And everybody is searching his own truth in his own way.

So I had called this a school of seekers, searchers. But I never wanted it to be an organized religion.

Sheela managed to make it an organized religion. She became the high priestess. She even made a dress like a high priestess should have, like the pope. She was going even to the assembly of Oregon when it starts its session and all religions can pray. She was going to pray there. She was praying there.

I don't have any prayer because I don't have any God. Whom you can pray? And we are not a religion. *last327*

I am going to destroy everything so history never repeats again. I will not be always with you--one day I will have to go. Before that I want to destroy every possibility. I don't want any popes behind me, any high priestess, any Ayatollah Khomeini...no, I want to leave you alone, so content and fulfilled that you don't need anybody between you and the truth of existence. *press05*

Sheela created the word "Rajneeshee." You have to drop that word; otherwise, what is the difference between a Christian, a Jew and a Rajneeshee? I want you to be yourself, not a Rajneeshee.

You love me--that does not mean that you have to become a Rajneeshee. You can love me without becoming a Rajneeshee. And what these Rajneeshees have done, this gang of twenty Rajneeshees, is enough to condemn the word.

So now, there are no longer any Rajneeshees. You are individuals, totally free individuals. Out of your freedom and love you are here. There is no bondage, there is no contract. There is no surrender, there is no faith.

And today I would like to declare something immensely important, because I feel perhaps this helped Sheela and her people to exploit you. I don't know whether tomorrow I will be here or not, so it is better to do it while I am here and make you free from any other possibility of such a fascist regime.

That is, from today, you are free to use any color of clothes. If you feel like using red clothes, that is up to you. And this message has to be sent all over the world to all the communes. It will be more beautiful to have all the colors. I had always dreamed of seeing you in all the colors of the rainbow.

Today we claim the rainbow to be our colors.

The second thing: you return your malas--unless you wish otherwise. That is your choice, but it is not a necessity anymore. You return your malas to President Hasya. But if you want to keep it, it is up to you.

The third thing: from now onwards, anybody who wants initiation into sannyas will not be given a mala and will not be told to change to red clothes--so we can take over the world more easily! *bond12*

On Monday we are going to have a big world press conference, and we are going to have a bonfire--with dancing and rejoicing--to burn that book (Rajneeshism)...because I am always against the word "ism." Humanity has suffered enough....

I have called a big press conference. So get ready with all the rainbow colors. The press should see that something tremendously new has happened to you as individuals.

You love me, that's enough. There is no need for adoration.

Just last night, a press reporter was asking, "Then it is going to be very difficult. What are we going to call your people?"

I said, "Just call them my people, they are my people. They are not Rajneeshees. So call them friends of Rajneesh--but more than that is not needed."

And then, outside the temple, we will be having a bonfire to burn all the books on Rajneeshism, all the stationery that belongs to the Academy of Rajneeshism.

That "ism" is an ugly and dirty word, and I don't want it to be associated with me. Now it will be called Rajneesh Academy; in short, RA. *Ra* is an ancient Egyptian word which means "the highest experience of consciousness."

We are going to change the plaque before the Mandir, because here also they have put "Academy of Rajneeshism." That will be changed before Monday. We have to clean up all the rubbish that they have done here.

The air is already fresh, people are already breathing happily.

I can feel your joy, your freedom.

You have again come back to life! *bond13*

At the burning this evening, I asked a sannyasin what the deep meaning of this ceremony was, and he said, "Well, it's all a big joke."

That's right! That is right because I consider sense of humor as one of the most important religious qualities. *press05*

Is it just a coincidence that You started the Neo-Sannyas movement on September 26 and stopped it on the same day after fifteen years?

I have not stopped the sannyas movement; I have stopped it becoming a religion. A movement is a flux; that's the meaning of movement--it is moving, it is growing....

I used to have another corporation just like Rajneesh Foundation International: Neo-Sannyas International. Sheela dropped it. I came to know only when I came out of silence, that now Neo-Sannyas International does not exist--and that has been my whole life's work!

I am going to revive Neo-Sannyas International. That is a movement; anybody can join it, and I have made it wider, I have given it a wide base. There are millions of people who love me, who love my insights, but cannot become sannyasins because they have to change their clothes--that creates trouble in their family, in their job, with their friends, in the society. I have withdrawn it.

I have withdrawn the mala. It has significance in India, because in India the red clothes and mala have been used for thousands of years by all the religions as symbolic of a sannyasin. I wanted to destroy that traditional idea of sannyas, because the sannyasin has to be celibate, the sannyasin has not to touch a woman, not to talk to a woman. The sannyasin cannot stay in a household, he has to stay in a temple. He has to eat only once a day, he has to fast continuously again and again. He has to torture himself. This is sick.

I wanted to destroy this image, that's why I had chosen the red color. And I had almost three hundred thousand sannyasins in India. My sannyasins created tremendous trouble amongst the traditional sannyasins, because there was no way to know who is who. My sannyasins would be walking on the road and people would touch their feet, not knowing that these are not celibates; they have their girlfriends. They eat two times a day, they eat everything that is the best--whether it is Italian or Chinese or Japanese, it does not matter. These people belong to the twenty-first century, and old sannyasins were very angry because I have destroyed their image.

With our coming to the West, now red clothes and the mala are no longer needed, because in the West they have never been symbolic of religion. They have done their work in India. They have made their point, that a sannyasin can be with a wife, with children; that he need not be a parasite on the society, he can work, he can create, he can earn; that he need not be worshipped.

But in the West there is no need. I was going to withdraw the mala and the color anyway, but Sheela made it more urgent; you have to be grateful to her. All her crimes made it absolutely necessary that now sannyasins should be absolutely normal human beings, so you can live in the society without creating any kind of hostility or embarrassment for yourself, for your family, or difficulties in your job.

And, more specifically, you are now completely devoid of all outer symbols. All that is left is the essential core of religiousness, the inward journey, which only you can do. I cannot do it for you, nobody can do it for you.

So now there is left only the essential quality, the most fundamental quality of religiousness.

That is meditation.

You have to go inwards.

I have been teaching you all the methods of meditation. You can choose any method that suits you. There are only one hundred and twelve methods; there is no possibility of adding more. It is exhaustive. All the methods possible have been explored. The simplest is witnessing.

So now that you no longer have any outer symbols, it is good, if you want to be a sannyasin, for you to remember only one thing: how to go into the discipline of witnessing; otherwise there is a possibility that wearing red clothes and the mala you are completely satisfied that you are a sannyasin. You are not. Clothes don't make anybody change, neither does the mala make anybody go through a transformation. But you can deceive yourself.

Now I am taking all that away from you, and leaving only one simple thing. You cannot deceive: either you do it or you don't do it. Without doing it, you are not a sannyasin. So the movement has come to its purest state, the most essential stage; it has not been dropped.

But it is a good coincidence that on the same date I had started the sannyas movement, and on the same date I have made it absolutely purified of all unnecessary, nonessential things. But it is purely a coincidence, because I am not good about dates, days, years. Forgive me for that.

I live in a timeless space. I don't know what day it is, I don't know what date it is. I use the watch only for you--in the morning discourse, in the evening interviews for the press--otherwise, the whole day I don't use it. I don't have any need to know what the time is. What am I going to do with the time?

Just for your sake...because I am such a crazy man that I may go on speaking and speaking--three hours, four hours, five hours--the watch prevents me. It is simply for your sake, a compassionate gesture. *bond17*

Do you think that your sannyasi and friends have now learned the lesson about the danger of an organized religion?

They certainly have. I have been telling to them my whole life the dangers of organized religion. But just telling is not enough. They need something practical. I gave them a practical situation. They have learnt it...they have burnt their fingers in learning it--they will never forget it, they will never repeat the same mistake again.

I am happy. Once in a while people need something actual, not theoretical. *last529*

It is a mystic commune, a commune of people who are individually searching and seeking their inner being. It is a way of religiousness, but it is not an organized religion.

I am a friend, a guide, a philosopher. *last313*

Government and State conspiracies escalate

For the third time since 1982, Oregon Attorney General Frohnmeyer orders the National Guard on alert, and also declares a state of emergency. There are rumours of the arrest of Osho and hundreds of sannyasins. On 30 September 1985, Osho confronts Frohnmeyer live on television.

I heard a rumor that the attorney general of Oregon is in a great panic. He has alerted the National Guard again. What is his fear? Please comment.

Politicians are always cowards. Politicians suffer from an inferiority complex. The attorney general of Oregon has not enough courage to come here and see what is happening. But I think he cannot sleep; he must be dreaming about us, continuously thinking of us.

The governor wants to declare a state of emergency, to impose on Rajneeshpuram something absolutely absurd--because there is no violence happening, nobody is fighting, nobody is killing, nobody is doing any harm to anybody.

The state police are here, the county police are here, the city police are here, the FBI people are here--nobody is hindering their work. Whatsoever they want to do, they are doing. They cannot find any tension anywhere. And still the governor wants to declare a state of emergency, and the attorney general has put the National Guard on alert.

My suggestion is, they should also have hydrogen bombs, missiles aimed at Rajneeshpuram. America misses not having a Hiroshima--this opportunity they should not lose.

It is simply idiotic what he is doing. I feel like calling him the Idiot General of Oregon, not attorney general of Oregon. *bond16*

The attorney general of Oregon had an interview with me the other day, and I told him that I have always been against organizations and organized religions. And before I went into silence there had never been anything like Rajneeshism, there had never been the word "Rajneeshee."

The attorney general has declared Rajneeshpuram an illegal city, because religion and state are mixed, which is unconstitutional. So I told him, "Now you withdraw your case. There is no religion here, so the question of mixing religion with state does not arise. Your case has gone down the drain." I insisted, "Answer me directly," and he went on saying that time and the court would decide.

I said, "Time and the court will decide, but what do *you* say? If there is no religion, then if you have any grace, withdraw your case. It is absolutely absurd."

The attorney general has been trying--and he has done it. The National Guard is on the alert against a peaceful group of people who have done no harm to anybody.

Now, it is a well-known strategy of all these dirty politicians around the world: somebody can enter here and put a time-bomb, and you will be responsible for it. And because the bomb explodes, kills a few people, they can plant people here who can start shooting somebody. And that will be an excuse for the National Guard to come in.

The governor is thinking of putting martial law on the city. It seems the third world war is happening between Rajneeshpuram and America. What is the need of martial law?--because we are not committing any crime. They cannot find any society anywhere which is so peaceful and silent, which just wants to be left alone to do its own thing.

Now, these are the people who are forcing us to check people before they enter the commune, it is not our desire. It is their intention to destroy us. And we are nonviolent people, vegetarians; we don't want any violence here--but that is their desire. Otherwise, what is the point of collecting National Guard troops in Madras and keeping them on alert any moment, so that you can be destroyed?

The governor and the attorney general are in conspiracy to destroy the commune. I am not going to let them do it in any way. If they have any sense at all they should keep off, they should not interfere at all illegally. They are getting into unnecessary trouble. But they are welcome. We have nothing to lose, and they have everything to lose. They will be condemned all over the world.

I have been talking to the world media for almost one-and-a-half months every night, just to create the atmosphere around the world of what the real situation is. And everybody is aware of it. The governor and the attorney general should know it, that it is going to be very tough. America will lose all the respect of the world, because they have no grounds to arrest me or to arrest one hundred sannyasins. We are cooperating--and you want to arrest people who are cooperating? And these are not the people who have done any harm. It seems they want to protect the criminals and destroy the community. They have got a good chance to, but they should not remain in any illusion. Up to now they have been fighting with politicians of their own kind. We are not politicians, and they don't know how to fight with mystics. *bond18*

It is a rumor in the air that You are being arrested today or tomorrow. What is Your comment?

Aha! That's really groovy. That's the only experience I have missed in my life. And knowing that this is my last life, I would certainly want to be arrested. Make sure that I am handcuffed, because whenever I do anything, I do it totally.

Arresting me, an absolutely innocent person who has done no wrong, is the beginning of the end of American hypocrisy about democracy. It will be a great help to the whole

world to understand that America is not what it pretends to be. It is not following its Constitution. It has the best Constitution in the world, but the worst politicians also.

The politicians of America are prostituting the Constitution. They should stop calling it "Constitution," they should start calling it "prostitution."

I have been for three and a half years in isolation, in silence, just remaining in my room, no contact with sannyasins, and still I am a criminal. If I am a criminal, then nobody on this earth is innocent.

It is perfectly good; if they have guts they should arrest me and show their real faces to the world, show that democracy is just fake. America and the Soviet Union do not differ in any way. Perhaps the Soviet Union is more straightforward; it says what it does, it is not phony.

The Soviet Union may be doing all kinds of wrong things--it is--but it calls itself the dictatorship of the proletariat. America calls itself a democracy--a government by the people, of the people, for the people. Arresting me, they will destroy their own image in the whole world.

I am perfectly happy. I don't want to miss this opportunity. But why tomorrow?--because tomorrow never comes. It is better today. Arrest me today.

And arrest me as a criminal, handcuffed, so the whole world can see that this government is not for the people, of the people, by the people. That this government is, behind a mask of democracy, as dictatorial, as fascist as it can be.

But they should remember.... I inquired of a few of my sannyasins: they are all wanting to be voluntarily arrested, they want to be with me. So they should come with five thousand handcuffs. It is not going to be an easy thing. And we know how to make history. We don't read history, we make history. Five thousand sannyasins will offer themselves voluntarily to be arrested. And that will make what I say is the beginning of the end of American hypocrisy.

We are for the American Constitution, but not for American dirty politicians. We will fight for the Constitution against the politicians. I have tremendous respect and love for the Constitution. It has all the great values that humanity needs. But these politicians are not Abraham Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln must be tossing and turning in his grave. The best in America will feel it, and will be with you.

Not only here--if five thousand people are arrested here, then the same is going to happen in every country. Sannyasins will offer their governments, "Either disconnect all connections with America, throw out the American embassies, or arrest us." In every country thousands of sannyasins are going to do the same, because they feel the same as you feel. It is going to be a world-wide phenomenon.

To arrest me is not so simple. These politicians are just simpletons. But I welcome their idea. As far as I am concerned, I will really enjoy it....

So only a few sannyasins will remain to take care of the commune; otherwise every sannyasin has to offer himself for voluntary arrest. *bond17*

For two years continuously there was a rumor that they were going to arrest me, but they would not dare to enter the campus of the commune for the simple reason that they knew that unless they killed five thousand sannyasins they would not be able to arrest me. And they were not ready to take that risk--killing five thousand people, most of them Americans, would condemn their democracy forever.

They wanted me in some way to be out of the commune so they could find me alone. That's why they waited for two years.

And we were hearing the rumor continuously, so by and by it became accepted that this was just a rumor, they didn't have the courage.

They had their National Guard just twenty miles away in the American town, every day collecting more and more army forces, so that if there was a need they could be ready to kill five thousand people. *enligh32*

But if they do any harm to the commune.... They are keeping their army alert, they are keeping their national guard alert to attack Rajneeshpuram. If this happens, then I am going to tell my sannyasins...I am also keeping them alert.

They have already got this message, that they have to be alert. Any moment any nuisance American government does, then you have to demonstrate, meditate, dance, do Dynamic Meditation before every American embassy.

It will be worth seeing, because nobody has ever done meditation as a protest. *last315*

Osho gives Guidelines for sannyasins

In morning discourses throughout October, Osho gives guidelines to sannyasins

How active a role are You taking now in the operation of the ranch on a day-to-day basis?

No, I never take any active part in anything. There are corporations who function. My purpose is simply to give guidelines. To follow them or not to follow them is their business. *last315*

Please provide some guidance about the order or discipline we need to keep the commune together. And please, don't give up on us.

Even without your asking, even if I want to give up, I cannot. My love does not allow it. Order and discipline *you* have to find. I would not like you to depend on anybody to give you order and discipline. Just make a little effort--and it is not difficult.

If you go on depending on something, somebody, then any day there will be disorder. One day I may not be in my body. Then you will find yourself completely helpless. You don't have even a father figure in God to pray to. I have taken all those props from you. I want you to be responsible of your own accord....

Freedom means more order, more discipline, because now you are the master of yourself; nobody is dictating to you.

I have destroyed all dependence. Dependence keeps you helpless, and I want you to be independent, absolutely independent.

So just a little awareness--and whenever I find that you are missing that awareness, I am going to give you bigger shocks. I will not hesitate even to give you an electric shock.

I am determined to wake you up.

But it will be a joy if you wake up yourself. *bond25*

I have not given you a single rule--just to keep you focused on the essential, the only thing that can transform you. And you are asking me, "Now that the religion is dead, is there any need of meditation?"

Then what the hell are you doing here? The religion is dead, meditation is no longer needed, so what the hell are you doing? Get lost! Go to the county road which goes directly to hell! You will have some taste on the county road of what it means to go towards hell. The county road has been made such a great thing, to give an experience to people of how the road to hell goes.

Can't you see a simple thing?...

The real religiousness is essentially very simple. I call it meditation. You can give it another name, awareness; or another name, consciousness. But whatever you call it, it has nothing to do with any organization, any holy scripture, any leader. Yes, a friend who has seen that luminous, that ecstatic world, who has touched the farthest star in his being, can help you as a guide.

I am not your leader--leaders happen in politics. I am not your priest--because I cannot do anything on your behalf. I am simply a friend whose own experience has made him so full of love that he wants to share it with anybody who is willing to share. And to a guide you don't owe anything. Just a thank-you perhaps will be more than enough. So you don't owe anything to me.

But the death of religion makes meditation absolutely important. Now you don't have anything left with which to deceive yourself. I have taken everything away that could have distracted you, and left you alone with meditation.

And you are asking me, "Should we stop meditating too?"

Why don't you ask, "Should we stop living too? Because religion is dead, should we be also dead?"

No, meditation you want to stop--and what are you going to do then? Eat, drink and be merry, because the religion is dead? I am not against "Eat, drink and be merry," but a meditator really eats. He knows really the taste. While you are eating, you are doing a thousand and one things in your head; you are not there.

A meditator just drinking a cup of tea enjoys each sip as if he has found a treasure. He tastes everything--the beauty of a rose, or a bird on the wing, a white floating cloud in the sky, a night full of stars. Existence is so full of splendor that a meditator--because he is silent, available, present to the moment--enjoys everything to its fullest.

I am not against your eating, drinking and merrying. I would like it to happen more deeply, more profoundly. But to give it that intensity, that totality, that profundity, that depth...except meditation, there is no other way.

Life without meditation is simply vegetating. You can be different vegetables. Somebody is a cabbage, somebody is a cauliflower.... A cauliflower is only a cabbage with college degrees, not much difference.

But to live truly, you have to know yourself.

"Know thyself," says Socrates, but his statement is incomplete. I would like to say to you, "Know thyself so that you can *be* yourself."

And in being yourself, you are fulfilled. You have come home, the wandering is finished. Now there is nowhere to go, you have arrived. You have known the eternal life, its beauty, its bliss. All that you can do now is share it--which comes automatically. When you see people stumbling in the dark, you start helping them, trying to move them in the right direction. It is a joy. When the gardener sees his rosebush full of flowers one morning, his heart also blossoms with the flowers.

And that's what happens to a man who has known himself, who has become himself. He starts sharing his joy, his bliss, his love, in different ways with different people--whoever is available. And whenever he sees somebody moving in the right direction, he is immensely gratified, satisfied. Existence has given him so much, and he has nothing else to give to existence to show his gratitude. This is his gratitude. And when he sees others also reaching home, he feels that he has not been ungrateful--and that is a tremendous experience.

When I see you moving, growing, this is my gratitude towards existence. It has given me so much, there is no way to pay anything back; there is no word even to express gratitude. The only way is that my every breath should be used in helping people to reach to the same Everest of consciousness. *bond19*

What is the difference between RIMU--Rajneesh International Meditation University--and Rajneesh Academy?

The Rajneesh International Meditation University is an educational institution. It teaches you everything about meditation. It makes you knowledgeable about the art of meditation, but it is not existential or experiential. It is educational--just the way all other universities are.

There are universities of different kinds in the world. They give you knowledge about the subject. And the meditation university gives you degrees according to your knowledge, your acquaintance with all the literature about meditation.

Let me emphasize: it is *about* meditation, but it is not meditation. Rajneesh Academy is an existential, experiential institute. It does not give you knowledge about meditation; it gives you the experience of meditation. From the university we can create teachers of meditation, writers, Ph.Ds, scholars, D.Litts. But as far as they themselves are concerned, they have not tasted anything of meditation.

There are one hundred and twelve methods of meditation; they were discovered ten thousand years ago. I have made a few new methods for the modern man, because those methods were created for a totally different kind of humanity, for very simple people. The contemporary man is not simple, he is very complex. Those methods were for people who were not repressed, who were natural. In these ten thousand years religions have made everybody repressed; sexually, and in other ways, they have driven humanity against its own nature.

So I have created new methods which are cathartic, so that you can throw out all repressions, all garbage out of your being, and can become clean, a tabula rasa. Then those one hundred and twelve methods--any one method that appeals to you will be enough to transform your being.

The Academy also gives titles, because the meditators--although they experience the same space of blissfulness, of eternal life, they come from different paths, and after their experience their expressions are different....

The siddha simply denies expression. The arihanta tries, but tries in such a way that in no way is the truth polluted by language and words. His expression goes above your heads. The acharya is more humane; he tries to reach you in your language, in your ways. He comes down from the hill into the valley to pick you up and lead you up towards the peak. Their experiences are exactly the same; hence, nobody is lower or higher.

Rajneesh Academy is an experiential university; the Meditation University is informative. It creates teachers, the Academy creates masters--and there is a great difference. The teacher is only saying what he has learned from his teachers, from the books, but he cannot support it by his own experience. The master does not care about the books, about the teachers. He is his own authority, he is his own scripture.

Hence, I have made two different institutions. The University will prepare you to be acquainted with meditation, so that you become interested in having the real taste of it. It will lead you towards the Academy. The Academy has a far higher status than the University. *bond26*

The other day You spoke about siddhas, arihantas and acharyas. Could You speak about bodhisattvas. Is there any relevance in these sansads now?

The Rajneesh Academy has many dimensions to fulfill. One I talked to you about was to appoint acharyas, siddhas, arihantas. These are not clergymen, not bishops and cardinals and popes. They don't have any function to perform--marriage, birth of a child, circumcision, death, no. Any friend, any sannyasin can do all these things.

So there is no question of clergymen. In fact, it is a question of friends. Somebody dies...then those who were close to him, they should perform the death ceremony. The clergyman may not have even known the person; he will simply repeat a certain ritual. It is better that friends perform the ceremony....

I have told you about these three titles--siddha, arihanta, acharya--which are experiential.

I have also created three groups which will be active only when I leave the body. So you will have to wait a little for them to become active. While I am here there is no need for these three groups to be active. But these three groups belong to Rajneesh Academy.

The first group is the mahasattvas. These are the people who will become enlightened before my death. The second group is the sambuddhas, who are already enlightened, but because I am here, they will remain anonymous just out of their gratitude. The third group is the bodhisattvas, who will become enlightened before *their* death.

So I have chosen names for these groups, and I have directed the groups about their numbers--that these numbers should remain constant, and if one person dies, how he has to be replaced. I have given them all the instructions. But that is not of any use to you.

When I am not here, then the people who will be running the commune will need elders for guidance. These three groups will provide all kinds of guidance. They will not have any power; they will not be holding any post, but they will be available to all the people who are running the communes here and around the world, for any guidance.

When I say they will not be holding any post, that does not mean that anybody who is holding a post cannot be a member of any of the groups. As a group member, he will not be holding the post, but as an individual he can hold the post. But while he is on the post, he cannot function as a member of the group.

I want these groups completely free from any politics, so they can have a very nonpolitical vision. And if they need to, all three groups can meet and take decisions, and their decisions will be absolute. All their decisions have to be unanimous. Unless they come to a unanimous decision, it is not of any worth. So it is not a political thing, that majority decision will win. They have to argue, discuss, persuade, and come to a unanimous decision. Then only can they advise the people who are in power to follow it.

Rajneesh Academy will become your source of religio. *bond28*

I would like to change the name Rajneesh Foundation International. Sheela and her fascist gang have contaminated the name. I would like it to be Rajneesh Friends International. It remains RFI. RIMU and RA are two wings of RFI. *last323*

Here I would like to say something which I have been keeping a secret my whole life: One beautiful morning, Gautam Buddha had gone for a walk with his caretaker, disciple, Ananda. It was fall time; the trees were getting almost naked and all the leaves were on the path. The wind was fluttering the trees, and the leaves were making beautiful sounds. Walking on those leaves, Buddha was immensely happy...the music of the dry leaves.

He took a few leaves in his hand. Ananda asked him, "Bhagwan, I have always been thinking to ask one thing, but privacy is so difficult. You are always surrounded by people. Today you are alone in this forest, and I cannot resist the temptation. I want to ask you: Have you said everything to us, or have you kept some secrets? Buddha said, "Do you see the leaves in my hand? And do you see the leaves all over the forest?" Ananda said, "Yes, I do see, but I don't understand that that is the answer." Buddha said, "You will understand. I have said only this much, and I have kept secret all these leaves that are in the whole forest."

My situation is just different. I have said the whole forest; only one thing I have kept secret, just one leaf. Buddha declared before his death that he would be coming again after twenty-five centuries, and that his name would be Maitreya. Maitreya means the

friend. Buddhas don't come back; no enlightened person ever comes back, so it is just a way of saying....

What he was saying is of tremendous importance. It has nothing to do with his coming back; he cannot come back. What he meant was that the ancient relationship between the Master and the disciple would become irrelevant in twenty-five centuries. It was his clarity of perception--he was not predicting anything--just his clarity to see that as things are changing, as they have changed in the past and as they go on changing, it would take at least twenty-five centuries for the Master and disciple relationship to become out of date. Then the enlightened Master will be only the friend .

I had always wanted not to be a Master to anybody. But people want a Master, they want to be disciples; hence, I played the role. It is time that I should say to you that now many of you are ready to accept me as the friend. Those who are in tune with me continuously, without any break, are the only real friends....

It is exactly twenty-five centuries after Buddha's death that I am changing the name of the Foundation so that it becomes Rajneesh Friends International. It is not only just a change of the name. It is going to change the very flavor of our whole movement. And you have to rise up so that what I want the movement to become, it becomes. So that the dream is realized.

Don't let me down. *last323*

How come people do not see this as a mystery school, a place of healing, a "religio" to oneself and to the world all around, the most powerful religion there is...a place to find yourself, and to find yourself loved by yourself and all those around you?

It is just because of that, that people cannot see it. It is a mystery school. It is not a commonplace phenomenon, an ordinary theological college, but a mystery school. The very word "mystery" answers your question. The ordinary human mind cannot comprehend: what mystery is there? For it, there is no mystery. For the idiot, everything is already known....

Ignorance that knows...you have become ignorant in the sense that you do not carry the burden of scriptures, doctrines, theologies, philosophies. But you have a clarity which only innocence can give to you. In that clarity you can see, but what you see is beyond words; hence you cannot say, "I know." In fact, in that clarity, in that seeing, the seer disappears. There is only seeing. There is experiencing, but the experiencer has disappeared.

This is the state of the mystic, and this is the search of a mystery school.

Do not expect that people will understand you. Their misunderstanding is a recognition that you are a mystery school. Their misunderstanding is a qualification for you. If they start understanding you, then you are no longer a mystery school.

That's why I said, "Religion in this commune is dead"--because religion they understand, but they do not understand the mystery, the origin, the root from which the word "religion" is derived. It is *religio.* It means putting yourself together: no longer split, no longer divided into body, mind, soul; no longer divided into God the creator, and existence the created. Everything that divides is against religio.

The mystic disappears in his experience, because to remain an experiencer is a division. The knower and the known--there is still a division. There is a certain experiencing: the experience and the experiencer have become one. That is religio....

Yes, it is a mystery school.

Religion we have buried, burned. Religio we are going to live.

Religion becomes an organization. Religio remains always an individual inquiry. Religion sooner or later becomes a hierarchy. Religio never becomes a hierarchy--the question does not arise.

This is a mystery school for people who are in search of themselves. That is the only common ground, that they are all seekers. Other than that there is no belief which joins them, no ideology to which they are connected, no faith to which they are surrendered....

A mystery school simply helps you, because somebody is ahead of you, somebody is behind you, somebody has already reached. The atmosphere of the commune, the milieu, gives you courage: "Don't be afraid. If others are moving inwards, why not you? If they are not losing anything, then aloneness is not dangerous. In fact, they are becoming more and more radiant, more and more loving, more and more compassionate."

Seeing so many people helps you. It creates a certain energy field which becomes your support. Of course, you have to go alone, but those who have reached can say with authority: Your inside is not empty; it is the only fullness in the whole existence. You are not hollow; you will find the greatest treasure of joy and bliss, peace and serenity, grace and gratitude, within yourself. You will find that you have always been here and you will always be here; death does not exist, life is eternal.

But your question is relevant. You are asking me, "Why don't people understand that this is a mystery school?"

They have never understood. And down the centuries such schools have existed, but behind a façade. For example, you know about alchemists....

My only fault is that I thought, "This is the twentieth century and man has become more cultured, more civilized; we are not living in the Dark Ages, the Middle Ages"--and I created this mystery school without any façade.

But somebody has to bring it into the open, because there are millions of people who want to be seekers, who don't want to be believers. They need to know that they are not alone, that there are millions of other people around the world who are working on the same lines, that there are people who have arrived, reached, found the ultimate source of life.

But the mob will never understand you. There is no need to bother about the mob. Don't waste your time about others understanding you. You put your whole energy into understanding yourself. The mob has remained always in the Dark Ages, and it seems it is determined to remain always in the Dark Ages. It is their freedom and their choice. Let them remain whatever, wherever, they want to be. Don't be bothered whether they understand you or not.

You put your total energy--because your own inner work needs your totality, and life is short, and nobody knows about tomorrow. So not even a single moment has to be lost in unnecessary worries. *bond21*

What has grown around You has been presented by newspapers as a cult, as a sect, and I wonder if You can now explain what it is?

It is simply a movement; neither a cult nor a sect nor a religion but a movement for meditation, an effort to create a science of the inner. It is a science of consciousness. Just as science is there for the objective world, this movement is preparing a science for the subjective world. *last403*

All religions are against change, because their vested interests are with the status quo. I am all for change, and I would like my sannyasins to be always for change. The new has also the right to be experimented with, and the old has been used and found useless. Give chance to the new; At the most it can fail. The old has already failed. We will find something else. How long we can fail, if we go on changing and don't get stuck with a system that is continuously failing, if we are ready to change, sooner or later we are going to find a system that works.

That's the simple way of science, of finding any truth--go on experimenting. One experiment fails, another experiment fails, but sooner or later you stumble upon something and you have found the right key.

So always choose the new. It will keep you fresh, young, it will keep you alive, it will keep you flowing. Otherwise the old becomes heavy, a burden, a corpse, and then it stinks. All the societies are stinking with corpses of all kinds.

It is a simple thing. Just the individual has to understand that all that is old is not gold. In fact, all that is old is never gold. If you are in search of gold, try the new, the fresh, the young. Move always into the unknown and the unknowable.

And what is there to lose? The very adventure into the unknown is so nourishing, so rejuvenating, that whether you find something at the end or not does not matter. Every moment of the adventure is of tremendous beauty and benediction. *last328*

Why are we afraid, and sometimes even resent taking responsibility for ourselves, and we expect either You or the commune to take the responsibility?

It is because from your very childhood you have been taught not to be responsible. You have been taught to depend. You have been taught to be responsible to your father, to your mother, to your family, to your motherland, to all kinds of nonsense. But you have not been told that you have to be responsible for yourself, that there is nobody who is going to take your responsibility....

I teach you not to be responsible to anybody; the father, the mother, the country, the religion, the party line--don't be responsible to anybody. You are not. Just be responsible to yourself. Do whatsoever you feel like doing. If it is wrong, the punishment will immediately follow. If it is right, the reward will follow immediately, instantly. There is no other way.

This way you will start finding what is wrong, what is right, on your own. You will grow a new sensitivity--Indians call it the third eye. You will start seeing with a new vision, a new eye. Instantly you will know what is wrong, because in the past so many times you have done it and always suffered in consequence. You will know what is right, because whenever you did existence showered great blessings on you. Cause and effect are together, they are not separated by years and lives....

This is what I mean by being responsible to yourself. There is no God on whom you can dump your responsibility, but you are always searching to dump on somebody, even on a poor man like me, who is continuously telling you that I am not responsible for anything, for anybody. Still, somehow, deep down you go on carrying the illusion that I must be joking. I am not joking. 'He is our Master', you must be thinking, 'how can He say that He is not responsible?' But you don't understand. Dumping your responsibility on me, you will remain retarded, childish. You will never grow.

The only way to grow is to accept all good, bad, the joyful, the sorrowful. Everything that happens to you, you are responsible for. That gives you great freedom.

If I am responsible for something, then the key to your actions is in my hands. Then you are a slave to me. Then you are a puppet and the strings are in my hand. I say dance, you dance; I say stop, you stop. Of course, the puppet cannot be responsible for anything. The puppeteer, who is behind the screen, is always responsible.

God is the great puppeteer....

The moment I say there is no puppeteer, no God, no saint, it is all rubbish, I am trying to give you total freedom. I am making you absolutely responsible for everything that

happens to you or does not happen. Rejoice in this freedom. Rejoice in this great understanding that you are responsible for everything in your life. This will make you what I call *the individual.* And to become the individual is to know all that is worth knowing, is to experience all that is worth experiencing. To be an individual is to be liberated, is to be enlightened. *last106*

The (master's) whole effort is to transform man. You are accustomed to a certain way of life, and that way of life creates your bondage. Coming close to a Master certainly creates fear. If you don't see fear around a Master that means there is no Master. The fear simply shows that people know that being here they have to change--and change is painful....

It is painful; there is fear. It is only through the love of the Master that you may gather courage, and you may take a jump.

Immense love is needed from the side of the Master because that is the only thing that can dispel fear. Love is almost like light, and fear is just like darkness. If the Master really loves you--and there is no other possibility; an authentic Master is nothing but love. His love is the guarantee that your fear sooner or later will be destroyed, that you will gather courage, that you will take a jump. And once you have taken the jump and attained a new, luminous experience of life, you will be grateful for the Master, grateful for his love--because without his love it would have been impossible for you to get rid of the fear.

And once you have experienced something that was just so close--but you were not opening your eyes, you were so afraid; once you take one step out of your fear, anxiety, anguish, then the whole journey becomes easy. Now you know on your own experience that on each step you are becoming new, that on each step you are gaining strength, insight, vision: that things are the same but you are not the same, that the same flowers have a totally different beauty, the same flowers have a new fragrance. The same sunset takes you into an ecstasy which you had never imagined before.

You have seen the sunset many times, you have even told your friends, "How beautiful!" Now you know those words were phony, you have simply learned those words--because you have not experienced beauty, you were simply repeating words which are part of etiquette, part of social formality. Otherwise you had no contact with the beauty. Now you see what beauty is, and now it is so difficult to say, "How beautiful" because words fall short. The beauty is so vast, so immense, and the words are so tiny. You cannot put the sky in the small capsules of your words. Now you will be standing there dazed....

I can gaze at the moon for hours, as if time stops....

I can look at a flower for hours. Not even the word beauty arises in my mind, because that will be a disturbance. That will disturb what is transpiring between me and the flower, between me and the moon, between me and you. *last321*

It seems in watching your sannyasins with you and you with them, that there is an incredible relationship?

There is no relationship. You are an outsider, that's why it seems so. It is a state of being so overwhelming that they all become part of one state, that my being and their being is one, that their heartbeat starts beating in the same rhythm as my heart.

It is not a relationship. It is just what Karl Gustav Jung calls synchronicity, just as when the sun rises and the flowers open up. Do you call it a relationship? It is synchronicity. The sun goes down, the flowers close. Do you call it relationship? *last308*

You are the center of the cyclone. When I am near You I feel fine. But when I am a little away from You I am again in the strong whorls of the cyclone--the great movement of emotions and feelings. How can I get to the center of my own cyclone?

Just be a witness of all those emotions, thoughts, which you call the cyclone. Just be a witness, and that point of witnessing is the center of the cyclone.

This is the simplest method to realize oneself. *bond15*

How many of Your sannyasins do You personally know? There are over a thousand people here. Do You know most of them personally?

I know them individually, not personally. And I make a distinction between knowing someone personally and knowing someone individually.

Ordinarily we know people only personally: their name, their qualifications, their job, and things like that which are all superficial. You can change the name but the individual remains the same. You can change the job but the individual remains the same. You can change the address, you can change his wife, but the individual remains the same.

I am not interested in people's personalities. I know them individually. That means I know them in their very essence. When I pass by the side of a sannyasin, I don't know the name but I know at what stage of meditation the individual is or whether he has at all progressed in meditation or not. I know whether the individual has come to taste something of the higher qualities of love or is still thinking that sexuality is all there is. I know just by looking in the eyes of anybody whether the person has any inner approach to himself or he lives just outside himself. That inner approach is his individuality, and that outside life is his personality.

I am not concerned with the personality at all. The person may be a man or a woman, it does not matter. What matters is his essential being, how close he has come to his essential being. The closer he comes to it, a certain aura arises around his body, a certain fragrance. You can immediately recognize that here is someone who is very close to the center, and when somebody reaches the center then it is as if a house was dark and

suddenly you have switched the light on. Even from the outside you can see through the windows that the house is lighted.

Ordinary people are just without light; from their windows you can see only darkness. When a person reaches to his center of individuality, suddenly he is aflame. And you can it see from his eyes, from his gestures, from his words, the way he walks. His words start becoming more poetic, his walk becomes more of a dance, his gestures have a grace that was never there before.

I know my people only in that inner context. It is almost impossible to know them personally. One million people around the earth--how can I know their names? But I can *know* them, and the moment I look into their eyes, they also know that they have been found, where they are. *last404*

What is shaktipat, the transmission of spiritual energy?

The device you are asking about is an ancient device. I have used it, but not for six years (since 1981) because I have refined the device to better forms, to more invisible transformations. The device is absolutely dependent on the disciple, and in that discipleship you cannot use the word `friend'. The word `friend' can be used only with my refined techniques....

But I have not used the method of *shaktipat* for six years because I felt there were some flaws in it. First, the disciple has to be in a lower state than the master--which I don't like. Nobody is lower here; nobody is higher. The disciple has to be just a receiver. He cannot contribute anything to it. He becomes dependent also, because only when the master touches him does he feel full of energy, full of joy, but not otherwise.

Secondly, the very idea of surrender is basically difficult, and to ask for total surrender is to ask for the impossible. We should think in human terms. We are dealing with human beings, we should not ask something which they cannot do. And when they cannot do something and are condemned, they start feeling guilty that they are not open, that they are not totally surrendered, that there are doubts in their mind. So guilt is created. Instead of surrender you have created guilt.

For six years I have been trying to find more refined methods, and I have found them. Perhaps they have never been used before, but they are more civilized, more cultured, more human. For example, when I am speaking to you I am not asking you to surrender, I am not asking you to be open, I am not asking you for anything. But just listening to me, all this happens automatically--you don't have to do it.

Energy is not something physical, that you have to touch the person. It can happen just by looking into the eyes of the person. It can happen just by your gesture, or just in the silence between two words. This way nothing is asked and yet it is more easily available.

Secondly, the disciple need not be a slave, a spiritual slave. He can be a friend. And my feeling is you can trust a friend more than you can trust anybody else.

Friendship is the highest flowering of love, where all that is primitive in love has been dropped and only the perfume remains. And the perfume can reach without any physical connection. In these six years I have seen it happening again and again on a vaster scale. Neither are you waiting for the energy, nor are you preparing for the energy--unexpectedly, it comes as a surprise and fills your heart.

In the old method surrender is asked; in the new method only a loving friendship, which is more human, more natural. In the old method surrender had to be the basis of all. But remember, whomsoever you surrender to, you will carry a grudge against him. It is not just a coincidence that Judas, one of the most prominent disciples of Jesus, betrayed him. Mahavira's own son-in-law betrayed him. Buddha's own cousin-brother, Devadatta, betrayed him. It is not an exception, but a rule. These people may have surrendered, but some reluctance must have been there....

My own insight is that these people had surrendered, but some part of their being remained unsurrendered waiting for a revenge, waiting for an opportunity--and sooner or later the opportunity comes.

I am not very much in favor of the old strategy. I have used it because that was the only strategy that was available. But slowly, slowly I saw its drawbacks, its flaws. It may help a few, but it has harmed many more. Since then I have been trying to find more subtle, more human, more invisible ways. And I have found them and they are working, they are working tremendously. I can do the same just by speaking to you. I can do just the same by my silence. I can do the same just by my presence.

And I don't ask you for anything. Whatever I am doing, if you get involved in it--which you are going to be...! If you are listening to me, you are going to get involved in it. If I am looking at you, at that moment you cannot think of anything else and something transpires and you become aflame. It is more delicate and more suited to the higher layers of consciousness.

In this reference the word `friend' can be used, but not in the first reference. That's why I have been insisting on the word `friend'.

I don't want to be betrayed by you.

I don't want any Judas, any Goshalak, any Devadatta. And if I am not presenting a higher status than you, there is no need to betray.

I have been just a friend on the way, walking together--nobody higher, nobody lower. We just liked each other and walked together! And as we walked together, the liking became love. As we walk together we come closer and closer and the energy transfers itself.

This is something new that has never been said before, and never been attempted before. I want to make it a clear-cut line that divides the history of spiritual slavery from spiritual freedom, where the master is so confident of his authority he need not pretend to be higher. Do you see the point? Whenever somebody pretends to be higher, he himself is suspicious of his highness, he is suspicious of his authority himself.

Only a real master can be humble.

Only a real master can be human.

The old ways of religion--all the ways have to be abandoned. We have given enough time for them; they have not succeeded in transforming humanity. Now we have to work in a different way, in a new way.

My feeling is, there are millions of people in the world who want to be transformed but who do not want to be humiliated before a God, before a master--who have some self-respect.

I am opening the door for all those people who have some self-respect. We will not touch their self-respect. It is perfectly okay. If it disappears on its own accord and leaves a better consciousness within you, that is for you to decide. *sword07*

Note: *1981-1986

In Rajneeshpuram I was your gardener, and it was the best and the most beautiful and fulfilling time in my whole life. Now, sitting here at your feet, I suddenly realize that you are my gardener. Is this so?

It is so. But the realization has come a little late, because in Rajneeshpuram also I was the gardener. Think it over again. With me, you cannot be a gardener.

My disciples are my garden, and when they blossom and flower I rejoice as any gardener rejoices. With each of my disciples coming to flower, I attain enlightenment again--because from my side, there is no distinction at all, no distance. Particularly as you become blissful, the distance starts becoming less and less. In your misery--you have to forgive me--I cannot be with you. The greater your misery, the further apart we are.

But in your blissful moments, you are so close that there is no distance at all. In your enlightenment, you are not even close--you are one. I feel that again another spring has come to me.

So this time you are right. The last time you were wrong. Those two years there in Rajneeshpuram in my garden, working as a gardener, were only a device to keep you close to me--but I was the gardener. And from now onwards, wherever you are, I will remain the gardener. So behave like a beautiful rosebush--bring as many flowers to your being as possible. *upan40*

This quotation seems to say everything there is to say: "The greatest good fortune that can befall a man is to be born in the age of a buddha. Even greater is the good fortune of he who comes to hear of the existence of the buddha. And even greater still is the good fortune of he who is drawn into the family of the buddha."

So my question is: How can any sannyasin be such a peabrain as to not be here with You come hell or high water, poison or prison, bullets or boredom, anguish or AIDS?

It is true that it is a great fortune to be born in the age of an enlightened one. It is greater fortune to have heard about him. It is an even greater fortune to be part of his family.

But there are people who are blind; they have eyes but they cannot see. They are deaf; they have ears but they cannot hear. Even sometimes by accident they may get into the family of the enlightened one, but they still remain an outsider, they never merge with it. And it has been always so.

In Gautam Buddha's time, how many people were in his family, how many of those people became enlightened? How many people dropped out of his family--how many people even became enemies of Gautam Buddha? How many attempts were made to kill him by his own ex-followers? Buddha's own cousin-brother tried to kill him many times. He could not succeed, but he made those efforts.

So the statement is true, but not for all. It is true only for those who have a sensitivity to feel the presence of the enlightened one, to be soaked in his silence, to be filled with his fragrance, to let their heart beat in the same rhythm, to become part of his song, his dance. How many people have eyes to see?

The birth of a buddha is very rare--that's why the statement that it is very fortunate to be born in the times of an enlightened one. It is more fortunate to hear about him, because millions will not even know that he had existed, that he was here, that the river was just flowing by their side and they remained thirsty. Millions will see the body of the enlightened one, but will not be able to see his spiritual aura, his energy field.

Millions will hear about him, but will not believe. Millions will hear him, but will not listen. And there will be many who, on trivial excuses, will leave the enlightened one's family, not knowing what they are leaving, not knowing that their excuses are just meaningless.

And many will try even to destroy the man, because somehow his presence is against their egos. His presence makes them feel to melt with him, to become one with him, and there are egoistic people--hard, they don't have hearts--who cannot melt. For them it is better to destroy this person, because he is a constant reminder of their dead heart.

But there will always be a few who will remain with the enlightened one in every situation. Nothing matters more than to be with him. But one needs a little sensitivity, and then all stupid things become meaningless. It is certainly a great blessing. *bond38*

Osho is arrested

(Kidnapped, tortured and ransomed by the US Government)*

On 27 October 1985, Osho leaves the ranch by plane. At 1:30am on 28 October, the plane stops to refuel in Charlotte NC, where Osho and his attendants are held up at gunpoint, chained, and incarcerated in Mecklenburg County Jail--without a warrant. Photos of Osho in handcuffs and chains make world-wide news, and nationwide TV coverage.

*Note: since no signed arrest warrant ever existed; the entire process is criminal, see *A Passage to America* by Max Brecher (Book Quest 1993)

I always left in the right time. That's what I say: existence manages things if you leave it to existence. I left Rajneeshpuram in America. The next day they (government agents) were going to bring four helicopters--their helicopters were coming every day to find my house, and from the helicopters they were going to drop paratroopers to arrest me. Just a few hours before, I left Rajneeshpuram to go to a beautiful mountain resort that belonged to my sannyasins. They had been insisting for two years--it is strange that on that day I decided that okay, two years were enough. They had prepared the place; they just wanted me to rest there. And the government was in shock--their whole program had failed. *mani14*

You were unaware of the sealed indictment?

Absolutely. Absolutely, because they never informed me anything about it. *press06*

For two years, the rumor was coming they want to arrest me, they want to arrest me. It has become so routine that nobody cared about it. It was certain that they have not guts enough to come into the commune and arrest me.

They got the chance to arrest me, because I was going to visit in Carolina one of my sannyasin's house in the mountains, just for two three weeks and this was a good moment for them. As my plane left there was a journalist present on the airport. He immediately informed and we have the affidavit of the journalist that he was the informer, to his press. But his press informed the government. And they arrested me there; and that shows what cowardliness is. Arresting a man who has nothing but a robe on his body with twelve guns pointed at me, loaded at me. And they will not even answer, that where is the arrest warrant, they will not answer why they are arresting me, what crime I have committed. *last428*

I asked them what they are doing--they don't have any warrant, they did not know for what they are arresting me, and they were shouting, and I told them that "There is no need to shout. You just tell me why you are arresting," and they will not tell. They just handcuffed me.

I am not a criminal and nobody has ever treated me this way. I am willing to come with you, wherever you want...and if you want me to go back to Oregon, I can go back to Oregon, but I must know what is the reason. *press08*

It became known later on that the United States Attorney had asked the National Guard to arrest me. But they said, "Without any evidence, without any order from the court, we cannot do it." The U.S. Attorney General, Ed Meese, who has been accused of many crimes and has had to retire in disgrace, had even asked the commander-in-chief of the army.... And the commander-in-chief laughed. He said, "Never in history has an army been sent against a single individual. And not only that, but you don't have any evidence; otherwise why don't you ask a court first to give an arrest warrant?" They had nothing to persuade a court to arrest me.

And when I was arrested, I was arrested by twelve people with loaded guns, and I asked, "Where is the arrest warrant?" They had no arrest warrant. They had only a piece of paper on which a few names were written. I told them, "These are not the names of the people you are arresting. You can see our passports." Six sannyasins were with me--they are here--not a single name was on that paper. Still they would not listen. *zenman09*

When I was arrested in America, I was handcuffed, a heavy chain around my waist, chains on my feet. I could not even walk. And they were afraid that people would be there all over the street, and I may raise my hands, so they put another chain that connected my handcuffs to the chain around my waist so I could not move my hands. And they rushed so madly in their car...and the reason was that people were all around and they were waving and giving me the sign of victory. Then I understood why they were in such a hurry. Photographers were all around, press people were all around, and if they see that people are greeting me and they have arrested me without any arrest warrant, it will look like the whole talk about democracy is simply nonsense. The continuous propaganda about individuality, freedom of expression, is just to deceive the whole world."

The U.S. Marshal who was sitting in front in the car taking me inside the jail, told me, "Here, you are absolutely protected."

I said, "What about you? If being handcuffed, chained, is protection--then first give it to your president, to your governors, because their lives are in constant danger. In America, twenty percent of the presidents have been assassinated. It is not a small number. Keep all your presidents in jail! But don't talk nonsense to me." *mess105*

I have never seen my passport. My people take care of it.

When I was in jail in America I had no phone numbers of my attorneys, or of the commune, or of my secretaries--because in my whole life I have never phoned. The U.S. Marshal was surprised and asked, "Who should we inform that you have been arrested?"

I said, "Whomsoever you like. As far as I am concerned, I don't know anybody. You can inform your wife; she may enjoy hearing what her husband is doing--arresting innocent people without any warrant."

I have such a different way of life that it sometimes looks unbelievable. I don't know where my passport is right now. Somebody must be carrying it somewhere. *socrat16*

I was not allowed to inform my attorney, because they were worried: if the attorney comes then immediately the first question is bound to be, "Where is the arrest warrant?"

And I heard the U.S. marshal whispering in the ear of the driver who was to take me to the jail, "Remember, do whatever you want to do but don't do it directly. The man is known world-wide, and the whole news media is watching. If anything happens to him, it will be a condemnation of American democracy." *upan17*

In the first jail the sheriff of the jail asked me, "Perhaps you would never have thought that you would be in a jail."

I said, "I keep my future open. I can be anywhere...even in hell I will not be disturbed."

He took me to my cell. He said, "It is unjust. You have been arrested without any warrant, without even giving you any calls--you have not been allowed to inform your attorneys. This is simply unjust. In my whole life I have never seen something like this happening."

I said, "This is a good experience for you. Things like this can happen. To me it makes no difference whether the arrest warrant was there or not, I would have been here anyway. And these days I will be in the jail are going to give me a new experience and a new perspective of life which I would have missed."

He said, "You seem to be a little bit of a strange type."

I said, "I am. This is only the beginning. We will come to know each other more." *socrat22*

In jail Osho is put in a cell with another inmate. After the second day he is allowed to use the medical ward.

The first night in jail I was given a steel bench, without any mattress. They knew my back is in a bad condition, that I could not lie down on that steel bench. Neither can I sit the whole night; they would not supply even a pillow just to support my back. They refused--"That's all you can get."

The whole night I was sitting. Sleeping was out of the question. Sitting was difficult; my back was hurting tremendously. *upan17*

When I was in the first American jail, in my cell I had one Negro partner. He was a very pious fellow, although he was charged with murder and rape and all kinds of things. Pious people do all kinds of things.

He used to put his head on the Bible every morning, every evening. He would put the Bible on the bed, kneel down on the ground and put his head on the Bible. He was not educated, so he could not read. And just above the Bible he had all kinds of nude women in all kinds of insane postures which he had cut from magazines. The whole wall was covered with nude women.

I asked him, "Do you bow down to these nude women?"

He said, "No, I have the Bible."

I said, "You don't know how to read?"

He said, "No, I don't know."

"Who told you that this is a Bible?"

He said, "The jail authorities have given it to me."

"And what do you do when you kneel down?"

He said, "I pray to God."

And I said, "I have been watching you for three days continuously. The nude women laugh."

He said, "They laugh?"

I said, "I have been watching. Because you are putting your head on the Bible with closed eyes, you can't see--and it is only at that time that they all laugh!" He looked at me. I said, "What kind of religion is this?"

He said, "I am a devout Catholic."

I said, "Great. These are Catholic saints?"

He said, "I am sorry for that."

And I said, "You have been doing both things together. Every day I see you cutting some picture from some magazine--*Playboy*, *Playgirl*, *Penthouse*--and you go on putting them up. Don't you see the contradiction--that this is your repressed sexuality?"

A repressed sexuality can never be prayerful; the prayer will be polluted with repressed sex. A sexually repressed human being can never be in meditation. Those sexual pictures will arise from the unconscious. *yaku01*

The first three days in the American jail and the sheriff of the jail came to see me. He wondered what kind of man I am, because the inmates had become my disciples! I was talking to them about meditation. The nurses and the doctor--because I was in the hospital section--had also joined. Finally, the sheriff brought his wife and his children also: "We may not be able to see this man again, and what he is saying makes sense."

And the doctor--a woman, very beautiful woman--used to come to the hospital section only one time in seven days; otherwise she was engaged in other parts of the jail. It has seven hundred inmates. But for those three days, all the nurses were there, the doctor was there, the whole staff was there. The doctor said to me, "It has never happened. You have turned my office into your class! Otherwise my office is always empty."

Because my cell was very small...it was meant only for two persons. And there were twelve inmates in the hospital section. They all wanted to be with me as much as possible--six nurses, four staff people, the sheriff, the assistant sheriff, the doctor--so they moved me to the doctor's room. And she told me, "You need not use the bathroom that is meant for the prisoners. My bathroom is for you as long as you are here." *splend21*

The head nurse has never gone in her life to purchase things for the prisoners; they come on a fixed routine basis. But for me she used to go every day--and she was an old woman--to purchase fruits, vegetables, anything that was vegetarian. I asked her, "You are unnecessarily taking trouble. Things come, they are perfectly good. If they are good for other human beings, they are good for me too. Just take care because I am a vegetarian."

She said, "No, those things come mixed with non-vegetarian food. And you are here only for a few days." *pilgr08*

My attorneys who used to come there--Niren was my chief attorney; he is here--they could not believe I was looking so happy and so at ease and at home. I said, "I have never been able to rest so much. The inmates are taking care, the nurses are taking care, the doctor is taking care. And they are all interested in only one thing: the moment I am released and I go back to the commune, they all want to stay in the commune for a few days."...

"If you are allowed to be here for three or four months this will be your commune. You are really dangerous because all the people of my staff are coming with their wives and with their children to have a photograph taken with you."

The poor prisoners could not manage. They were coming with photographs cut from newspapers just to get my signature: "We will remember our whole lives that for three

days we were with you, and in three days we have felt a change." People were not making noise. Everybody was saying, "Don't make noise, he will be disturbed."

I have never felt uncomfortable anywhere.

The question, basically is to accept yourself. It is a inner feeling, nothing to do with anything outside you. *splend21*

On 29 October, Osho gives three press interviews from inside jail with Nightwatch TV; Ted Koppel of ABC News Nightline TV, Washington, DC; and Channel 6 TV

It happened in America in the first jail where I was--the sheriff of the jail immediately fell in love with me. He was a really nice and beautiful old man. And when the court denied bail to me he said to me, "This is absolutely unjust--to keep somebody in jail whose crime is not proved; whose crime is not even tried: there has been no trial. And to refuse bail--it is just political, unjust."

I asked him, "Would you help me a little?"

He said, "I will help you all the way. What do you want me to do?"

I said, "I would like a press conference in the jail."

He said, "It has never happened in history--a press conference in jail by a prisoner."

I said, "Then let it happen, let it be a precedent! And if you feel it was unjust, then do something." He agreed. The press conference was called, but my hands were cuffed, and I told him, "It will be impossible for me to speak with my hands in chains." And not only were they in chains; they put a chain belt around my waist, and they locked the handcuffs to the belt, so you could not move more than this....

So I said, "I will not be able to speak at all. You have done a great favor to call the press conference"--and almost one hundred press people were there, all the television and radio stations and all the big newspapers. "Now, do me a favor--because I am not going to escape. I have chains on my legs; you can keep the chain on my waist. You can put chains all over my body, but leave my hands free. It is impossible for me to speak a single word without my hands being in harmony with what I am speaking."

He understood. He said, "I have seen you on the television, and I have loved your hands and I have loved it that they certainly express something." *light07*

I said, "Listen, if the government comes to know, you will be in trouble."

He said, "I don't care because I'm going to be retired soon."

And the world news media wanted to interview me in the jail. He said, "This is unprecedented, but I will allow the world press conference." And he allowed it...in the

jail were one hundred journalists: television people, radio people, newspaper people, magazine people, cable television people.

And he said, "I'm going to be retired. They can retire me a little earlier at the most. What else can they do? And there is no prohibition in the jail code saying that no press conference can be held inside the jail. So there is no problem."

I said, "That's perfectly good."

He enjoyed the press conference so much, and whatever I said to the press people. His whole staff was there to listen: the doctor, the nurses, everybody was there. And from the next day on they started bringing their families to see me. I said, "What?" And their children started bringing their autograph books!

The nurses could not find anything for me to sign, but in the newspapers there were many pictures of me, so they started bringing cuttings of photographs from the newspapers: "We will remember that once you have been here for three days. This will be our memory...the most cherished memory. In these three days this place has not been a jail at all."

The nurses were coming even on the day which was their day off. They said, "We will lose that day, but you may go any moment and we don't want to miss any time." *dawn17*

The sheriffs...became very friendly and he told me, "I should not tell you, but thousands of telegrams, thousands of phone calls, thousands of flowers from all over the world, thousands of protests...the government is shaken.

"They had not expected that, in touching a single man, they were playing with fire. So one thing I can tell you--they cannot harm you. They will not even touch your body. On the contrary, instructions are that you should be given absolute security, that nothing should happen to you; otherwise we will not be able to show our face to the world."

And it was strange that they had to give me the same kind of security as they give to the president of America: five cars following me, five motorcycles following, and the roads blocked. They were afraid that anybody could do any harm to me under their protection--they would be responsible for it.

This man said to me, "This is for the first time in my life that we are not concerned about your escaping. We are concerned that nobody harms you, otherwise that harm will be on our heads."

On the first day--just two or three hours after I had arrived--somebody from Australia called him: "You must be worried because so many phone calls will be coming, telegrams coming."

The sheriff said to the man, "No, we are accustomed...this is a very special jail and we have had people of importance, of cabinet standing--that is, from the highest political structure. So there is not much of problem."

But after three days, with tears, he apologized to me. He said, "What I said to that man will remain heavy on my heart. I don't know his number; otherwise I would have apologized to him. You had been here only two or three hours, so I did not know about you. But now, after three days, I can say with absolute certainty that we have never had such a man in the jail. The whole jail is for you! Five hundred inmates are for you, the whole hospital department is for you--I am for you. And the whole world is focused on you. If something happens to you it will be really dangerous for America's image.

"So I want you to forgive me for telling that man that we have had many very important people. That was wrong. We have never had such a person, about whom the whole world is concerned. We have had people of cabinet standing; they were, at the most, of national importance, but nobody who had any international importance, and so much love."

The second day he asked me, "What are we going to do with the flowers? So many flowers are coming, and in this big jail, we don't have space."

So I told him, "Send the flowers to all the schools, colleges and universities, from me." He did that, and the response was immense. When I was taken from the jail to the airport again, all along the way were students throwing flowers.

In fact, the government must have been repenting that they made a stupid mistake. They unnecessarily made our silent movement a world-famous phenomenon. Now it is a household name around the world, in all the languages. *light02*

Among the many phone calls and telegrams I received, one phone call was from a Zen master in Japan. He had phoned the president, he had phoned the jailer, and he had told the jailer that he would like just a word with me.

He told the jailer, "You have committed one of the greatest crimes of the century, because we teach Zen through his books in our monastery. Although I am an enlightened master, I am not articulate. Whatever he says I know is right; but the way he says it, only he can say it--I cannot."

The jailer gave the phone to me, and the old man--I don't know him--simply said, "I know that wherever you are, you will be in bliss, so it is pointless to ask you, `How are you?' I just wanted to convey to you that those who know, are with you; and those who do not know, don't count."

By the evening the phone calls had become so many that they had to put two or three other phone operators on. The telegrams were so many that they had to arrange a few more clerks. And the jailer, in the night, told me, "You have created such a chaos in the jail! In this jail there have been cabinet ministers, candidates for the presidency, but we

have never seen such love pouring in from all over the world. You can be certain that no government can harm you--the whole world's eyes are watching. They can harass you, but nobody can harm you--they cannot take the risk."

When that old voice said to me on the phone, "Those who know, are with you, and those who do not know, do not count," all these people--Bodhidharma and Mahakashyap and Gautam Buddha--were whispering in the voice of that old man. He is a living line. He has sent his disciples to India also, and one of his nuns used to come every year to the commune festivals in America.

Zen is still a living current, and it is the only living current. *transm12*

The Zen people are so much interested in me that there are many Zen masters in Japan--they have big monasteries, and they are teaching Zen through my books.

When I was in jail I received thousands of telegrams and telephone messages and letters. Many Zen masters protested, but not a single Hindu religious leader protested. Many Sufis protested. In India, Ajmer is the headquarters of the Sufis because the grave of one of the great Sufis--Nijamuddin Chisti is there. He was of such eminence that his name has not remained just that of an individual. *Chisti* has become a school, a specialist school of Sufis. And the man who is the head of Nijamuddin's *Dargaha* in Ajmer sent me a telegram--he had never seen me. He quoted a Sufi saying.

I don't know what the word *baaj* is in English--you will have to find it out. `Baaj' is one of the strongest words--he who flies the highest in the world--the saying says that. It is an ancient saying. He simply quoted the saying--that was the whole telegram. He wrote to me, "It is not the crows who are being caught and imprisoned, chained, it is the baaj who has the highest flight. It is difficult to catch him, but once he is caught then he is chained, imprisoned. So it is a blessing they have recognized that the baaj is in you."

I received letters from Hassid rabbis saying, "We are with you." But I did not receive anything from any Christian religious leader or any Hindu religious leader, and I can see the reason why they could not. They cannot have a rapport with me; they are dead and rotten. *sword20*

One of my attorneys in America--one of the best; he is the head of the law department at the University of California. He used to come every day to see me in all those jails where they went on taking me--six jails in all. The first day he came to see me, I was behind the bars sitting on a chair. Outside the bars was a chair for him--Peter Schey is his name, a very beautiful man. I felt that he was very tense physically, in his chair.

I asked, "What is the matter, Peter?"

He said, "Strange, I have never felt in my life such a thing. If you don't mind, can I sit on the floor?"

I said, "Peter Schey, you are a great attorney, dean of the faculty of law in a famous university. Why should you ask such a thing?"

He said, "That's what I have been asking myself--but allow me. Something happens when I come to see you that I feel it is not right for me to sit on a chair, I just want to sit on the floor."

I said, "If that makes you happy, sit on the floor."

The third or fourth day he asked me: "What is the magic? Because since I have been sitting on the floor in front of you just for five or seven minutes, I feel so relaxed the whole day. I have never known anything of silence. I'm a man of law, I have never felt my heart. For the first time, I have heard that my heart also beats. For the first time, love has come to me." I said, "Peter Schey, you have become a sannyasin!"

He said, "You have stolen my words, I was just going to say that."

There are things which are invisible. You can't see the air but you can't live without it. You can't see what transpires when a disciple becomes silent sitting by the side of the master. Once he has tasted that sweetness, he may not be able to convince anybody, but that is meaningless--*he* is convinced.

I asked Peter Schey, "Can you convince my other attorneys?"

He said, "That is impossible, because even I cannot believe what is happening. I don't have any logic for it, any reason for it. Perhaps your enemies are right who say, that you hypnotize people."

I said, "Perhaps they are right!" Because hypnosis, if it is *done,* becomes an ordinary thing--a street magician does it. But if hypnosis happens on its own accord, then it is of a totally different category. If you are feeling relaxed and silent, no other logic is needed. If you are feeling loving...love belongs to a higher order, to the *highest* order of law. *mess103*

First bail hearing

On 31st October, a Bail Hearing is held for Osho, charged with arranging 16 sham marriages, and lying to the INS

I wondered that America is thought to be a democracy, and here people are being arrested without any arrest warrant from any court, without any reason or rhyme.

And I wondered at my own attorneys, because when they started asking for bail in the court... One of my attorneys was a sannyasin. I told him, "You are starting from the

wrong point. First you should ask on what grounds we have been arrested: `You don't have any arrest warrant, and the paper you have does not have any of the names of the people you are arresting. The question of bail does not arise.'"

But the sannyasin was a young attorney, and he had called the best attorneys he knew. This is how bureaucracy works. He told me, "We will do everything. You simply be silent, because any word from you may cause trouble. Right now they don't have any evidence against you."

I still think it was wrong of my attorneys to start by asking for bail. The first question should have been, "Why have these people been arrested?" The people who arrested me should have been punished. The question about bail should not have arisen. But they started from a wrong question, and discussed bail. The six sannyasins were bailed out--everyone except me. *zenman09*

In the morning when they took me to the court...I have never seen such driving.

I am myself a reckless driver. In my whole life I have committed only two crimes, and those were speeding. But it was not speeding, it was a totally new kind of driving. The U.S. marshal himself was driving. He would drive the car at full speed, beyond the limits, and then suddenly stop--for no reason at all, just to give me a jerk. My hands were cuffed, my legs were chained--and they had instructions where to put a chain on my waist, exactly where my back is giving me the trouble. And this would happen each five minutes: suddenly fast, suddenly stopping, just to give as much pain to my back as possible. And nobody could say, "You are harming him."

I just said to the marshal, "You are a unique driver--but remember I enjoyed the whole drive." And he took me for almost one hour. I thought perhaps this was the distance from the jail to the court. The court was *underneath* the jail. The jail was on the upper story and the court was on the lower story; there was no need of any car. I had just to go in an elevator, and it was not even one minute's distance. This one hour tour was just to give me as much pain as possible, to break the vertebrae of the backbone.

The marshal had to leave for some other work, so when the court was finished his assistant simply took me by the elevator to the jail. Then I came to know that that one-hour drive was simply a device; there was no need. When I saw him I told him, "You take a real interest in the health of your prisoners. That one hour open-air drive, and with such a unique way of driving--I will remember it." *upan17*

In the court when the magistrate comes, they declare that the magistrate is coming, "Stand up"--so everybody stands up. When the magistrate sits on the chair, then everybody is allowed to sit. When I was coming into the court, people were standing up on their own. There was no declaration--you don't declare for a prisoner.

And that was a clear humiliation of the magistrate and all the police officials and all the court people, that all the people...even those who were not sannyasins, even those who

had never seen me, had never heard of me except that just then they had seen me on the television and seen the brutality of the American government.

They tried in every way. They were thinking that I would be humiliated; but whenever the press inquired of me, I said, "I am feeling great. As far as I am concerned, I am feeling perfectly great. They can torture my body, but they cannot touch me." *transm34*

In the first court where I was brought after my arrest in America, I had some hope, because the magistrate was a woman. But I forgot completely that a woman is more hungry for power, more hungry for prestige, more hungry to rise on the ladder of success, because for centuries she has been denied. I simply thought, she is a woman and she will understand.

But she was bribed by the White House, and this was related to me by the highest law authorities in Carolina. The U.S. Marshal who was taking me back and forth from the court to the jail told me on the way: "It is absolutely unjust what is happening, but you will have to tolerate it. It is only a question of a few days. They cannot manage more than a week to keep you in the jail, because the pressure from all over the world is increasing. And all the news media all over the world are focused only on one question--why you have been arrested and where you are being kept."

And why was I not brought to Oregon, to Portland where the court was going to decide whether I should be bailed out or not? Why was I moved for twelve days continuously from one jail to another? The root cause was that fat woman, who must have been feeling guilty, because she never looked at me eye to eye. And she must have been feeling afraid, too, because she told the marshal: "Tell Osho he cannot use his cap in the court because in America it is thought to be a contempt of the court."

I told the U.S. Marshal, "I *will* wear my cap, and if she has guts she should ask me in the court. It is a question which has to be decided, whether the cap is a respect for the court or a contempt."

He became very nervous. He went inside, told the woman. She said, "Don't disturb him. I will not raise the question at all, he can wear the cap." Perhaps I am the first man who has used his cap in the American court, because it is a "contempt of the court."

I was prepared to fight--I was not bothered about the bail or all the law and the crimes that they were finding against me. One hundred and thirty-six crimes--I was not concerned. I wanted to face the woman directly, and I wanted to see how much guts she had. I wanted to listen to how the cap can be called a contempt of the court. Then why is my robe not a contempt of the court? I will remove both together, just to give respect to the court!

She understood, that it is better not to get entangled with this man. The U.S. Marshal came running and he said, "You can use it, there is no problem. Don't be worried about it."

I said, "What happened? Has the law changed in America?"

And the same marshal told me on the way to jail--because I was refused bail.... It is a strange case, a historical phenomenon, because the U.S. Attorney argued for three days continuously and could not prove that I had committed a single crime. And finally he himself accepted it: "I have not been able to prove anything against him, but still I want the magistrate to know that the government is not in favor of bail being allowed for him."

And all over the world they go on saying that the Department of Justice is not under the government, that the government cannot interfere.

The marshal told me, "The reality behind the scenes is that the woman has been bribed. She has been told that if she does not give you bail she will be made a federal judge." She was only a state magistrate, and that was her great ambition.

I said, "If she had asked me, I would not have even bothered about the bail. I would have told my attorneys, `Don't argue. If my being in the jail for few days helps a poor woman to become a federal judge, let it be so.'"

Justice is a by-product of love.

But neither man knows nor woman; they have all forgotten what love is. Only the word remains, just like "God"...utterly empty. You open the word "God" and inside there is nothing. The same is the case with the word "love."

Love arises only in those who know themselves.

Love is the light that fills the meditative heart.

Love is the flame that arises in you when you make space for it. Your thoughts must be thrown out, your prejudices must be thrown out. And then there is no problem about justice--you cannot be unjust to anybody. Even to your enemies you cannot be unjust. *mess119*

I have not committed any crime. I was absolutely free to come to Carolina or anywhere in America, and for three days in the court in Carolina they could not prove a single thing against me. Even the U.S. Attorney accepted the fact in his final summarizing statement, that we have not been able to prove anything; neither the other party has been able to prove anything.

Now this is hilarious. The other party need not have to prove anything. It has just to disprove you that you are inventing crimes which have not been committed. Innocence cannot be proved. Only guilt can be proved or disproved. You have not been able to prove any crime, but still the U.S. Attorney wanted--six other my sannyasins were with me, he was willing to bail them out--but he insisted that my bail should be given in

Oregon, because I am a dangerous man. I have unaccountable sources of money, and I have thousands of friends who can do anything for me.

These were my crimes, that was I cannot be bailed out; that I have thousands of friends, that they can do anything for me, that I have unaccountable money sources. So it is better that I should be sent back under police custody to Oregon, and in Oregon court we should decide about the bail.

If there has been any fair-minded judge, he could have seen that these are not crimes. That means no rich man can be bailed out. In fact, if this man has so many friends, that proves that this man cannot be a criminal. And, if so many people love him that they can do anything, even if they have to die they can die, then you cannot call this man dangerous. If so many people are loving him that is enough. In fact this man's signature will be enough a guarantee.

But the judge was not a real judge. She was a woman, and only a magistrate. And she was waiting for her promotion to be a judge. *last428*

Osho is transported to Oklahoma County Jail

On 4 November, Osho is transported to Oklahoma County Jail.

The government attorney, U.S. attorney, insisted that my question of bail will be decided in Oregon. That seems absurd, if six persons with me have been arrested here and their bail can be arranged here, then why particularly me?

But the reason was, that they wanted as long time to reach to Oregon. It is only six hours' time. But they managed the plane that takes their prisoners from one place to another; even the pilot told me that he had never come across such a thing, "Suddenly as we come near Oregon we receive orders, move to other direction. They are simply harassing you." So I have to be left into some other prison; in twelve days they change five prisons. *last420*

But the strange thing was that every time I would get out of the airplane and sit in the police car, the man who was taking me, delivering me to the hands of the U.S. marshal, would whisper in his ear--and I was sitting just behind him, I could hear it--"This man is dangerous, so don't do anything directly. Don't even touch his body because the whole world is watching, and once he is out he is going to expose everything that happens in these jails. So be polite and be intelligent in behaving with him; don't treat him as a criminal."

That message was continually given each time I was changed from one jail to another jail. They did not touch my body; they did not do anything directly. They tried indirectly to do things, in which they failed.

For example, I reached one jail nearabout eleven in the night, and the U.S. marshal wanted me not to write my name on the form--he told me that I should write the name "David Washington."

I asked, "Under what law or constitution can you prevent me from writing my name and force me to write some name which is not mine? I will not write it. And you are supposed to be a law enforcement agency. On your coat there is written Department of Justice--but what kind of justice is this? In the middle of the night, I am tired...the whole day's journey, and you want me to write somebody else's name? You will have to give me an explanation."

He said, "I don't know any explanation. Don't be angry with me--I am just following directions from high above."

I said, "Then tell those people, whoever is giving you directions, that I am not going to write `David Washington.' If *you* want to write, you can fill in the form with `David Washington' and everything, and I will sign."

He said, "That seems to be a perfect compromise...because I also want to go to sleep. Unless you sign this form you cannot enter the cell and go to sleep." So he filled in the form in his own handwriting, and I signed with my own signature. He looked at my signature and asked, "What does it mean?"

I said, "It must mean `David Washington'--isn't that my name?"

He said, "I cannot understand what you have written."

I said, "I write in my own language: this is `David Washington.'" And I told him, "Tomorrow morning you will see on television your handwriting, my signature, and the idea behind it...in all the news media. Why do you want to hide my name? So you can even kill me, and there will be no trace--because I never entered the jail. David Washington you can release tomorrow; just the form has to be signed. But remember, you will not be able to copy my signature."

He asked, "But what makes you certain that the news media will know about it?"

I said, "You will see in the morning."

In the police car with me was a woman. She seemed to be a jailbird, very experienced. She told me that she was going to be released from the jail.

I said, "Then do one favor for me. Just listen carefully to whatsoever transpires between me and the U.S. marshal. All the press is surrounding the jail. When you go outside collect all of them and give them the information." And she did perfectly well. *mystic42*

The idea was that if I write David Washington and sign David Washington, I can be killed, poisoned, shot and there will be no proof that I ever entered the jail. I was brought from the back door of the airport, I entered the jail also from the back door, in the middle of the night so that nobody can be ever aware--and only the U.S. Marshal was present in the office, nobody else.

He took me to the cell and told me to take one of the mattresses, utterly dirty, full of cockroaches. I said to him, "I am not a prisoner. You should behave a little more humanly. And I will need a blanket and a pillow."

And he simply refused: "No blanket, no pillow. This is all you will get." And he locked the door of that small, dirty cabin.

Strangely enough, in the early morning at five o'clock he opened the door and he was a completely changed man. I could not believe my eyes, because he had brought a new mattress, a blanket, a pillow. I said, "But in the night you were behaving in such a primitive way. Suddenly you have become so civilized."

And he offered me breakfast early in the morning--five o'clock. In no other jail I was offered breakfast before nine o'clock. I said, "It is too early--and why are you paying so much attention?"

But he said, "You have to eat it quick, because within five minutes we have to leave for the airport."

I said, "Then what is the purpose of the mattress and the blanket and the pillow?"

He said nothing and simply closed the door. The breakfast was not much: just two slices of bread soaked in a certain sauce--I could not figure out what it was--tasteless, odorless. *crucif01*

The next morning the marshal came, hitting his head. He said, "What have you done? It is all in the papers, it is on the television! Now get ready; we have to move you from this jail. We cannot keep you here."

I said, "I love being here. There is no need to change. What is the point of changing? As long as you want, David Washington is willing to live here."

He said, "Don't make a joke of me. I am already condemned for forcing you to sign under a false name. But I am wondering, how did you manage to reach the media?"

I said, "You had completely forgotten that we were two prisoners and the other prisoner was sitting in the corner listening to the whole conversation. She repeated everything word for word."

They failed. They immediately changed the jail so they could say that I had never been there, that all these reports were false. I said, "You cannot do that. That form is there. My signature is there, and my signature is world famous--and it is not easy to copy it. Even I cannot copy it! Each time it changes." *mystic42*

Help from the news media

On 5 November, Osho is transported 30 miles to El Reno Federal Penitentiary

Every jail where I was was twenty-four hours surrounded by news media. Hundreds of cameras, televisions, radios, newspapers--twenty-four hours. And whenever they were taking me from one jail into another, just the small space between the jail and the car and they will ask me, they will say, "Bhagwan, just say one thing, are they harming you? Then we will see them. Have they ever touched your body? Then you don't be worried. The whole world is with you." That made them afraid.

Thousands of telegrams in every jail, letters, poems, hundreds of flowers....

They had to change jail to jail for the simple reason because the moment the news media became aware that I am in one jail, then they harassed them, asked them questions, how I am, how is my health, where is the doctor, and we want to meet the doctor. And this was a very dangerous situation that they had put me under David Washington's name, and now everybody knows it.

They changed me into another jail, sixteen miles away from the city, so perhaps no news media may reach there. But they were wrong. News media perhaps in the West has become tremendously powerful in helping individuals, in helping their freedom. It is no more just informing people about incidents; it is something more now. It is a protection against the government, it is the protection against your own government. *last428*

There was great sympathy all over America. Even people who had no idea of who I am and what I am doing became aware, by putting me into jail they made whole America aware of the commune, aware why government is destroying it; aware of the fascist attitude of the bureaucracy. And all the way, I was loved and appreciated. Not a single person who was against me--in the jails, outside the jails; going from one jail to another jail, both the sides of the road people were standing, throwing flowers, waving hands, that don't be worried.

Because they will not allow media people. The media people are inventive. What they have done--they had put their microphones on a long rod, above the car, so when I come out of the gate I am facing their microphones. They will not allow them, but they cannot prevent them taking the microphone above the car. And they simply wanted to tell me that "We love you, Bhagwan. And whatever is being done to you remember, it is not we who are doing it."

In fact, they have taken a wrong step. They have made America realize that their own government is not in favor of poverty disappearing, of people becoming rejoicing and happy; that their own government is their enemy. And they created great sympathy for me. The sympathy was such that I could have contested for the president, because all the newspapers were full of sympathy, all televisions were full of sympathy, all radios were full of sympathy. The government must have had a shock. They had not realized that this will be the outcome of it. *last429*

Osho tortured, his experiences in jails

In each jail they tried different ways to affect my life. In one jail they put me into a cell with an inmate who was dying with an infectious disease. And for the six months since this man had come the cell was never given to anybody else; he had lived alone because the doctor had said that anybody living with him was bound to catch the disease. And I was, in the middle of the night, given that cell. The doctor was present, he did not object; the jailer was present, the marshal was present. The man, who was just dying--I heard later on that he died on the third day after I left the jail--could not speak, he had become so weak. He wrote on a small piece of paper, "Osho, I have been seeing you on the television. And I know that these people want to kill you; that is the reason they have put you in this cell. Don't touch *anything.* Just stand near the door and knock on the door till they come, and force them to change your cell. Because I am dying, and I don't want you to catch my disease. For six months they have not given this cell to anybody--and you are not even a prisoner."

It took one hour of me knocking on the door, and then the jailer appeared and the doctor appeared. And I said to the doctor, "What has happened to your tongue? For six months you have been saying that nobody should be given this cell. Why have you remained silent?" He was just embarrassed. I said, "You are a medical man. You have taken the oath of Hippocrates in your medical college before you got your degree, that you will serve life, not death. And this is not serving life."

He said, "I am sorry, but...orders from above. I am a poor doctor, I cannot disobey; just excuse me." And immediately my cell was changed.

They were giving me medicines--which I never took; I accepted them and threw them in the wastepaper basket, because those medicines I had no need for. I told them, "My problem is my back, which you are destroying"--because the same kind of driving continued from one jail to another jail, it was pre-planned; from jail to airport, from

airport to jail, the same kind of driving continued for twelve days--"and for my back there is no medicine. For what are you giving me medicine? for my allergies? I have allergies, but for my allergies you have made every arrangement."

In every jail they had put all the heavy smokers in the same cell where they put me. So for twenty-four hours a day people were smoking--because they knew that I am allergic to smoke, dust, perfume, any kind of smell. They managed in every way to destroy my body. And I asked, "For what are these medicines?" Certainly those medicines would have made me sick....

In one jail they told me, "If you don't like to take medicines orally we can give you injections."

I said, "Never. Don't *touch* my body. If you touch my body, if anything happens to me, you will be responsible. It is up to me to take medicine or not. And I am not sick, I don't need your medicines. And the problems that I have, you don't give any medicine for--for that you have created exactly the situation in which my problem will increase."

In every jail I was put in a place where two television sets were on for twenty-four hours a day at full volume. Sleep was impossible. And the whole place was full of smoke; I could not breathe. *upan17*

My other medical problem was allergies. That too is incurable. It is inheritance. For certain things I am allergic--wool, perfume, any kind of smell, dust, smoke, particularly tobacco smoke. In the jails they managed everything. They will put me in the dirtiest cell, where there was nothing but dust; even to walk into it was to raise dust. They will give me the dirtiest blankets, and I told them "I don't want these blankets because they are woollen and I cannot use them." They said that they don't have any cotton blankets, which is a lie; because later on when it went to the press that they are not giving me cotton blankets, immediately they appeared. The pillows appeared. Just one day before they were non-existent.

They will put me with twelve other cell mates around me. Perhaps particularly chosen because all were chain smokers. That was a rare combination that all twelve people with whom I am put are all chain smokers. From the morning to the middle of the night they are smoking. So my eyes was continuously with tears, because that smoke I cannot tolerate. My throat was choking, my breathing was difficult, and I was afraid that any moment it may trigger my asthma attacks....

In every jail they will put me between two television sets on both the sides of the cell, which will run full-speed loudly, six in the morning till twelve in the night. And then they must have managed that when the televisions will become silent, then the inmates will start talking, cell to cell. They didn't allow me to sleep for a single moment for twelve days.

They did everything that they could indirectly, because they knew all my diseases; and to the press they will, because the press was continuously after them--the press and the news media helped me immensely, otherwise they would have kept me for two three months without trial, without arrest warrant, without any show cause.

But because the press was surrounding every jail, wherever they were keeping me, hundreds of television stations, newspapers, radios, and they were so much afraid of the media that they could not do anything directly, because they knew that if they do anything, even if they touch my body, it will be soon around the world and the whole world is watching....

But these twelve days have been of immense help. First, I could see that a country like America, which pretends to be the biggest democracy in the world, is not democratic. It is simply a hypocrisy.

Secondly I could see that American bureaucracy and government is not only deceiving the whole world; it is also deceiving its own people. The people are beautiful. They are just as loving as anywhere else, perhaps more. But they are not aware what is happening behind walls.

Thirdly, I became aware that in five jails, which were the biggest jails in America, not a single white prisoner. It seems all the crimes are committed by the blacks; that no white commits any crime. It made me clear that those jails are not for criminals, but for those people who they want to repress. And I came across people in the jails who said, "We have been six months here, nine months here, waiting for the trial." Pre-trial arrest is absolutely inhuman. You should bring the person to the court first, and if the court sentences him that's perfectly okay. But you are already punishing him. You have punished nine months a person, without even telling him what he has done. And all the jails were full of black people; totally, not a single exception.

Fourthly I saw that the inmates in the jail who are thought to be criminals are far more human, far more loving, than the people who are pretending to be democrats, humanitarian, and are trying save the whole world. I would ask for a toothpaste, or for a brush, or for a comb, or for a soap, and it will take two days that a brush will appear. But there is no toothpaste. Then the toothpaste will appear.

But when I asked the jail authorities, the inmates heard and they started bringing things. They say, "Bhagwan this is absolutely fresh, we have not used it, and those people are really ugly with you because when we ask they immediately give us, and when you ask it takes two days for them to bring a toothbrush." So I got everything from the inmates; the soap, the toothbrush, the comb, or anything that I needed; not from the authorities.

And they are all so happy that I am with them, and they said, "Now that we don't think this place as a jail. If you are here it has become a temple for us." Small gestures of love; somebody will bring a flower which he has picked while he has gone for the lunch, and I saw the other world that perhaps exists in every country, the world of the criminals. They

are our brothers and our sisters, and we have put them in such a situation that they are almost another world, they are not part of this world, nobody knows about them, what is happening to them. If they can try to torture me, who was in the eyes of the whole world; thousands of telegrams every day, thousands of telephones every day, and the whole jail was surrounded by the press people; if they can torture me, or try to torture me, what they will be doing with these poor people, who nobody knows, who nobody will ever inquire whether they are alive or dead?

So my health they have put backwards, but I am recovering. *last420*

Strangely, for three days continuously in the smoke, my allergy was not disturbing me. Otherwise, just a little perfume, a little smoke, a little dust, and I will have an asthma attack. But I left the body outside, and I slipped as deep inside as possible to be far away from the smoke--let the body tackle it.

The doctors said, "You are allergic to smoke, but there is continuous smoking and you are not affected."

I said, "It is because I have not been in the body for three days. I have been trying hard to keep myself as much inside as possible--indoors."

I was not eating much, because it was all non-vegetarian food and the orders from above were that no special attention should be given to me. So they would not give me vegetarian food. I said, "Don't be worried..." The inmates of the jail would bring their fruits, their milk. And they would say, "You are not eating anything and they are not giving you vegetarian food. But we get one apple every day, one glass of milk every day--and we are twelve people. You don't be worried: you can have twelve glasses of milk, twelve apples."

But I said, "It is better not to eat. I will take a little bit of the fruit you have brought with such love and I will drink the milk, but I simply want my body not to function much. Digestion means making the body function. So let it sleep--almost dead, no function. I don't want them to know that they can create my asthma."

And for twelve days they tried hard, but they could not create any problem for me. And every doctor from every jail had to write that my health was perfect and fine.

The situation was created to be totally destructive to my health. I lost eight pounds of weight, but there was no suffering. In fact, as I came out of the jail, Vivek told me, "You are looking better than you ever looked before."

I said, "I have lost eight pounds of weight." Devaraj, my doctor, had tried hard to bring my weight down. He was not successful, but these American idiots have done it. I enjoyed it; I cannot say that there was any suffering in me. From their side, they were completely determined to make me suffer, and because they could not make me suffer they felt so frustrated. *upan36*

Osho is transported to Portland via six airports

On 7 October, Osho is transported to Portland via six airports including Seattle.

They went on lying to me on every point. I was surprised that so much lying; they will take me from one jail to another jail and they will say to me that they are taking me to the airport so that I can be taken to Oregon. Even the pilot of the airport started feeling sad and sorry; and he told me that, "This has happened for the first time. They suddenly change our route. Just to drop you in the middle, somewhere in some jail, they avoid Oregon. They change our route. This has never happened in my life." Because they knew perfectly well, as I reach Oregon and before a judge, I will be released. I will be immediately bailed out because they have done absolutely wrong.

Even on the last day, they told me that "We have reached Portland, Oregon," where I was supposed to reach. It was not Portland, it was Seattle. But I had no idea. Then I am sitting there in the aeroplane, nobody comes, all the passengers are gone. I asked the pilot.

He said, "Don't tell anybody, it is not Portland. It is Seattle. They are lying. And they are keeping you here, they are bringing a small plane which they can take directly to the jail to avoid the news media; because on Portland airport the greatest gathering of news media has happened."

So two hours I am sitting, when they bring a smaller plane, and then they tell me that this is Seattle. I said, "I know this is Seattle. But what was the reason to tell me a lie, that this is Portland? You could have told from the very beginning it is Seattle, and a new plane will take you to Portland?"

But the news media in America is really very alert. When the plane did not reach there, they immediately understood that it has been prevented. They managed to find out where it has been prevented; it is in Seattle. They figured it out that now they will be flying me in a small plane to the jail directly. So the whole media moved to the jail.

They had a small airstrip there, and I told them that "You are simply being stupid, what is the point. All those people are here. You have been trying to deceive the media, but you have not been able to deceive them."

Many things I could see which I may have missed without going into jail. *last428*

But to me it is a hilarious phenomenon, seeing the whole world in such a mess, in such a deep insanity that no intelligent communication is possible.

I was talking to the pilot of the U.S. Marshal's plane, because that plane was taking me from one jail to another jail, and the pilots and the air hostess became deeply interested in me. They started feeling that injustice was being done to me.

They said to me, "We are in the service of the government, but still we cannot see any justice. It is absolutely pointless--a six hour journey from North Carolina to Oregon was enough and they are taking you from one city to another city, for no reason at all." They took twelve days while the journey was only of six hours. And even the pilot, who was a well-educated man, started seeing the ugly strategy, that they wanted simply to harass me. They would bring me to the airport...At five o'clock in the morning they would wake me up in the jail, saying, "Your plane is ready," and the plane would leave at five o'clock in the evening. And the plane *was* ready.

The pilot said, "This seems to be absolutely absurd. The plane is ready. I am ready, I am waiting; you are ready, you are waiting, and they are simply delaying for twelve hours, for the simple reason that you can reach the next jail in the middle of the night. And orders are given to us: `Go as slow as possible, there is no hurry.'"

But they saw me on all these twelve days handcuffed, my feet chained, on my waist another chain. And because all over there was media, to prevent me from waving my hand to the media they put another chain on my handcuffs, a small chain, and joined it with my waist chain so I could not move even my hands.

The pilot said to me, "This has never happened...and particularly in the plane you cannot escape. Even criminals, even murderers are allowed to take their chains off, their handcuffs off, but they are not allowing you to take your handcuffs, your chains off. This is sheer revenge. But you look so calm and so quiet, almost enjoying the whole trip."

And finally they started asking me, "What is the secret of your calmness? You are not angry, you are not criticizing, although everything that is being done is illegal."

I said, "This is an opportunity. I have never before in my life had a twelve-day holiday! They are very understanding people."

Finally the air hostess said, "We have been asking, `What crime can this silent man commit?' And they all said--the marshals, the jailors--`He has not committed any crime. His only crime is that he was teaching people to be silent and to be rejoicing.'"

The day they left me in Oregon they had tears in their eyes--the pilot, the air hostess, the co-pilot. They said, "Whenever we can get a holiday from our jobs, we are going to come to your commune, because you have made us, without saying anything, aware that we are missing something. We don't know what it is, but we are missing and we want to learn. We have gathered information from others that you call it meditation; we want to learn meditation." *dawn24*

Bail Hearing and bomb threat

On 8 November, Osho attends a Bail Hearing in Portland, where Judge Leavy releases him on a $500,000 bond. There is phone threat about a bomb in Multnomah County Justice Centre, which is evacuated, before Osho is taken there to collect his belongings.

In Oregon I was before a federal judge, and he immediately could see that there is no case. He bailed me out. *last420*

My bail was set at five hundred thousand dollars--that's near about seventy-five lakh rupees--even the jailer who was taking me back to jail was worried. He said, "From where will it come? The figure is too big. In my whole life I have never seen or heard of anybody's bail being set at five hundred thousand dollars. How are you going to manage?--and you look so relaxed and so cool..."

I said, "I don't bother about such things. Something will happen."

He said, "But how will it happen?"

I said, "That I don't know. How is not part of my language. It *will* happen!"

He looked surprised; he could not believe it. But within ten minutes it happened, and he came running to me and said, "You were right, your bail has been deposited!" He said, "It is unprecedented that for a person against whom no crime has yet been proved, there is no evidence against him--and yet such a large amount for bail. But you are stranger than the judge, because you remain so cool and so silent."

When I went into the jail I had gone immediately to take my shower, because it was my shower time. The jailer was standing there and he said, "You cannot miss your shower even today? If nobody pays your bail, then you will be in jail for at least twenty years."

I said, "That is not the concern right now; right now the concern is to take a good shower. I have always trusted. After my shower you come to see me."

And after my shower he was standing outside the bathroom. He said, "Somebody has given the bail"--he could not believe it. "How are you managing things?

I said, "I have never managed. In my whole life I have never done anything deliberately--but things go on happening."

Once you are in a let-go existence takes care of you. Then you are relaxed. If existence wants you to be in jail for twenty years, that's perfectly good; if it wants you to be out to

prepare other people for jail, that too is good. It depends on existence, whether it is satisfied with one or many. *satyam30*

But as I went to the jail to take my clothes and things from there, I was surprised to see that the whole ground floor was empty, which was always full of officers and people, and clerks, and the whole department of the jail. I asked the person who was taking me in, "What is the matter? Is there some holiday today or something?"

He said, "No, nothing, it is just changing the shift."

But I said, "I am not a fool. Changing a shift I have seen before, twelve days I have been in the jail. Unless the person comes, the old person cannot go. This gap in a jail, that everybody goes because the shift is changing, and the new persons have not come yet seems to be absolutely absurd.

He said, "I don't know. You just sit here, and I will find my boss to sign the papers, and you take your clothes." This was for the first time in twelve days they left me alone. Otherwise, even though I was completely chained, hands, feet, waist, two men with guns were always with me. This was the first time I was not chained, and I was left alone in the room, and the man went locking the room. I had no idea what is happening. After few minutes he came, he gave my clothes, and I was released.

As I reached my hotel, the news came that a bomb has been found in the place where I was sitting. Now in a jail, who can put a bomb? Ordinarily nobody can even enter--three electrical gates you have to pass first--except the authorities themselves; and now it is clear why the whole ground floor was empty, and why the man left me alone and went out. Later on I discovered that no signature of the boss was needed. Only my signature was needed, because I am receiving my things back. That was the whole thing; what the boss has to do with it?

So they were not able to find out what time the court will release me, and the bomb must be a time bomb. So they just guessed, and their guess missed. Now these type of people are simply fascist. There is no other word for these people. *last420*

Just two hours before I was going to be released by the court, one young man from the San Francisco consulate reached me. He said he had been sent by the Indian ambassador to inquire if I wanted anything.

I said, "You have come too late. I am going to be released within two hours. Where have you been for twelve days?"

I was released, and then the ambassador in Washington phoned: "Do you need any help from our side?"

I said, "What help can you give me now? Where have you been for twelve days?"

I said, "I don't need any help. If you need any help, you can ask me. I can help *you*. You should be ashamed and resign. You could not even raise your voice. You should have given a television interview saying that this is absolutely illegal; you should have pressured the American government." But they never did anything. On the contrary, I have heard just now from a very reliable source that the American government has purchased two members of the Indian parliament so that they can oppose me in case parliament tries to help me in any way. *last423*

What they did as I was released by the court--they had to release me because I have not done anything--they immediately did the first thing in Germany because in Germany I have six communes running on the same principles, so they were afraid that I may go to Germany, and may make a big commune, bigger than existed in America, because six communes are already in existence. And West Germany is just under their pressure, under their domination. They immediately passed a law that I cannot enter Germany.

This is such nonsense! I have never entered Germany, I have never committed any crime in Germany. Just in anticipation, in case I enter Germany they make a law. In fact there was no need to make a law; you could simply have refused a visa. But they may have been afraid: perhaps some ambassador may be influenced with me and may give a visa. It is better to make it clear-cut law that I cannot enter Germany; otherwise I will be immediately arrested.

And what reasons they have given?--because I am a dangerous man and I have a great number of followers who love me so totally that they can do anything for me and we don't want to take any such risk....

And the same reasons are shown in German parliament that I should not be allowed to enter Germany. *last506*

Portland court, Alford plea, ransom

and order to leave the US

On 8 November, after his release on bail, Osho flies to Rajneeshpuram. He rested quietly at home until 14 November, when he attends the Portland court. His attorneys have arranged an Alford Plea. Osho is fined $400,000, and ordered to leave the US immediately.

They had no crime against me. They knew it--the judge knew it, everybody was aware that they had no crime against me. And all the crimes that they are talking about--there were mainly two.

One was that I helped people to get married, and those marriages were just to get residence in America. It was absolutely false because for three and a half years I had been

silent and I had not been meeting with any sannyasin. It was true that people had married just to remain in America, but it was not my arrangement; I was not guilty of it. I had not told anybody, not a single person, to get married to somebody. I was not seeing people at all; I was in isolation and in silence.

And the whole house--twenty people who were taking care of me--they were witnesses that nobody entered in the house and I didn't go anywhere. So it was absolutely absurd.

Their second charge was that before coming to America I had an intention to remain there forever. I told my attorneys, "This is absolutely absurd, because unless they can read somebody's mind, I don't think the judge or the U.S. attorney or anybody.... I am standing here in the court: can they say what I am going to do next? Then I will hit the U.S. attorney.

"If he cannot see my intention right in front of him, on what grounds can he say that I had that intention? You can talk about actions because actions can have witnesses; but intentions don't have witnesses. Intentions cannot be punished." *light07*

Because they had no evidence against me--I have not committed any crime--they blackmailed my attorneys, the best in America. The United States attorneys told my attorneys, "If you are interested in Bhagwan's life, it is better not to go for trial, because you know and we know that he has not committed anything, that all thirty-four charges are false. But in no case will the government of America be willing to be defeated in the court by a single individual."

They had named the case United States of America versus Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. Now the greatest nation in the world, the greatest power in history, naturally would not like to be defeated in the court by a powerless individual.

My attorneys came to me with tears in their eyes. They said, "We are here to protect you, but it seems impossible. We cannot take the risk to go for trial, because we have been told very directly that your life is at risk. So we have agreed on your behalf to accept two nominal charges, just to give the American government a face-saving device, so that they can fine you and deport you."

This was just ten minutes before the court was to start, and in the Federal Court, Judge Leavy asked me just about those two charges that had been chosen by my attorneys to be accepted because they were just formalities. It was strange that out of thirty-four charges, Judge Leavy immediately asked me only about those two: "Are you guilty of those two crimes or not?" It is clear that Judge Leavy was also part of the whole conspiracy.

But I am a crazy man of my own type. I simply said, "I am." And my attorney, Jack Ransom immediately added--he was standing by my side--"guilty." So on the court record it has become the full sentence, "I am guilty." I have not said that at all. I would rather be crucified than to accept a false charge.

Outside of the court Jack Ransom told me, "You created such a strange situation. It is good that Judge Leavy has not taken note of it."

He immediately pronounced his judgment. That too is a strange thing. The judgment has to be written after my acceptance or denial, but the judgment was ready-made. It was there on the table, he simply read it out. Perhaps the judgment was not even written by him. Perhaps it was just given to him.

The judgment was that I was to be fined four hundred thousand dollars. My attorneys were shocked; they could not believe that for those two formal charges, which are false, more than half a crore rupees are fined; deportation from America, for five years no entry, and if I should enter then ten years suspended jail sentence would have to be served. And I was told that I had to take my clothes from the jail immediately and my plane is waiting at the airport. I have to leave American immediately, so that I cannot appeal in a higher court....

Another one of my attorneys--Bob McCrea, a beautiful man with some understanding of what was happening--told Vivek, my caretaker, after my last appearance in court, "It seems and feels to me that they have done it again. They have crucified Jesus again. I'm sorry and I feel so helpless."...

It is certainly of tremendous importance that even after twenty centuries a man like Jesus will be crucified by Christians themselves. It was a conspiracy of the fundamentalist Christians of America and Ronald Reagan. *crucif*

Were you changed by your experiences in America?

I am the center of the cyclone, so whatever happens around me makes no difference to me. It may be turmoil or it may be the beautiful sound of running water; I am just a witness to both, and that witnessing remains the same. As far as my innermost being is concerned, in every situation I am just the same. This is my whole teaching: that things may change, but your consciousness should remain absolutely unchanging.

Things are going to change--that is their nature. One day you succeed, one day you fail; one day you are at the top, another day you are at the bottom. But something in you is always exactly the same, and that something is your reality. I live in my reality, not in all the dreams and nightmares that surround reality. *last423*